

# Collier's

MARCH 22, 1941

FIVE CENTS

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**WE'RE  
IN THE ARMY NOW**

**By General  
Hugh A. Drum**

MARCH 22, 1941

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*Here's how*

## TO PASS YOUR 1941 "BAR" EXAMS!



### CROWN COLLINS

*Here's how.* Put several ice cubes into a 10 or 12 oz. glass—to cool it. Then into cocktail shaker, put juice of ½ lemon and ½ lime; add 1 teaspoon of granulated sugar. Add a jigger of smooth Seagram's 5 Crown. Shake and strain into the glass; fill with soda. Garnish with slice of lemon and cherry. NOTE: 5 Crown's greater *mixability* makes it ideal for soda drinks.



### MANHATTAN

*Here's how.* Place ice cubes in mixing glass. Add dash of Bitters, 1 part sweet Vermouth, 2 parts of Seagram's 5 Crown—biggest-selling brand of the Greatest Name in Whiskey. Stir well—do not shake—and pour. Garnish with cherry. *Delicious!* Because Seagram's 5 Crown—a *blend* itself—*blends better* with other ingredients...this popular-priced whiskey makes a superb Manhattan.



### WHISKEY SOUR

*Here's how.* Into a cocktail shaker, place ice cubes. Add 1 teaspoon granulated sugar, juice of ½ lemon—and jigger of Seagram's 5 Crown. Shake well. Strain into 6 oz. glass. Add slice of orange. 5 Crown's *light yet full-bodied* flavor makes the Whiskey Sour a glorious success. This drink especially calls for mellow Seagram's 5 Crown for finest results—for a real taste triumph!



### OLD FASHIONED

*Here's how.* In an Old Fashioned glass, place one small lump of sugar. Add 2 dashes Bitters, 1 oz. plain water or soda. Muddle thoroughly to dissolve sugar. Add 2 ice cubes and jigger of Seagram's 5 Crown. Garnish with cherry, slice of orange, lemon or pineapple. 5 Crown's *flavor richness*—and *lightness*—is exactly the combination to lift *this* drink to the peak of perfection.



### EGG-NOG

*Here's how.* 10 servings. Take 6 fresh eggs. Beat yolks and whites separately, adding ½ lb. of sugar to whites and beat until stiff. Add well-beaten yolks to whites; beat together thoroughly. Stir in 1½ oz. rum. Add 1 quart Seagram's 5 Crown, 1 pt. of cream, 1 pt. of milk. (5 Crown gives it just the right *body*.) Stir well. Grate nutmeg on top. Serve cold, soon after preparing.



MAKES THE  
PERFECT  
HIGHBALL

*Here's how...*

SAY  
SEAGRAM'S  
AND BE  
SURE



# Seagram's 5 Crown

THE BLENDED WHISKEY FOR EVERY DRINK!

Blended Whiskey. 90 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Copyright 1941. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

### HERE'S HOW TO BE A POPULAR HOST

57 recipes, games, puzzles and other ideas for successful parties in handsome 48-page book "Here's How To Pass Your 'Bar' Exams." Send 10¢ with this coupon to Seagram's, 409 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Write your name and address below.



# Is it True what I Hear?

**Is Plymouth  
actually the Lowest-  
Priced of "All Three"  
Leading Low-Priced**

**Cars  
on Many  
Models?**

**1**

**Is it True that  
4 out of 10 New  
Plymouth Buyers  
are Switching Cars**

**\_Trading  
in Other  
Makes?**

**2**

**Does the Old  
Saying "Look at All  
Three" mean More  
Than Ever Before**

**to Thrifty  
New-Car  
Buyers?**

**3**



## **Yes... IT'S ALL TRUE!**

**I**T WILL PAY YOU to make a few comparisons...and ride in the beautiful new Plymouth...before you decide on any 1941 car! *You'll be money ahead!*

Plymouth's 117-inch wheelbase is longest of "All 3" low-priced cars. You enjoy a spacious Fashion-Tone Interior—and new smoothness on the road.

Plymouth's new High-Torque Performance with new power-gearing means less shifting. And you get the great new Safety Rim Wheels (exclusive with Plymouth in the low-price field)...designed to prevent a flat tire from rolling off the wheel.

You get an Oil Bath Air Cleaner, new High-Duty Engine Bearings, Front Coil Springs—on even lowest-priced models. See your Plymouth dealer! *Prices subject to change without notice.* Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

Tune in Major Bowes, C. B. S., Thurs., 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.  
SEE THE NEW 1941 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS

**PLYMOUTH**  
**BUILDS GREAT CARS**

## **Lowest-Priced of "All Three" on Many Models!**



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MARCH 22, 1941

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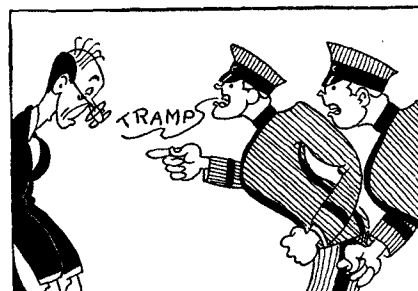
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### COVER

REA IRVIN

## ANY WEEK

TO OUR amazement we find that this is not the first time a threat of war has come to an unprepared America. But that's what comes of spending too much time in Washington, listening to too many politicians. Why, in 1917 one of the outstanding naval commanders of the day issued orders to an ensign to proceed to Square Twenty, wherever that was, and do something about submarines. We get the whole story from Mr. W. H. Thomas of Neosho, Missouri, and Mr. Thomas got it from the record. The ensign reported to the commander that the ship in which he was ordered to capture submarines was without guns—therefore would the commander install a gun or so at once. The commander became haughty—the guns were not needed; proceed at once, sir. Whereat the ensign went to the supply officer and made requisition for one dozen boat hooks. The supply officer, properly enough, wanted to know what the young man wanted twelve boat hooks for. Said the ensign: "I am ordered to report to station and look for subs. But the vessel has no guns and I am ordered to proceed without them. I am therefore ordering the boat hooks so that we will have something with which to catch the subs and bring them in."



AMONG others, Mr. Lewis Simons, of The Citadel, a military college in Charleston, South Carolina, makes protest against the place given the name of that school in our recent editorial By Bits and Pieces. As everybody recalls, the editorial urged the integration of our various military schools that our Army might break the officer bottleneck that's now worrying the general staff. The editorial said nothing about bottlenecked officers. Nor is that what The Citadel complains of. The trouble is context. The editor cited the schools in the following order: "V.M.I., Norwich, Culver, Shattuck, New Mexico M.I., New York Military Academy, The Citadel, Staunton, Augusta, etc." Says Mr. Simons: "Because of the tremendous circulation of Collier's, a definite harm has been done this institution by the place it was given in the editorial. Our 1,300 cadets are scandalized but I trust none of them will be discourteous in his effort to set right the editorial staff of Collier's." Thus far only two of the scandalized cadets have made any

effort to set us right, both of them informing us as officers and gentlemen that the writer of that editorial is a tramp who would be the better for a smack in the kisser. So, adjusting our old school tie, we're sorry. The Citadel is a front-rank military college with deservedly lofty traditions.

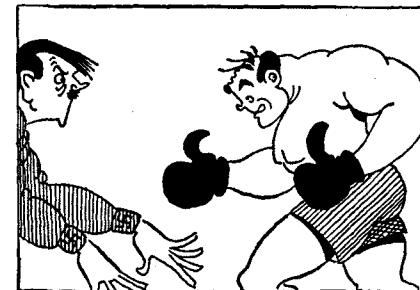
THE moment we get time we shall consider the case of a young lady who confesses that she is "almost three years back on Deanna Durbin." She explains that she collects articles about Miss Durbin and photographs too. Three years ago this magazine published a piece about Miss Durbin, with photograph, and our young lady has just caught up with it. She'd like to have copies. "I have 1052 articles about Miss Durbin," she writes, "and 983 photographs and reproductions. I have three personal letters from her too. I hope I haven't got you confused."

A FRIEND of ours who's a member of a draft board received a reassuring letter from a young man whose number was getting pretty well up on the list of selectees: "Dear sir. I am an electrician who is very busy. If my number comes up and things are in bad shape and you can't wait till I get home at night, send somebody around to Kelly's on Front Street. I'll be working there for the next two weeks."

WE HAVE returned to Mr. Bert B. Hogan of Grand Rapids, Michigan, the sum of one dollar. We hope that his contribution eventually reaches the proper hands. We can't take the responsibility. "Please send this buck to the Greek army," writes Mr. Hogan. "Tell them it's from me and is to be used to buy ten cups coffee and ten pieces strumberry pie for the boys."

PERHAPS we'd better speak to our editorial writers. People are reading what they write. We haven't had such a week for weeks. There was one—Nova's Novel Notion; a plug for Mr. Lou Nova's thumbless boxing glove ideas. The idea seems to be that if there were no thumbs on boxing gloves, there would be no thumbs stuck in boxers' eyes. For some reason, boxers don't like to have thumbs stuck in their eyes. This is very silly and, according to the Honorable George H. Watson, mayor of Romantic Alta, Utah, and Big Brave of the Roaring Gulch Lode of the Great American Prospectors Association, very pantypants. We are, of course, using Mr. Watson's own words. "What good would a man without thumbs be in a fight anyway?" demands Mr. Watson. "The boys of Romantic Alta and Roaring Gulch spend two weeks getting their thumbs in shape before every meeting of the GAPA. I am now organizing a company of thumb fighters in case we have to fight Popeye Hitler. These boys

won't want any mechanized equipment and they don't want any gloves without thumbs either. You should have been out here last election. Many citizens had to be led home after we thumbed in. And four of my best southpaw fighters had to have their thumbs reset for the Christmas festivities."



BEING patriotic, Mrs. Willie Mae Chawder of Oakland, California, would like to know "what part the women of America will play in the coming crisis." It was while we were looking up the answer that we got a letter from Mr. Howard Keller of Kingsville, Ohio, suggesting that all congressmen, both houses, go home and that their wives take their places in Washington. "I don't know whether it will be much of an improvement," sighs Mr. Keller, "except that the women will talk back to F.D.R. and that'll be something. I admit that the noise would be pretty bad. I was wondering what it would be like if Congress was composed entirely of lady Senator Wheelers." And on the same subject Mr. Ernest Daft- rich of Little Rock, Arkansas, appears with a really startling thought: "Just suppose the Honorable Huey Pierce Long were still with us today."

AND speaking of Huey, Mr. Sam Bellusck of Fort Wayne, Indiana, warns us that under the cover of all this war furor many of our more enterprising politicians will be pretty sure to be unable to resist the temptations they spurned before the spotlight was switched from them to rearmament. "Nobody's paying any attention to our governors, legislators and other local patriots, and for the first time in twenty-five years they're not kicking," says Mr. Bellusck. "From what I hear one of them has already swiped thirty-eight vacuum cleaners, two hundred feet of copper tubing, a brace of pianos, five rugs and an automobile. They tell me too that another one just paid twelve dollars for a hundred and twenty-eight acres of what used to be the poor farm and that one of the country's busiest mayors has just stolen a tractor. All I know is what I hear but if I was in politics with all you smart guys looking the other way I'd kinda think how nice a few feathers would look in the old home nest."

WE'RE not surprised. . . . W. D.

Vol. 107, No. 12, Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, Copyright, 1941, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The

National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States; \$2.00 a year, \$3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Price in Canada, 7 cents a copy; \$3.00 a year; two years, \$5.00; three years, \$7.00. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: \$5.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



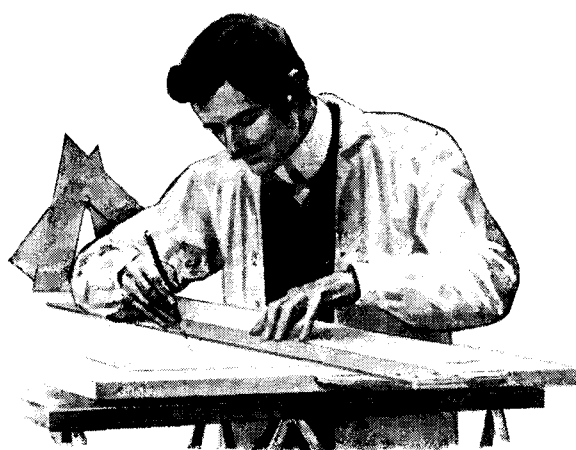
# EACH CAN SAY



***"I WAS A CLERK"***



***"I WAS A LINEMAN"***



***"I WAS A DRAFTSMAN"***

**T**HIRTY-SEVEN years ago, in 1904, the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company went to work as a clerk in one of the Bell System companies.

About that time, the 18 men who are now the presidents of the Bell telephone companies were starting their careers. For, like the head of the System, they have worked many years

in the business — an average of 38 years each. Each of them can say: "I was a clerk," "I was a lineman," "I was a draftsman" — and so on.

The "know how" is here—for the every-day job of running the telephone business or to serve you in emergency. Up-from-the-ranks management is doubly important these days.

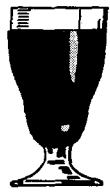


**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

THE BELL SYSTEM IS DOING ITS PART IN THE COUNTRY'S PROGRAM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE



You'll like yeast this new way



**BOB:** Drinking it!... By golly, I got a notion to take it up again. I felt tops when I was eating yeast, but I never liked the taste.

**SOPHY:** Go ahead. Now you can stay with it long enough to get the good out of it... and there's sure plenty! Tastes like oven-fresh bread; easy to mix. What more do you want?



**BOB:** Sold! I always knew the authorities were right when they said "yeast is one of the richest sources of the amazing vitamin B complex," and "more vitamins" is my favorite motto.

**SOPHY:** But maybe you aren't getting enough of these vitamins. So try yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night... And see if you don't find a seat on top of the world!



**MASH...** Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



**STIR...** Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and...



**DRINK...** your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too... whole business takes less than a minute!



Copyright, 1941,  
Standard Brands Incorporated

**Fleischmann's  
Fresh Yeast**

**DRINK IT... TO YOUR HEALTH!**

## Wing Talk



Stewardess Margaret Mellon serves a C. & S. Air Lines passenger—food aloft matches that of the best restaurants nowadays

**Y**OUR doctor has always told you that you eat too much. Your wife has always told you that you eat too quickly. It was inevitable that airline stewardesses—being trained nurses who, in their professional solicitude for your welfare aloft, usurp certain attributes of both physician and wife—would critically analyze your plane food. So now comes Miss Margaret Mellon to confirm the worst fears of the Missus and your family doctor.

Miss Mellon (she is "Miss American Aviation" to her publicity department because of a national-contest title she won) flies between Chicago and New Orleans—both well-known gourmet paradises—for C. & S. Air Lines. She has "timetabled" your eating habits in the air.

It takes the average traveler, Miss Mellon observes, only half an hour—or "100 miles," as they say in the air, where time is calculated by distance—to finish off a whole meal, from bouillon to burps. The schedule:

Twenty-five miles for a bowl of soup—and dainty pecks at the olives, pickles, and celery with Roquefort.

Forty miles for the main dish—although spring chicken à la Louisianne might take a few miles longer than steak or lamb because of the bones to be picked.

Twenty miles for the salad. Meanwhile, of course, you're munching along on the rolls, corn sticks and butter.

Fifteen miles for the dessert—ice cream or gooseberry chiffon tart, or whatever.

One hundred miles is average. Miss Mellon reports with considerable misgivings that far too many of us reach the mints, toothpick and nap in 85 miles or less. She doesn't know quite what to say about one fellow who ate for 401 miles.

**IT REMINDS** us of the first time this problem of feeding customers was faced by American commercial aviation. That was back in the mid-twenties, when the old Western Air Express began to fly the so-called "Guggenheim Model Airway" from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

There were no stewardesses in those days and the management could turn to no one but pilots to get firsthand advice on what to serve in flight. Pilots are always hungry—those of 15 years ago especially so, and they arranged menus that would founder a fullback. Pea soup, breaded veal cutlets with

boiled potatoes and thick gravy, apple pie with store cheese. A dainty two-ton snack. There were no galleys on the planes; no way to keep the stuff hot. It came aboard in cardboard boxes, thrown back with the mail sacks and oil-cans, until the copilot, an hour or more after take-off, had a chance to serve it. By that time rough air, temperature, and other factors had welded each boxful into one indistinguishable porridge.

The way those green-faced passengers had to be assisted from the planes at journey's end was not good advertising for air travel!

**STEWARDESSES**, extension of schedules, medical studies of airsickness, increase in size of planes and facilities for preserving food temperatures brought changes.

For years—after the "Model Airway" experience—airlines served light, greaseless, balanced, acid-alkaline producing meals: tomato, orange and other fruit juices, hot clear bouillon, chicken salad, lady fingers, tea, aspirin.

Nowadays, however, meals of similar make-up to those you get in the best restaurants aground are served without fear. Several reasons. Today you accept flight as commonplace and are no longer nervous. Again, planes fly higher and more smoothly, away from the turbulent air currents near the ground. Your stomach doesn't have to be pampered—only filled.

Meals are served free on all United States airlines.

This custom is not universal on foreign lines. For example, on those enormous biplane "flying boxcars" of the Heracles type which used to fly between London and Paris there were kitchens, pantries and a pair of waiters to lay the table and take your order from a printed and priced menu. There was a cocktail and wine list, also.

You can't buy drinks or setups on American planes. Not even sherry. No, will you be accepted as a passenger if you're under the influence.

Fair enough, too, if you think of that night long ago when Pilot Abe Warner, pushing an old B-40 up the Columbia River passes, bound from Portland to Salt Lake, suddenly discovered his lone passenger seated out upon the wing. He had one leg and one arm crooked for dear life around a strut. He was shouting "Yippee" and, with his free hand, waving a bottle—

Getting alcohol stains all over the nice wing.

W. B. C.





# There's 19 FEET OF GRIP in every foot of this tread!

**A new improved first-line "G-3"  
All-Weather . . . 20% longer-  
wearing . . . yet it costs you less  
per mile than ever before!**

**I**N these days of rising material costs, the ability of manufacturers to maintain values is being put to acid test.

It's an easy solution to raise prices, or cut quality. But Goodyear is doing neither.

Not only do you pay less for the new 1941 edition of our famed first-line "G-3" All-Weather—the world's standard of tire value—but you get a better tire.

How much better? Well, down in Arizona we've been running leading makes of tires until they wore down to the fabric—with these results:

Under identical conditions our new "G-3" quality construction averages 20% longer mileage than other popular first-line tires tested.

## **A 19 to 1 safety factor**

What this longer wear means to you in safety can be plainly seen, right in the "G-3" tread.

Note how those deep-cut diamonds slant ACROSS the tread; how their sharp edges FACE in all directions to brake against both skidding and slipping.

With a ruler you'll discover that all these non-skid edges add up to more than NINETEEN feet of grip in every single foot of the All-Weather tread—nineteen feet of safety in every foot of tread.

That's a 19 to 1 safety factor—that will grip in *any* direction, as millions of car owners have learned in 30 years' experience.



## **STAR FEATURES of the first-line "G-3" All-Weather—WORLD STANDARD OF TIRE VALUE**

**ALL-WEATHER CENTER TRACTION**—proved safest for a quarter century.

**LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE**—from tougher thick flat tread—more rubber on the road.

**QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING**—deep non-skid blocks in center of tread for firm grip.

**NO SLIP ON CURVES**—heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding.

**FORTIFIED TREAD**—new improved rubber compound gives increased resistance to cuts and bruises.

**GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION**—new stronger higher-tensile Supertwist cord in every ply.

**SMART APPEARANCE**—prismed sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.

## **New low cost in mileage**

How can we offer so much more value for less money? Because savings from new streamlined manufacturing and distribution methods are being given back to you in higher-quality tires.

This means you can still ride on safe, first-quality rubber without penny-pinching. See this great "G-3" All-Weather and you'll see why it's true "You get the most for your money in a Goodyear!"

All-Weather, Supertwist—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER  
**GOODYEAR**  
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND





One by One  
they let him go—  
Danny had

the **double-O** \*

\*OFFENSIVE BREATH—OFFENSIVE-LOOKING TEETH

Of course they dropped him! Offensive breath is bad enough, but offensive-looking teeth also! Well . . . that's the "Double O," and the combination is too much for any woman to put up with.

But why risk "Double O"? There are two trustworthy products that offer you a delightful double precaution against the frequent causes of this double offense.

One you know about—Listerine with its amazing antiseptic and deodorant power. Listerine Antiseptic is famous for its wonderful action against halitosis (bad breath) due to food fermentation in the mouth—the major cause, in the opinion of some authorities, of this condition.

**MAKE YOURSELF MORE ALLURING . . .**  
with this double precaution against  
**DOUBLE "O"**

Listerine Antiseptic  
FOR THE BREATH



The other is the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Here, at last, is a real aid against offensive-looking teeth. For 8 years our skilled experts worked to achieve this new, finer dentifrice, specially created to help restore luster to dull enamel . . . personality to your smile.

You'll be literally astounded when you see how it goes to work on tooth surfaces . . . cleansing, brightening, polishing! Why not see for yourself how much it does to bring out the true sparkle of teeth and smile!

If you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning, and before every social engagement. It's the ideal pair for oral care—the double precaution against the "Double O" (offensive breath and offensive teeth).

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE**  
**TOOTH PASTE**  
FOR THE TEETH



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Mexico still stages spectacles in which savage beasts fight to the death. Such combats, between bulls and lions, were presented in the city of Acapulco in the spring of 1940.

In some Latin-American countries, such as Bolivia, Costa Rica, Honduras and Nicaragua, telephone calls to and from the United States can be sent or received only in certain booths in certain cities.

One of the greatest feats in maritime history was performed by a Captain Samuel Samuels in the Atlantic in 1862, after his ship, the Dreadnought, had lost her rudder in a terrific gale. Unable to turn the vessel around, he succeeded in getting the two-hundred-foot clipper to the Azores, a distance of 182 miles, in fifty-two hours, steering her backward by manipulating the sails.—By Amy Z. Krochmal, Washington, D. C.

As late as the 1880's, freight rates on some American railroads were so high that the cost of sending a large shipment of nails from New York to San Francisco was greater than the cost of sending it to England and having it reshipped in a British vessel down around Cape Horn and up the Pacific Coast.—By John P. Anderson, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Two small pieces of United States territory can be reached by land only through Canada. One is a section of Washington, located on a British Columbia peninsula that projects into Puget Sound; the other is a section of Minnesota, located on a Manitoba peninsula that projects into Lake of the Woods.—By Hilda Thordarson, Seattle, Washington.

"The Little Brown Church in the Vale," located two miles outside of Nashua, Iowa, is so famous, through having been made the subject of a hymn, that it not only attracts a weekly average of eight hundred visitors, but also thirty weddings, excluding those of couples who bring their own minister to perform the ceremony.—By John F. Myers, Des Moines, Iowa.

Some tobacco auctions in the South gather such speed that they have to be slowed down to the standard rate of 360 sales an hour, or an average of one every ten seconds.—By J. G. McNeill, Mount Airy, North Carolina.

The crumpled aluminum foil in some types of bulbs used to take flashlight photographs is so extremely thin that 175 sheets of it would be required to equal the thickness of one sheet of ordinary newspaper.—By Albert E. MacRoberts, Watertown, Massachusetts.

The world's largest pawnshop is the Casa de Ventas in Buenos Aires. Owned and operated by the municipal government and employing more than 1,100 people, it has been known to have almost 500,000 loans outstanding at one time, among them being those on 2,500 pianos and 10,000 sewing machines.

New inventions include a sewing-machine needle that threads itself, a rubber tire that grounds static electricity and a violin device that, through the means of a mute, amplifier and headphones, enables a musician to practice unheard by anyone except himself.—By James H. Word, Abilene, Texas.

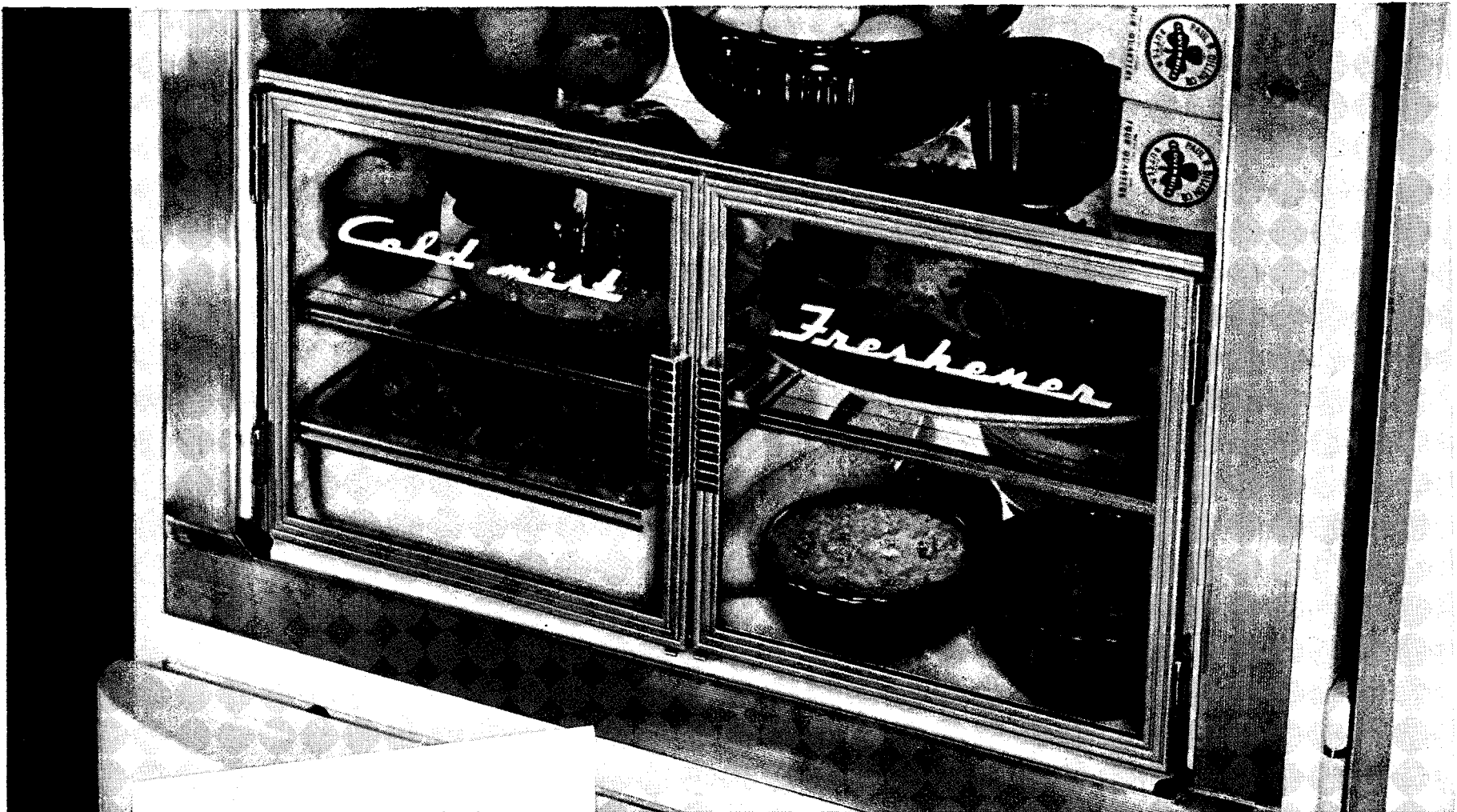
The custom of married sons living in the homes of their parents is carried to such extremes in China that it is not uncommon to find families consisting of six generations and three hundred members—under one roof.

New York City has so many private power plants, as well as public electric stations, that switches would have to be pulled on at least 30,000 switchboards to effect a complete black-out.—By Peter W. Barrett, Dobbs Ferry, New York.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



# NEW! Vegetables kept garden fresh behind glass!



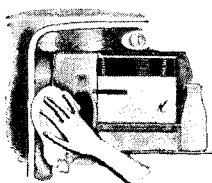
COPR. 1941, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.

Yes, a refrigerator with glass shelves—and a glass-enclosed Cold-mist Freshener to guard precious vitamins—typical of the 1941 Extras made possible by Kelvinator's new way of doing business.



I DON'T KNOW when I've seen women so thrilled as they are about the 1941 Kelvinators. And, I've been selling refrigerators for years.

Look, for instance, at the magnificent Moist-Master model (illustrated) that keeps all foods fresher, longer. It has a brand-new kind of refrigerating system with cooling coils concealed within the walls of the refrigerator.



A Kelvinator "Extra"—The new "Cold-Ban"

Shelves are of crystal-clear glass... a super-moist Cold-mist Freshener keeps vegetables garden fresh and protects precious vitamins.

## How Kelvinator's new, less expensive way of doing business saves you up to \$30 more

Last year Kelvinator developed a new, less expensive way of doing business—that saved buyers from \$30 to \$60 each over previous year's prices—and sales were  $2\frac{1}{4}$  times those of the year before.

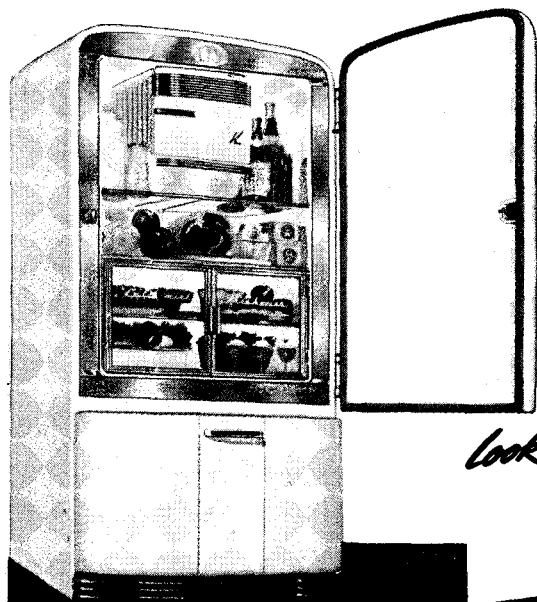
This year Kelvinator has carried this program a step further. Result: even lower prices (with savings up to \$30 over last year)—even better values—and more extra features than ever before.

Is it any wonder that consumer groups both last year and this year have hailed the new Kelvinator program as a courageous move in the public interest? Write Dept. C-1 for a beautiful full-color catalog.

Yet this Moist-Master Model... the newest and finest Kelvinator... costs no more than the ordinary refrigerator of a year or two ago.

And it is only one of nine beautiful, big Kelvinators you can choose from. Each offers a variety of "extras".

There's the shining Stainless Steel Cold-Ban that eliminates over 80 unsightly, hard-to-clean screwheads. It's an *exclusive* Kelvinator extra.



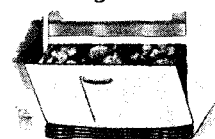
Moist-Master Model M-6—\$179.95\*—Eight other models, including  $6\frac{3}{4}$  cubic foot SS-6—\$119.75\*—And beautiful, completely equipped S-6—\$144.95\*

And a Magic Shelf—another *exclusive* extra—gives you five different interior arrangements in a jiffy—makes extra room for tall bottles and bulky foods.

Still *more extras!* A big Vegetable Bin for dry vegetables... big Moonstone Meat Chest... new "5-Way Magic Shelf" Polar Light... oversize Crispers... the economical Polarsphere Sealed Unit. And extra! extra! Every "6 ft." model has actually  $6\frac{3}{4}$  cubic feet of space.

And value? In cold figures, you save up to \$30 on these new Kelvinators, thanks to Kelvinator's new, less expensive way of doing business.

We Kelvinator dealers are anxious to show you these big values. Won't you stop in soon?



A Kelvinator "Extra"—"Big Vegetable Bin"

Kelvinator Division  
NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.  
DETROIT, MICH.

\*Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5 Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies. In view of rising costs prices subject to change without notice.

*Look at the Beauty!  
Look at the Extras!  
Look at the Price!*

**Get More — Get KELVINATOR**





## HOME TOWN PLAY

*An Old American Institution*

**T**HAT Pilgrim costume didn't fool us a bit. We knew Jim McBride, the hardware man, the minute he stepped before the footlights. Yet Jim had only to declaim his first few noble lines to have illusion and romance cloak us 'round with dreams.

**W**E COULD well believe that Nan Gimmick was the Chieftain's daughter for tonight; Joe Petz, our grocery clerk, a wily redskin; Tom Black, true to life, the horny-handed smith and charcoal burner...

Now and then, as the play progressed, a friendly giggle would sweep through the house as the prompter's hoarse whisper could be heard from the wings; or when Tim Murphy's sword fell with a great clattering to the floor. But mostly the lordly strutting and great declaiming were taken in good part. And at just a tragic climax, as the muted

strains of "Hearts and Flowers" rose from the pit, more than one furtive pocket handkerchief was seen to dab its owner's eyes.

**O**NE smiles today at memories like these. But it's a wistful smile. For you know now how rich in happiness the simple pleasures of those times really were. Thank goodness America still holds firmly to the grand things that have given it character . . . the old customs, the old songs, the old feasts and the foods that made them famous!

**I**TSELF a venerable old American institution, the famous House of Heinz has long played a leading role in bringing delicious "home talent" fare to millions of American families.

For a long time back, folks have recognized in our beans, our ketchup, our jellies and pickles the

true old-fashioned home flavor they were brought up to know and love. And you, today, find this same toothsome goodness in our many tempting soups, puddings, and rich, spicy mincemeat.

**Y**EAR after year, for more than three generations, we have been helping to set a good table for American families—using the finest methods, the choicest ingredients, the most treasured recipes we could find. We are proud of our role as home-cooks to a great nation. And we trust that some day your children, too, will fondly recall the good meals you serve today . . . just as you now look back to "Way Back When".

57

**H. J. HEINZ COMPANY**  
*An Old American Institution*





"Shock," he thought. It was a funny word. It could mean so many things

## The Hands of a Great Horse Player

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

**They said in the hospital that young Doctor Corbett was tough, was completely objective about his work. This story will show you how wrong they all were**

**I**T WAS midmorning and they had rolled out into the corridor the wheeled stretcher with the blond girl from the charity ward on it. They were going to work in an amphitheater when they operated on her, because students and internes would be there to observe.

On such mornings there was always

some confusion and for a moment the nurses had left the girl alone in the corridor. She was sitting on the stretcher and the bandage around her head didn't look unlike a fashionable turban except for the big lump of bandage behind the ear where they had gone into the mastoid. All she had on was a hospital gown and when the nurses left her she grew annoyed and a little uneasy there in the midst of so many men, and she made some effort to close the gap in the gown where her back showed.

The students and internes stood quietly by, the students self-conscious in their masks and talking through them unnecessarily. They all felt a little superior because they knew it was a charity patient, but some of them noticed how pretty the girl was, despite the slightly

fixed quality of the muscles on one side of her face.

Corbett came along the hall, hurrying a little as he saw the girl on the stretcher. He was the senior resident in surgery at the hospital, an assured but pleasant man of about thirty. The chiefs of the medical center, who were not sentimental men, thought well of Corbett, and Haggerty, the chief in surgery, thought that Corbett might some day even be great. Corbett had fine, sensitive hands. They had one or two crooked fingers and didn't look like anything special but Haggerty and the others had seen them with a scalpel in the fingers.

**N**OW, coming along the corridor, Corbett noticed the girl's awkward attempt to close the gap in the gown. She

had a fine back, he saw, thin but white and smooth. He felt sorry for her again, and told himself that he shouldn't feel that way. Not if he was going to operate on her this morning as Haggerty might want him to do. But she was a fine girl and he had liked her. On his rounds, when he came to her they would talk about horses—her brother was a gyp trainer at one of the New England tracks now—and what a bore the hospital was to her. She wanted to get out as quickly as she could.

The hospital seemed to fret her and they had operated the first time in an emergency and postponed this second one until she could be built up a little by diet; but she didn't seem to respond and Haggerty had said it would be better to get it over with. There was always





pressure on Haggerty to move charity patients along. He fought against the pressure when he was conscious of it; but when he wasn't, it affected him subtly.

Corbett dropped his hand to the girl's shoulder. He had forgotten her name for the moment. She turned as though struck, then smiled when she saw it was Corbett. "Take it easy," he said gently. "How do you feel?"

"I'm all right. I just wish it were over and I could get out of here."

"It'll be ten days or two weeks before you get out, even if no complications develop."

"I'll go haywire by then," the girl said, smiling a little. "What will you do then?"

"We won't mind. We don't have many people here as pretty as you."

"Trying to make me feel good?"

"No. . . I wish you had more weight on you, but we don't seem to be able to put it on you with food."

"It's being shut up," she said.

"That's what we thought," he said. He noticed suddenly the others watching him, some with faint, cynical smiles. He became grave. He knew the way

they were. It was only a little while since he had been one of them and he knew what apostles of doubt the new medical schools made of their students; made them so with design, teaching them to doubt, if they chose, their own teachers. The nurses were there, too, now, waiting for him to stop talking, waiting with faint, supercilious impatience as if they had never left the patient for a moment.

"All right," Corbett said to them.

"Are you and Dr. Haggerty going to the track today?" the girl said.

"We always do after operating," he said. "Unless there's some reason to stay around the hospital."

"Then don't forget about Barnstormer," she said. He's going today."

"I won't," Corbett said.

AS THEY wheeled her down the corridor, Corbett noticed her face change but he couldn't read it. He wished abruptly that he could have said more to her, something of consolation, perhaps. But consolation for what? he wondered. He recalled, almost impersonally, as he would the figures of a chart, that she had had no visitors since entering the hos-

pital. And she had barely mentioned the brother in the East.

The wheeled stretcher and the nurses disappeared around a corner, the cloud of white coats attending. Corbett waited for Haggerty. He came down the hall, a big man in his fifties. He was all in white, a white skull cap on. Together, they walked toward the amphitheater.

"What do you think?" Corbett said.

"About what?"

"About this girl we're going to operate on?"

"Then say so. I don't know who you're talking about. We had two operations this morning and now we have this one. I don't know which one you're talking about."

"That's right," Corbett said. "Well, what do you think?"

"Sounds to me like you might like her or something."

"Don't be foolish."

"I don't think anything. She's apparently in about as good shape as we can get her, and that isn't good. Not bad, understand, but not good."

"You think we ought to operate, then?" Corbett said.

"What else? We've been trying for

weeks to build her up and without result. And, meanwhile, there she is with that open wound in the head and the nerve gone. If we wait much longer the nerve'll be entirely gone and those facial muscles paralyzed for good."

THE corridors were long, and they walked for a few seconds without speaking. Then Haggerty spoke again: "You can't be sentimental in medicine. If a doctor's sentimental he doesn't get any place. It's as easy to fall in love with and marry money as it is to marry poor. I married money. And I've done all right. I've lived right, too. I raised a big family and I do my work honestly. Some other guy, he marries poor and he's always worrying. Marry dough, kid. If you're going to be a big shot in this business, you've got to have dough behind you."

"I know. I'm not marrying anyone just yet. Why are you telling me all this again?"

"Just that all of us in the place have seen to it that you've met the right people, but it doesn't seem to take. Any girl is glad to marry a doctor. All you have to do is take your pick. What we like is for our big shots in the hospital to have no financial worries. So when you marry, marry dough."

"When I marry, I'll marry dough," Corbett said. "I waited table so long to get through school that I still think, when I'm tired, I can feel the grease on my hands."

"The Martins have asked us to sit in their box at the track this afternoon," Haggerty said. "I can't do much better than that for you. He's the lieutenant governor of the state and the girl is even good-looking."

"I know," Corbett said. The reason for his own uncertainty and embarrassment eluded him.

The little rooms off the amphitheater had green tiles and indirect lighting. They washed their hands for the fifth or sixth time that morning. "You want to do it?" Haggerty said, as they pulled the rubber gloves on.

"No, you."

"As surgeons go," Haggerty said, "I'm no kid any more. And I've done two jobs this morning. I'd rather you did this one."

"I think you'd better. I'll help."

Haggerty looked at him but Corbett didn't notice.

IN THE amphitheater the girl was already under the anesthetic. The nurse administering it had her hands under the little tent and looked bored.

"Is everything all right?" Corbett said. His sharpness surprised the others as well as himself.

"She fought a little against it," the nurse said.

The girl was strapped supine, her head turned sidewise under the covering. Haggerty pulled back a corner of it and they could see the conical hole in the spongy bone of the mastoid, surprisingly deep. "All right," he said to Corbett, "you do it."

It was no place to argue. Corbett's anger was slight and obscure. He began to move quickly, deftly. There was a little patch of loose bandage on the girl's leg. He removed it and underneath it, not unlike a segment of white worm, was the nerve they had bared the previous day. He clipped the end still attached to the leg, then went back to the mastoid. Haggerty held the little forceps with the nerve in them. Corbett probed and couldn't get the nerve end in the bone. He saw he would have to chip, and grew excessively annoyed. His hands weren't too good as he worked. The girl's breathing was loud and rasping and he had to tell himself that that was only natural with the nurse

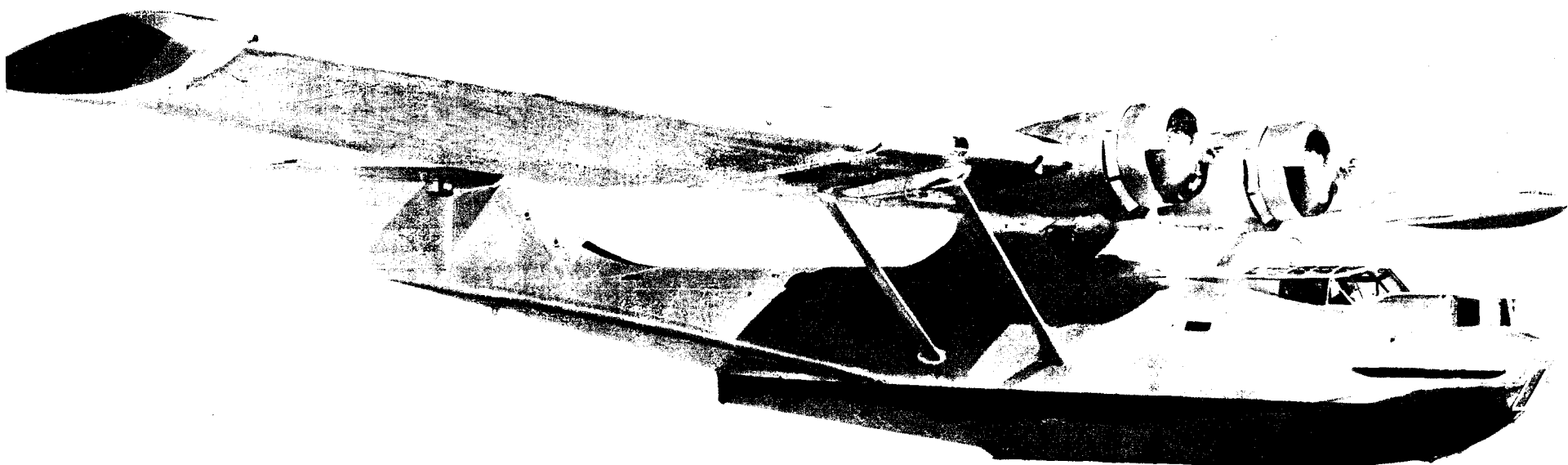
(Continued on page 29)

Corbett had forgotten her name for the moment.  
"Take it easy," he said gently. "How do you feel?"

AND I WOM







# We Fly a Bomber to England

By Frank Gervasi

The American PBY flying boat, in one of which the author and a British crew "ferried" to England

WIDE WORLD

**Mr. Gervasi returns to England to report for Collier's. He flew the Atlantic in an American bombing plane being delivered to the Royal Air Force. Here is his first dispatch, by cable from London**

WE WERE somewhere over the North Atlantic. Below us the sea was like hard, polished lava; blue-black, treacherous and almost evil. Overhead was a heavy overcast, gray and hard. As the pilot lifted the ship to bore through it to the quiet air above, snow sifted along the fuselage with the soft, shushing noise of sand slithering on tin. But our motors turned with a full-throated, imperturbable moan and so unworried they seemed, so sure of themselves, that each of us silently blessed the skilled hands that had made them.

The navigator was an earnest young man in his early twenties who had seemed shy and diffident on land but who was now as self-assured and poised as a pointer under its master's gun. He shot the sun with his sextant, made rapid calculations on a pad of paper and made a pencil point on the chart. "Tomorrow," he said, "we will be in England," and he said "England" with reverence.

I was excess baggage and I envied the crew. They had something to do, all of them. The pilot, after he'd taken off, had to watch George. George was the automatic aviator—the gyropilot, and George is nearly perfect. But every once in a while an unexpected wind-thrust, an updraft or a down current twisted the controls ever so slightly out of his mechanical hands and the flesh

and blood pilot had to make minute corrections with four or five knobs on the instrument panel.

The navigator was the busiest man aboard. Our two radio operators never left their instruments, and the engineers watched those motors, one on duty, one off and asleep on the single bunk aft. I envied the younger of the two engineers. He was very young and when he slept he slept soundly and the flight was for him a great adventure. The rest of us had families to whom we'd written "last" letters. We wanted to live and we knew that we might not and there was no use doping ourselves with false heroics. We had twenty-four hours of flying ahead of us, through heavy weather and through German air patrols off the coast of England, and we were, except for that bright-eyed kid with the smooth face and sandy hair and clear blue eyes, cognizant of our danger.

It was cold in the big plane. The ship had none of the refinements of a transatlantic clipper. No heater, no sound-proofing. We had donned soft flying suits, like overalls, and over these a windproof, waterproof jumper and a "Mae West"—life jacket—in case we crashed into the sea. We didn't bother about parachutes, figuring if we'd ever need them anywhere west of Land's End they wouldn't do us any good anyhow. Nobody could survive hitting that undulating slab of blue-black lava below.

I wish I could tell you more about those men in that ship or about the plane or where we started from and where we eventually landed, but I cannot. It isn't a matter of censorship, but I can't say more because to do so would expose those who fly behind us to death from the guns of Heinkels and Messerschmitts sent to intercept them. I should

like to prove to you how brave and how skilled they were by telling you about the small things they did that proved their selflessness and their craftsmanship and their airmanship. But I can't. I'll say only that they weren't American pilots hired at one thousand dollars a month plus expenses to ferry American planes across to England, but just plain Englishmen doing a job.

What they do every day would have been epochal ten years ago; would have made Lindbergh's flight seem puny.

When there's nothing to keep your hands busy and when you know with cold, mechanical reasoning that you may die, you think. It's amazing what warm peace there is when you are able to face the possibility of death without a quiver in your diaphragm. You pack into every moment an exquisite enjoyment—you press your elbows close to yourself and feel the flex of your biceps. You open and shut your hand in front of your face and the warmth inside your flying suit is good to feel. You slide back the panel of the hood over the co-pilot's seat and glory in the zero wind whipping your face, and all the time you're thinking of small, familiar things—of the sounds a quarrelsome fire makes in a fireplace, the turmoil of children upstairs just before they go to bed, the tap of a dog's tail on the carpet, a table set with white linen and silver and crystal and the smell of earth in the spring.

You think of your wife, warm and dear in your arms, or of your son's quivering excitement when you gave him the thing he wanted most in life—a wire-haired pup. You think of your younger son and the feel of his pudgy arms about your neck and you smile to yourself as you remember how unaware he was you were leaving him.

You think of friends and how much they've meant to you and you wonder

(Continued on page 63)

Frank Gervasi, Collier's Staff Correspondent in England



MONAHAN



# Mr. Bildig's Bird

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Something designed to lighten the solemnity of the times—the success story of a little man who hasn't got a chance to fail. Not after this

**B**ALSAM MANOR is one of those suburban towns where every family is quite rich or comfortably well-to-do. Everything is glossy and well-kept—the streets are cleaned, sidewalks smooth, lawns green, houses neat and expensive.

Everyone knows everyone else, belongs to the same golf, social and business clubs, goes to the same dances and shares in a joyous social life in which there are no leaders or petty jealousies. They say it is the nicest town on the railroad. Its men are solid business leaders, and its ladies play bridge for the highest stakes on the line.

But there was one exception in Balsam Manor and that was Mr. Bildig. Bildig lived with his wife in a small gray house on Oak Street, a short street on

the very edge of town. It would have been a back street in Hoboken. Mr. Bildig made fifty dollars a week, did not belong in Balsam Manor and was not known there but, years before, his father built this small home and lived in it and now it belonged to Bildig. He moved from the New York flat with alacrity and with his plump, cheery wife. They did not know that fifty dollars a week was unheard of in this town. They did know that now they had a small front yard, a back yard and a gate.

Mr. Bildig viewed life serenely, calmly and without emotion. He never got angry or got drunk, had no vices and was simple in his ways and orderly. He had wispy, thin hair and a blank countenance, from which smiled a pair of guileless eyes. He even liked his job

in town and found nothing to complain about.

His job was writing figures on large, square sheets of yellow paper. The figures concerned prices and quotations on bottled goods. That's all Mr. Bildig knew about the business. Nor did he know what the firm bottled. He hadn't made a mistake in two years, so he felt that his job was secure.

For four years, he caught the eight-o'clock train into town and came home promptly at six. And nobody ever spoke to him. It wasn't that the club-car men were snobs. They just didn't know who he was, a situation which he accepted without any feeling whatever.

The cars filled up with the healthy, well-clad men of Balsam Manor, all going in to their day's business. They

shouted gaily, called one another George, Bill, Pete and Rex, played bridge, talked politics, shook dice and had a fine time into Grand Central where they made hasty luncheon engagements and later canceled them by phone.

Coming home at night, they did the same thing and departed in their cars amid a hullabaloo of cheerful conversation, gentlemen shouting and wives waving merrily.

**T**HEN one evening young Edgar Trent, aged nine, strolled into his home and sat down with the family for dinner. His father was Larry Trent, vice president of his company.

"I was in Mr. Bildig's yard," Edgar announced, "and he's got a talking bird. The bird talks to him. He talks to the bird, too. 'How are you, Peewee?' he says."

Nobody paying any attention to his news, Edgar said it again.

"Who's Mr. Bildig?" his father asked, glancing up.

"He lives near here. I walked by his house."

"What did you say he had?"

"A little bird, about so big and colored black. He sits at a table with the bird on his wrist and it talks to him and he talks back."

"Listen, son," said Trent severely, "never make up tales. Little birds cannot talk."

"I heard him."

"I would like to read the paper," the father remarked and the bird talk ended, with Edgar making indignant motions at his mother.

**I**N THE morning, the eight-o'clock crowd was on the station platform and Larry Trent was chatting with young George Lehman, the publisher.

"George," said Trent, his mind hopping back to the dinner hour, "you see that little man over there by the truck, the one reading. Would that be a Mr. Bildig?"

"Don't know him. Why?"

"If it is, he's got a bird that talks to him."

"Who says he has?"

"My son Edgar. He heard the bird talking to him yesterday."

George glanced at Larry to see if he was joking and observed no signs. Being a man of action, George decided to ask the fellow about it and they both strolled over.

"Pardon me," George began, "but are you Mr. Bildig?"

"Yes, sir," said Bildig, folding the paper he was reading and looking pleasant.

"Do you happen to own a talking bird?"

"Why, yes, I do. How'd you know?"

"This is Mr. Trent," George said. "His son was in your yard and saw the bird. I never knew little birds could talk. What does he say?"

"Oh, he says anything," smiled Bildig. "His name is Peewee. I've had him three years."

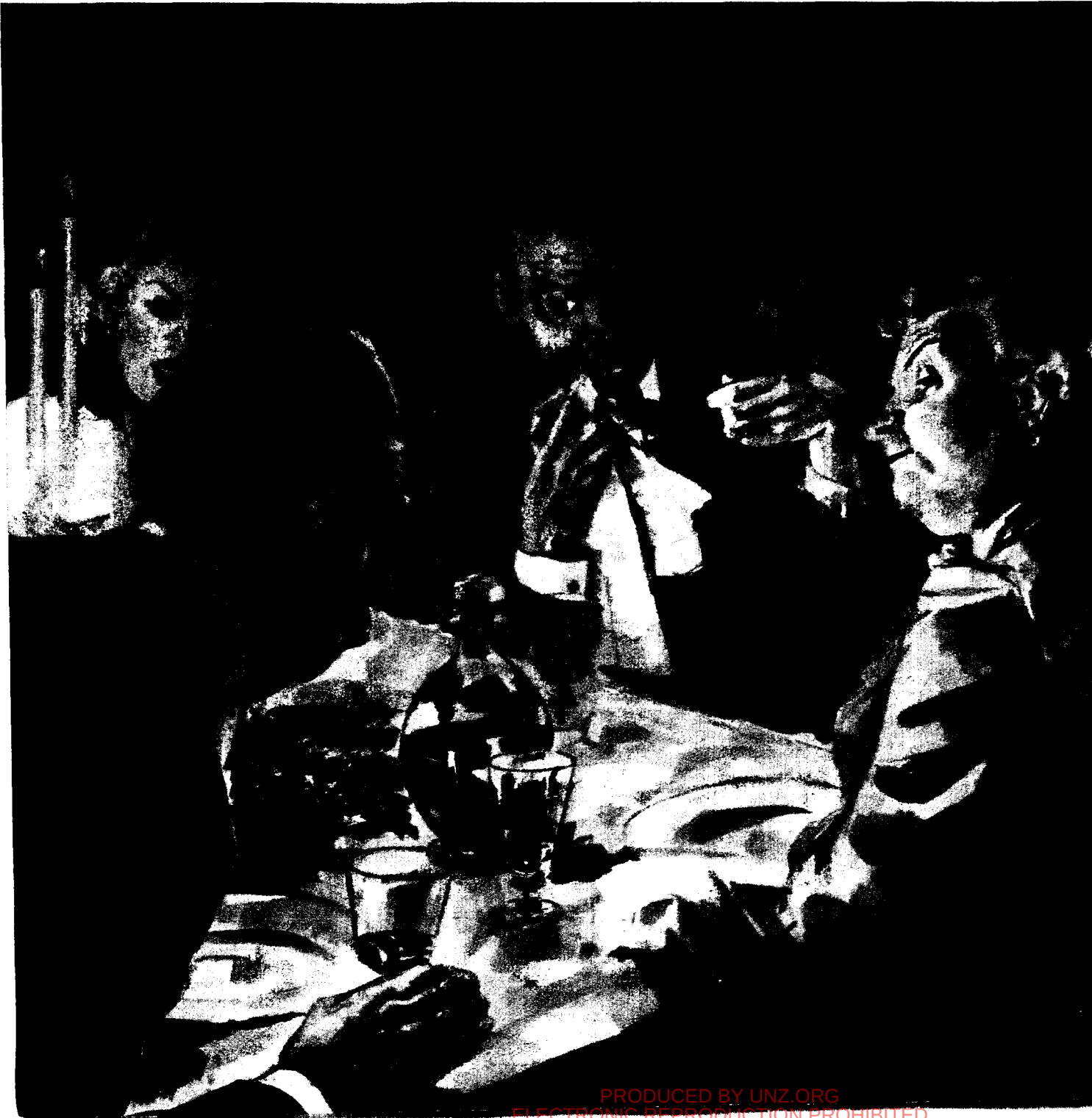
"Talks words?" Trent asked incredulously.

"Talks about anything," said the owner. "He's what they call a Satin Burger and a very rare breed. Peewee takes about all my spare time. Guess you would call it a hobby."

Trent shook his head and said it was the most remarkable thing he had ever heard in his life. The train roared in and they told Mr. Bildig they were glad to

(Continued on page 57)

Greenspoon stopped suddenly. "What was that?" he asked. "Who said that?" "Why, that was Peewee," Bildig said, torn between pride and embarrassment





# We're in the Army Now

By Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum, U.S.A.

**Brave, untrained men died needlessly in 1918. It won't happen again. The Army is doing its share, but part of the responsibility for an efficient fighting force depends on you whose job is on the home front**

**T**WENTY-THREE years ago we sent into the firing line in France men who had never fired a rifle. Men wearing the uniform of the United States Army were thrown into the front lines—men who had never shoved a clip of cartridges into a magazine. That a weary, desperate foe might have no rest and that an opportunity for immediate

victory might be grasped, men who were only a few weeks away from the safe routine of civilian life were packed aboard transports, given a few days' rest, and rushed into battle in trucks and trains.

This was necessary, but costly in lives. Considering the short time we were in the first World War, our casualties were excessive. Had our armies been divisions of trained men, conditioned men, our casualty lists would have been very much lower. Untrained men, led by inexperienced officers, died because they didn't know how to protect themselves. They had raw courage and an undisciplined will to fight and that, because we had youth and numbers, won. But the price we paid was cruel. Inexperience and the lack of training in 1918 were unfortunate causes for excessive and unnecessary losses.

It is because this squandering of the lives of American boys must not hap-

pen again that the United States is now training its sons to fight. Whether they will have to fight, or where, is no question to be discussed here. If war is forced upon us we have no alternative other than to accept. Having accepted, we must have trained, disciplined, equipped men to give the challenger his answer.

I am writing to the mothers and fathers, the wives and sweethearts of the men who are now being trained to meet such an emergency. The new trainees have been quick to understand. True enough, all of the young men who have been drafted into service have not found the transition from civil to military life easy. You are receiving blue and homesick letters, which are to be expected when a young fellow first leaves the home fireside. To a certain extent the experiences are somewhat similar to those of a boy in his first year of boarding school. The trainee will have trou-

ble, perhaps, adjusting himself to mass living, to the pranks, banter and even bullying of his comrades. He may object to what he regards as undue severity in drill and mess sergeants. Resentful, he is tempted to break military rules, to give away to excessive indulgences in near-by towns and to consort with certain so-called sporting groups which should be avoided as in civil life. Writing to you parents and others who are likely to worry about all this, let me assure you that special provisions are always available to meet these conditions.

(Continued on page 60)

**Lieut. General Hugh A. Drum, commander of the First Army, chats with three brand-new selectees at his Governors Island headquarters**

W. EUGENE SMITH







# SKEEETER FLEET

**S**HORTLY after midnight a small, walnut-shaped boat slithered across New York harbor. Its one-man crew, a Captain Bushnell of the Revolutionary Army, took a last look about before closing the top half of the walnut, the boat's only hatch. He knew then he had enough fresh air to keep him alive a half-hour.

With a single oar pierced through the stern he sculled quietly toward a British ship of the line and slipped unnoticed under its poop. Next he lighted a candle, sending a soft glow upward through a glass port in the hatch. That was his working light as he reached overhead in his cramped quarters and started turning a crank. The crank revolved the boat's mast—a peculiar mast. The top end of it was threaded like a screw and, halfway down its length, attached like a crow's-nest, was a metal box—full of gunpowder.

As the captain cranked, the screw slowly buried itself in the hull of the Britisher. When he figured he had bored deeply enough for the deadly barnacle to hold, he detached the crank, set a crude clockwork mechanism on the metal box and sculled away to a safe listening post.

From then on history lets us down. The intrepid captain's homemade weapon did not send the British admiral and his flagship to visit Davy Jones. No, unfortunately, the screw business failed to hold and the box of gunpowder dropped harmlessly to the bottom of the harbor. Nevertheless, Captain Bushnell had earned his naval spurs as the first American torpedo hero.

On another dark night the Confederate ram Albemarle was lying at anchor off Charleston. The year was 1865, and just to forestall any Yankee monkeyshines, a cordon of floating logs had been strung around her anchorage.

**By Frank D. Morris**

**The Navy calls it a shake-down cruise, but the boys on our new motor torpedo boats bouncing around in the Caribbean call that an understatement. The idea is to find out if 4,000 horsepower is enough to tear these skimmers apart**

Suddenly a warning cry from the crow's-nest sent the crew scurrying to their guns. The lookout had spotted a small, open launch steaming straight toward his ship at too much speed for the Albemarle's comfort. Jutting from the launch's bow, like a jousting pole, was a long spar tipped with a metal cylinder. Inside the cylinder was an unhealthy charge of explosive.

Without slackening her speed a whit the launch lunged at the log barricade; her bow curved heavenward as she hit it and swerved aside. Simultaneously the jousting pole was heaved directly at the Albemarle. Before any of her guns could be brought to bear on the attacker, the ram had a huge hole torn in her side by the exploding torpedo. A geyser of water tossed up by the blast also swamped the launch and both vessels sank immediately.

One survivor of this engagement

promptly became a hero north of the Mason-Dixon line. He was Lieutenant Cushing, commander of the torpedo launch, and a grateful Union Navy made him, at 21, its youngest lieutenant commander.

When history reports on our next torpedo-boat daredevils, their names doubtless will be taken from the roster of a PT boat, the Navy's newest weapon. Some seventy candidates for medals slid their boats alongside Santee Dock at Annapolis one night not long ago after a breathless, record-breaking run from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. They had brought ten of our new motor torpedo boats safely into port after twelve hours of being battered around on the January Atlantic and in the choppy waters of Chesapeake Bay. Salt spray froze on decks, faces and clothes, but no one in the squadron minded this as long as they could hear the rhythmic roar of the motors astern, pushing them along at thirty-five knots.

The PT squadron was on the first leg of what is most appropriately called a shake-down cruise and, as you read this, they are still giving their boats and themselves the beating of their lives somewhere in the Caribbean.

At Annapolis they paused overnight, just long enough to gas up and give the crews some rest. The trim little fighters were berthed incongruously in the shadow of the Reina Mercedes, a naval matriarch we captured from the Spanish in 1898. Early the next morning, chins high, they roared off to Washington and tied up right under the snooty bow of President Roosevelt's official yacht, the Potomac. And while the navy-yard band is lining up on the dock in preparation for a formal inspection of the PT (patrol torpedo) boats, here's a good chance to see one for yourself.

Seventy feet (Continued on page 55)



This remarkable action shot of our new motor torpedo boat squadron was made exclusively for Collier's by W. Eugene Smith. Hanging out the window of a hired blimp, Photographer Smith, with two assistants handing him film, clicked his shutter dozens of times before getting this result. The boats, en route to Washington, were doing about 35 knots off Maryland Point where the blimp met them and followed them for an hour at altitudes varying from 50 to 800 feet. A Speed Graphic camera was used; speed, one one-hundredth of a second at  $f/8$ . No filter was used





# Consolation Prize

By Robert Spafford

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

A week end of skiing with a proficient lady named Elyse. Only a champion could come up to her speed

STEVE ADAMS wrestled his skis and poles and duffel out of the taxi, and the uniformed doorman came to help him. Together they packed everything neatly in the rear of the longest, shiniest convertible Steve had ever seen, which was parked before the marquee. Then he turned around and Elyse was just coming out of the apartment house.

Grinning, he walked fast across the sidewalk. Elyse held out her hands, and as he came to her, Steve saw that she was as beautiful as ever—even more so than five years ago when he first fell in love with her—and that she would always be beautiful. Her features were strong and clear, exactly chiseled, with the clear, velvety tan of many expensive suns, and hair that was thick and heavy, like a smooth tassel of gold threads.

Unashamedly, with laughter on her lips, she walked into his arms, her hands against the back of his head as he kissed her. Steve said weakly: "Gosh, it's been a long six months!"

"But I always come back to you—don't I, darling?"

Soberly he held her away to look at her. "Yes," he said gruffly, "but when we're married you won't be away from me at all."

That startled her. She said, "Steve! That—that sounds like a—*a proposal!*"

"It is." His voice cracked in excitement, but they didn't laugh. He said, "They gave it to me, Elyse. Finally. Sales manager, good raise." This was his big surprise, and she was taking it big. Watching her face for an answer, he had utterly forgotten where they were, until she suddenly smiled wryly.

"I like privacy for this sort of thing!"

They got into the car, with Steve behind the wheel and headed north on Fifth Avenue. It was a bright, cold morning and to Steve the world was perfect. . . . He had come down from Dartmouth and gone into a large box company where he defied the New York tradition by remaining ever since, instead of changing jobs, like apartments, every October. And for five of those eight years he had been in love with Elyse, but she had too much money. Now it was different; he could manage his end of it.

At a stop light he said, "I still love you. The one habit I can't break."

"Don't ever try," she whispered, her glance slanting up at him. But something in her face disturbed Steve and he frowned. "You love me?"

Looking straight ahead, she slowly nodded. Yet he persisted, "You didn't get all involved in Hawaii?"

A fleeting unhappiness shaded her eyes. "No."

"Well, then," he breathed in relief. "Say 'Yes, Steve, I'll marry you,' like a good girl."

She said nothing. Horns blared behind them. He shifted and stepped on the gas, but when he could look again, her face was blurred with tears.

"Oh, Steve!" she said. "Steve, darling! Bless you. . . . I've played so long and I'm so horribly tired!"

Instinctively he patted her knee and at once her bright head came over against his shoulder. "Time to settle down," he suggested. "You've got to stop pulling yourself apart over every man that falls for you."

"Yes!" said Elyse. "Yes!"

He knew then there had been someone in Honolulu, but it was over, and it made no difference between them now. He thought compassionately: *You were always too sensitive, too sympathetic for your own good, Elyse. . . .* Many men had loved her and it never failed to touch her profoundly, causing a peculiar sort of anguish that afterward left her briefly exhausted. . . . He said, "Then it's all settled?"

She gave him a tremulous smile. "Only let me get my breath first, Steve. Until we get back to New York." She let it drop there, but he was satisfied. It meant she was ready to say yes, ready for a safe mooring. It was enough for now.

THEY came over the frozen roads as darkness cloaked the small hotel in Jackson village. Inside, it was too hot, and crowded with young people in ski clothes. Steve stood at the desk, writing down his name and Elyse's beneath it, while she stared expectantly into the adjacent bar and lounge, from which a wave of argument and laughter and music from a juke organ flooded out at them.

Steve accepted the two keys from the clerk. "What's it like in the Ravine, Joe?"

"Perfect!" said Joe. "You here for the Inferno?"

"Not me," Steve grinned. "My racing days are over." As he turned away, Elyse caught his arm excitedly.

"Steve, give me a quarter!" From the handful of coins he produced, she selected one, and walked across the lobby.

Two slot machines stood in the far corner and a man and a girl were play-

It was glorious. He was drunk with the thrill, possessed of a frenzy to keep her in sight





ing the quarter one; or had been, but they seemed to be out of quarters. Elyse came up behind them, reached over the girl's shoulder and dropped the coin in the slot. "This one's on me," she said. "It might be lucky."

The couple turned around and the man automatically pulled the lever. Something clicked, and with a sudden rush, quarters poured from the machine and rolled about the floor. The man made no move to pick them up, but said in a soft foreign voice, "Elyse!" And simply stood looking at her.

Steve had seen that look too many times before. He went over to them as Elyse said, "Hannes, how in the world did you get out of Germany?"

That woke Hannes up. He said, "Miss Wharton, Miss Smith. It was Miss Smith's father who arranged it." Steve said, "Deal me in. I'm Steve Adams."

"Count von der Schafft," Elyse murmured. The men shook hands soberly, appraisingly. Then Steve looked at the other girl, "The name was Smith?"

"Smith," she said. "And no cracks."

THEY all laughed then, and Steve and the Smith girl watched the other two go down on their knees to collect the quarters. They were speaking German.

Curtly, Steve said, "Let's have a drink. Come on, Smithy."

Smithy regarded him thoughtfully, then turned in silence and walked ahead into the bar. She was small and well formed, with a piquant face and mink-colored hair. But she was no match for Elyse. Steve knew that Smithy knew it too, and suddenly he felt very sorry for her, because he knew with a clear shock of anger exactly what would happen.

They sat down and to the waiter Steve said, "Hot buttered rum, which is an American drink."

Elyse and Hannes came into the bar then, just as the juke box began a medley of Strauss waltzes, and all of a sud-

den they were in each other's arms and they were dancing beautifully. Hannes was not tall, perhaps only five eight, but Steve recognized the dream build of the expert skier—incredibly broad shoulders and no hips at all. He and Elyse were exactly the same height, exactly as beautiful. Even their perfect ski costumes matched in impeccability.

Smithy looked at Steve. "There goes your girl," she said. "What are you going to do about it?"

Stung, Steve glared at her. "And there goes your man. What are you going to do about it?"

"He's of age," Smithy said. "Anyway, we're just friends. He's a refugee, busted, so he wants to teach skiing over here, because it's the best thing he does—"

"I can think of others."

She smiled at that, and while it wasn't like Elyse's, it was still a very good smile. She continued, "But you need a big build-up for a good job, so he's going into the Inferno race next Saturday."

"I wish him luck," said Steve.

The music stopped and Elyse and Hannes joined them, his eyes never leaving her, his fingers touching her shoulders as he held the chair for her. And excitement glowing in Elyse's face made her more beautiful than ever. There was a lot of talk, which didn't exactly include Steve, although it washed up against him in constant ebb and flow.

Smithy kicked him under the table. "I remember you now. Didn't you win the Inferno once?"

"Ouch," he said absently. Then: "Third. I never was really one of the top boys, Smithy. Too big, for one thing. And too scared most of the time, for another."

Smithy's glance darted at Elyse; then

back to Steve. She said slyly, "And too lazy, maybe."

He half closed his eyes and looked at her.

After dinner he waited in the music room for Elyse and when she came in, he said, "Come sit here by the fire—I thought you'd never be able to shake them!"

"Oh," she said guiltily. "I told them we'd go down to the movies in Conway with them."

"Elyse," he said.

She caught his hand. "I'm so sorry. But poor Hannes has been through such hell, and he feels so strange and alone over here."

"What's the matter with Smithy?"

Elyse shook her head. "Smithy doesn't speak his language, Steve. He's just been staying with them in Boston because her father and Hannes' father had business dealings years ago."

Steve said, "He's in love with you."

Her eyes clouded with dark distress. Softly she whispered, "Oh, my dear! You're not going to be jealous—"

"No," he said, feeling helpless. "I just wanted to make sure you knew it."

"I'll tell him we can't go," Elyse offered.

He shook his head, forcing a grin. "No need to be rude. It's a good picture and I've seen it, but you go. And make my excuses. I've really got some letters to write."

Swiftly Elyse reached up and kissed him. "Dear Steve, you're always so kind and understanding—I don't know what I'd do without you."

Huskily he answered, "That's the point—you don't have to."

Again her lips touched his, lightly. "Night, dearest." Then she was gone. Steve lighted a cigarette and tried to

read a magazine, but finally had to throw it down. He went out in the hall and started up the stairs just as Smithy was coming down. "Hey," he said, "you better hurry, hadn't you? I'm not going, myself. Letters to write—"

"I'm not going, too," Smithy frowned. "They've left."

"Oh," said Steve.

"But I would have gone," she said slowly, "if I'd known you weren't chaperoning them."

Suspiciously, Steve remarked, "For anyone not supposed to be in love, you seem to do a lot of worrying about him."

Smithy flushed, retorting with sudden grimness, "I just don't want him to get hurt!"

"Yeah?" said Steve, and went past her and upstairs.

TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE is an awe-some place. It is like a sugar bowl with one half missing, and it is more than a thousand feet from the bottom of the bowl up to the rim, which is called the Headwall. It had taken three hours of steady climbing for Steve and Elyse to cover the distance—three miles—from the Toll Road at the base of Mount Washington, up into the bowl. They stopped at the rock ledges two thirds of the way up the Headwall and sat down to rest. This was the place to stow superfluous gear; the place to smoke and meet people—a combined clearinghouse and gallery.

"My binding's loose," Elyse said. She looked very happy, and they had not mentioned last night at all. Hannes and Smithy had made a much earlier start, so he had had her all to himself. Steve knelt in the packed powder snow and took up the slack in the harness. When he was finished, he looked up at her shining face. "Gee, you're lovely!"

"Think so?"

"Um."

His eye caught a hurtling speck schussing the nearly perpendicular Headwall. (Continued on page 51)

Steve said, "He's in love with you." Her eyes clouded. Softly she whispered, "Oh, my dear! You're not going to be jealous—"





# Fate Doesn't Care

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The dramatic story of a hunted man who comes face to face with his nemesis on a lifeless island

THE man had the battered and defiant air of one who feels that fate and chance make sport of him. Now, to be sure, the last of the storm clouds went scurrying over the horizon and the waves under his feet were merely monstrous. It was very early morning, and he was safe on a rocky island some fifty feet high and quite a hundred yards long. He was the sole survivor of the coastal steamer, as far as he could discover. But his expression was definitely suspicious as he looked down at the scrap of wave-swept beach which was the island's only landing place.

Foam-mottled green water swept back and forth, bearing bits of wreckage. On either side of the small beach the sea hit directly on the island's wall, creating thunderous impacts and towering fountains of spray and foam. Nothing could land living anywhere except here, but the man searched warily before he descended the cliff, using hands and feet together. His clothing was tattered and rent. His shirt was half torn from his body and his duck trousers had a long slit down one leg and only half of the other leg remaining. He had no shoes, or hat. On his left wrist a handcuff was locked fast, with its fellow dangling empty from a four-link chain.

He reached the beach and surveyed the surging water. There was a shipping crate floating awash. He waded for it, and it swept away, coquettishly. He stood stock-still, eying it. Presently it floated daringly near. He pounced, and waded back to fling it up on the narrow strip of wetted sand. There was a waterlogged cask which was not full and was not empty and might contain anything. He captured it by the same tactics. Something like a spar pounded up and down. But it was heavy and would be dangerous. He left it alone and went to the shipping crate. He tore off one of the flimsy boards such crates are made of. Cabbages. He thrust one inside his shirt and climbed up to the top of the island again.

The sun was definitely clear of the horizon, now, and from this fifty-foot height the sea was infinitely blue. Far away, a thin haze rose above the water—the smoke of a steamer below the horizon.

THE man on the island fumbled at the handcuff on his wrist, eying the smoke. Then he turned back to the island. He had been certain that there was no food or water on it, but now he made doubly sure. Presently he peeled off the outer, withered leaves of the cabbage he had salvaged. He filled his mouth with the crisper inner leaves, and chewed vigorously as he continued the survey of his situation. The ship from which he had come was under water, somewhere out on the shoals. A comparatively small boat, it had capsized after it struck, and it would be found best by looking for changes in waves that broke over it. There would be no survivors there! But the three pinnacles of stone, not so far from the wrecked ship—

The largest was fifteen or twenty feet above the wave tips and all of thirty feet wide. It streamed with wetness from the spray, but it was in some sense shelter from the sea. There was a mass of half-submerged broken rock about its base. The other two pinnacles were mere needles of stone that reared upward for ten feet and at most might furnish resting places for a few sea birds in calm weather.

He saw spouting water that might

rise over the steamer's hulk awash. He'd been on the ship for just one day. It ran a precarious small route along the coast; putting in at this harbor, managing to land freight at that, always watching the weather and fleeing desperately for shelter when a gale threatened. The man had been carted down to one of its landing places from a strictly rural community in which there were no facilities for an official, authentic execution. He was a murderer. He had been hustled on board the steamer, handcuffed to a stanchion on the cargo deck and left there like any other tethered animal while the balance of the freight and small livestock came on board. When the steamer puffed out to sea he remained there, his nostrils savoring all the manifold smells of cargo and steamer and passengers, and his ears filled with the noises he was so soon to hear no more.

Now he heard other noises entirely. Surf. Seabirds. Wind. And everybody else on the steamer was apparently dead. Even the deputy sheriff who had carried him on board. Except in the place from which he had come, there was nobody who could identify him as a murderer who had been on his way to execution. In fact, if he could get off the island he would be a free man.

EXCEPT that he had a handcuff on one wrist, and its mate dangling from the locked cuff by a four-link chain, which would cause suspicion and inquiry and ultimate execution.

He regarded the handcuffs steadily. It might be that this was more of the sport that fate and chance were having with him. All the way through there'd been that same malevolent mockery—of his motives to begin with, which had been good enough but had led to murder, of his victim who even the prosecuting attorney had admitted was badly in need of killing, of every fact and incident leading to this moment. This might be more mockery by the forces that had sported with him before. But he looked at the handcuffs carefully: Two of them, with four links of chain between. Bright steel, file-hard, utterly without ornament. A curved section of thick metal, with a keyhole at one end. That was the lock. Another half circle which fitted in to close it, locking it to any tightness to which it might be pushed, with no way of release except the key.

He was known to have been on the steamer, of course, and there would certainly be a search for the steamer when it failed to make port. But he could wait for the searching vessel, if he could get the handcuffs off. He was the only survivor. He could say that he was a deck passenger named Smith or Jones or—anything at all. Nobody would question it. They'd congratulate him on his safety—not dreaming who he was—and he would be free forever. If he could get the handcuffs off.

He hunted grimly for a suitable stone. He found one. He found a convenient ledge on which to rest his handcuffed wrist. He raised the stone. He struck savagely.

Nothing happened. He struck again. Presently the rotted rock crumbled. He stared stupidly at the handcuff. There were a few scratches on it. That was all. The lock was not even dented.

He flung the stone aside and paced restlessly to the edge of the island. Tall blue seas, and breakers and roaring surf and the three pinnacles out toward the west. At the foot of the largest of the three there was an indeterminate shape which might be wreckage half awash, or might be a human body. The man stared at it with hot eyes. Another jest, perhaps. But the distant thing did not move. . . . Or did it?

(Continued on page 65)

He rubbed all during the afternoon, looking ever more defiant. The sun set, but the rasping sound went on. The air grew chill



# The Traitor

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

## The Story Thus Far:

WORKING under cover at the small Western naval station commanded by Captain Hartney, U.S.N., three young inventive geniuses—Messrs. Prentice and Rorabeck ("Dutch" and "Pat"), M.I.T. graduates, and Lieutenant Dent ("Savvy") Roberts—are unaware that a traitor is spying upon them as they strive frantically to perfect a new secret engine. Unknown to them, a man from Washington—Lieut. Commander Kirstell—is on the trail of the traitor (an officer!); and Phyllis Hartney, the captain's daughter, is assisting him.

Hartney has an aide: Lieutenant Roger Collins. He wants to marry Phyllis, who, however, is interested in Savvy Roberts. . . .

Commander Sedden—"Pop" Sedden, Captain Hartney's executive officer—and his wife, "Mom," receive word that their son, Bert, is coming out from an Eastern college. The news does not interest Phyllis—she knows Bert; she knows that he is a parlor-pink, a conscientious objector. . . .

Mamie Cowles (a flirt) calls on Phyllis and shows her an anonymous note wherein she, Mrs. Cowles, wife of Lieutenant Bob Cowles, is warned to lay off Jack Murphy, a young ensign. Phyllis is not surprised. She hopes devoutly that the lady will give heed to the warning, and leave poor Jack alone.

Bert Sedden arrives. In the course of a talk with him, Phyllis is appalled by his cynicism,

pacifism (attributable, she feels sure, to cowardice) and contempt for everything the Navy stands for. She gives the boy a piece of her mind, and leaves him. A short time later, she is at the Officers' Club when Roger Collins—following a heated altercation—calls Bert a "worthless, yellow pup," slaps him and knocks him down. Bert's father enters. Pop gives Roger a punch on the jaw. But Roger does not retaliate—he says, "I'm very sorry, sir," bows, and goes out. As he does so, Phyllis turns. Lieut. Commander Kirstell is beside her. "I have a clue to our man," he says quietly.

## IV

BEFORE I could say anything more, Lieut. Commander Kirstell remarked in a casual tone, "Could you arrange an errand in the village? I'll walk toward No. 1 gate and you can pick me up in your car."

"Very well," I said, trying not to show any excitement. "Right away?"

"Yes."

I motioned to Bosey, the colored boy who doubled as janitor and waiter at the club, and asked him to tell Mrs. Mc-

Matthews that we were out of cube sugar and I was going to the village for some.

Kirstell was silent until we had driven half a block from the yard. I was, by this time, sick with suspense. But I forced myself to talk about the crotchets of my four-year-old roadster. This Kirstell was a very cold fish, indeed. He sat looking at the road, completely relaxed and matter-of-course.

At long last: "I don't think we should discuss what I'm going to say with your father, Miss Hartney. It would deeply distress him, and I may be wrong."

"Just as you say," I replied.

I spoke calmly, but I wanted to shriek at him, "Who is it? Tell me his name!" First, however, he asked my permission to smoke and lighted a cigar, fiddling interminably with a penknife and lighter. Then, he had to consult some notes which he kept stuffed like paper money in a wallet. So when he did come out with it, the name sounded anticlimactic: "You know Bert Sedden?"

"Bert—oh yes—you think he—"

"Young Sedden came home on a visit without much notice in advance, didn't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"Have you met Mr. Prentice? He's one of the civilian engineers—"

"With Lieutenant Roberts. But how could Bert—"

"Just got an F.B.I. report on him. Bert is a pretty bad boy. He was a Communist spy until five or six months ago."

"Why, he told me he left the party a year ago!"

"Did he tell you that he and Prentice are good friends?"

"No."

"Or explain why he should have abruptly decided to visit his folks just after Prentice got here?"

"No, but—"

My voice quit on me. So this is it, I thought miserably. So Bert is our "officer spy" at Navy Station. Poor Pop and Mom. It will kill them; they will die of shame. Oh, Bert, you horrible little beast. I heard Kirstell's words as from a distance:

"The coincidence is all I have to go on thus far. We have no information at all about Prentice. He may be entirely innocent of any connection with young Sedden. It is the fact that he came here under secret orders and that Bert followed—may be significant, eh? I think it calls for a full investigation. Do you agree?"

Although I believed Bert capable of any infamy, treason not excluded, and had no very high opinion of Dutch Prentice, my loyalty to Pop and Mom stirred me to rebellion against the probable truth.

"The German radio mentioned an officer," I said.

"That could have been a trick."

"Yes—"

"An officer's son would be close enough to it for them to brag."

"I'm afraid that you are right," I said slowly. "But I love Pop and Mom Sedden. If this is true, it will break their hearts. I want to give Bert the benefit of every doubt."

(Continued on page 43)

"This woman was trying to get me drunk, sir!" Dutch said. Savvy looked at me with a little start of surprise and, perhaps, disapproval







# School Days

By Edward S. Fox

There was another loud explosion and he staggered and went to his knees

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

ALMOST every night the planes roar over Oxford, which is northwest of London and on the way to Coventry and those big midland industrial cities. Sometimes the planes drop their bombs. Every now and then one falls on the Spessard School for Boys and does a lot of damage.

John-William didn't mind it at first. It was exciting for a ten-year-old to watch the searchlights and the anti-aircraft and the explosions and the fires burning. After a while, though, after the novelty wore off a little, it got to be a nuisance. He had asked Mr. Gregg how long it was going to last, and he had written his mother, too, and asked her and, oddly enough, both their answers were the same: "When the war is won, John-William."

Sunday night was the time set aside each week for the boys to write home to their parents. It was dark out and drizzling this Sunday night as John-William left the dining hall and turned right toward the west wing of the dormitory. He hunched his shoulders to the cold and took several steps before he remembered. The west wing was no more. His room was a pile of rubble now where a bomb had sheared off the side of the building last week.

He turned left and followed the stream of boys returning through the dark to the east wing. He climbed the four flights of stairs to the attic storeroom that he shared temporarily with Alec Pembroke and Richard Hale. It was cold and drafty in the long halls and staircases. There were fireplaces in the rooms below but a small charcoal heater was all they had in the storeroom. It

was a bare room with three chairs grouped about a single big table, three cots, three wash basins, an oil lamp and one window heavily curtained to keep the light from showing on the outside.

Pembroke and Hale were already at work on their letters, chewing on the ends of their pens. "What's there to say?" Pembroke looked up at John-William and frowned.

"You might ask your mother for another cake," Hale suggested. "The last one was very good, I thought."

John-William sat down in the third chair. He didn't take off his overcoat. "Did you write about the west wing?" he asked, and Pembroke nodded.

JOHN-WILLIAM had written his mother all about it the next day and in her return letter she had sounded a little provoked because he had lost all his clothing and all his books, though he didn't think it was his fault entirely. He really couldn't take everything down into the shelter when the bombs started falling.

Pembroke and Hale were still chewing on the ends of their pens by the time John-William had finished the first page of his letter. He told his mother about the new master who had taken Mr. Terrill's place when he joined the R.A.F. He was sorry to see Mr. Terrill go—

And then the sirens started blowing. The three boys looked at one another. And almost in the same breath they heard the planes. The roar of hundreds of motors like thunder, growing louder and louder until they seemed directly overhead.

Pembroke and Hale put down their

pens and jumped to their feet. It was a strict rule of the school that all boys go to the shelter at the first alarm. They shouted something and, snatching up their caps, went out the door. John-William didn't look up. He was writing as fast as his hand could move back and forth across the page. He wanted to finish this letter.

Then the first explosion came. It wasn't very near but it shook the whole building and made the water pitchers dance in the basins. At the second explosion John-William rose to his feet, still writing. At the third, nearer this time, he gave up. He screwed the top on the ink bottle and crammed it and the pen in one pocket, stuffed the unfinished letter in the other pocket and, turning out the light, hurried downstairs. The corridors were deserted. He reached the ground floor and ran out into the night.

On the dormitory steps he stopped short, amazed. It was the biggest and noisiest raid they had had yet. The sky in every direction was aflame. Searchlights swept the clouds, stabbed through the smoke from scores of raging fires. The short flashes were from the anti-aircraft guns; the longer flashes were the bombs exploding. The planes and the sirens and the guns and the explosions were deafening. John-William put his hands over his ears and started running across the yard.

Halfway across, the ground suddenly rose up in his face. There was a blinding flash of light and he felt himself being hurled backward through the air. He landed on his side, rolled over twice. For a moment he lay stunned, then he

scrambled to his feet. He was covered with dirt. It was in his hair and eyes and mouth. It tasted gritty between his teeth. Smoke burned his nostrils.

Picking his way gingerly around the big crater in the middle of the yard, John-William ran past the dining hall and into the field where the shelter was. There was another loud explosion behind him and he staggered and went to his knees. But he rose quickly and ran on and reached the shelter. Mr. Gregg was checking the list of boys. He closed the big iron door behind them.

THE inside of the shelter was rounded like the inside of a tube. There was little room. It was hot and stuffy and the hundred and fifty boys and masters were sitting about on cots and chairs and on the floor. There were magazines to read, games to play. Someone turned on the wireless and they had music.

Mrs. Quimby, the nurse, put a bandage on the deep gash in John-William's cheek. The sound of the bombs and the roar of planes was muffled here in the shelter and after he had regained his wind a bit he sat down to finish his letter. It was all done except the signature and—oh, yes, he had almost forgotten. At the bottom of the page he wrote a short P. S.:

"And, please, Mummy, will you send me some gunpowder to help celebrate Guy Fawkes Day."

Very carefully he folded the letter and slid it into an envelope. He wrote the address on the cover and gave it to Mr. Gregg for mailing after the raid was over. Other boys were writing their letters, too. Outside, the guns roared.



By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

## VIII

LOUISE drew them apart at last. No one came to the door to open it, no voice called to startle them. But Louise came between them. Slowly Gray loosened the hold of his arms about Sara, and Sara felt them less close and for one fierce instant she tightened her own arm about Gray's shoulder. It was no use. Louise had come in through Gray's mind and memory. She was there as really as though she stood there staring at them. There was no denying her presence. So Sara, too, dropped her arm and stepped back to lean against the desk with both hands behind her lest she fall. She felt numb and dazed except for the burn of her mouth. Her lips were stinging. She touched them with the tip of her tongue and looked at Gray. He looked at her, his dark eyes somber.

"It's too late," he said slowly.

"Nothing is too late, so long as we're both alive," she retorted.

He did not answer and she saw that he was struggling with the thought of Louise. He would have to tell Louise of course. Deceit would be intolerable to him. She weighed her own conscience. It was as clear and light as sunshine. If Louise had really been able to love Gray, she thought, then she would have felt guilt. But Louise loved no one but herself. And to that self, Sara knew, she had done no hurt.

She cried out, "Whatever you decide to say to Louise, Gray, remember that I am glad that this happened. I love you. And I'm glad. It's as simple as that for me."

"Have you—a long time?" His eyes were steady upon hers, but she could see the dark red stain under his skin.

"I don't know how long," she said, "but I know I did from the day your cable came, saying you were bringing Louise."

She looked away from him. She was a woman naturally shy and she had spoken with an honesty beyond herself. She could do it because in some deep, hidden way she was fighting for her life against Louise. Yes, and for Gray's. "I can make him happy," she thought, "and Louise never can."

She gazed out of the window behind Gray. The flames were gone and there remained only the rolling billows of black smoke. The room was full of the terrible silence that always followed an air raid. In that silence her voice sounded too loud, too bold, but what she had said was said. Nothing was hidden. She was bare before his eyes.

And he, looking at her, felt nothing done and nothing made clear. He was full of distress and tumult. What did it mean that he could kiss Sara and find in that one long kiss the deepest union he had ever known with another human being? But the kiss was not simply itself—it was full of the knowledge of Sara, of Sara working at his side at the operating table, Sara examining slides with him with eyes troubled in reluctant diagnosis, of Sara eager and quick in all their work together, forgetting herself to be his extra hands, his other brain, his eyes and now his own heart.

He dropped into his chair, and leaned his head upon his hands, frightened at the terrible clarity of what he now perceived. Whatever he had given to Louise was not what bound him and Sara into one. He and Louise had never been one. There had been no knitting together of their separate beings. Marriage had not made them one. Nevertheless, there was marriage. Louise was his wife, not Sara. The fact rose before him, mountain high.

And all the time Sara stood at the window, waiting for him to speak. The quiet wind was moving the smoke solidly away now, and between the dark, drifting pillars she could see the hillsides. The people were coming out of their caverns and down again to the ruined city to take up their lives again as best they could. They would search the ruins and the ashes for any scrap of something usable and, with that, take up their lives again, as they had so many times.

"And cannot I?" she thought. She felt the old rush of her love and admiration for them hot under her eyelids. Let Gray decide (Continued on page 34)

Let Gray decide what he must do, she thought, and she could bear it somehow. Then he spoke. "What shall we do, Sara?" he asked. "Anything you think is best, Gray," she answered quietly

### The Story Thus Far:

TEMPORARILY in charge of a hospital in the Chinese city of Chen-li, while her chief is in America, Dr. Sara Durand carries on courageously—despite frequent bombings by Japanese airplanes. Her first real test comes when a noted Chinese guerrilla—Chen-ta, commonly known as "the Eagle"—brings in a seriously wounded Japanese prisoner. Assisted by Doctor Chung, of the men's ward, she operates. And the Japanese ("Mr. Yasuda," an officer of high rank) does not die.

Then Sara receives a crushing blow. The man she loves—Dr. Gray Thomison—returns from America with his bride! . . . From the first, Louise Thomison is miserable; she loathes the Chinese, she is terrified by the bombings. Also, she is lonely and bored—from time to time, she invites Harry Delafield, an attractive Englishman, to come over from a near-by port. . . .

Working through Doctor Chung (whom he bribes) Yasuda succeeds in inveigling Louise into getting his letters through, unopened. Assured by Chung that the letters are harmless, and that there will be no more bombings of the hospital, if they go through, Louise co-operates—quite innocently. And, to the

mystification of everyone, there are no more attacks on the hospital! . . . The letters contain outlines of Chen-ta's battle plans, brought to Chung by his brother, Chung Third (one of Chen-ta's men). . . .

Two women are in love with Doctor Chung: Doctor Siu-mei and a nurse, Ya-ching. Regarding Ya-ching as just another woman, Chung amuses himself with her for a time, then drops her brutally. Unfortunately for Chung, Ya-ching knows too much. She knows that Chung is giving certain pills to Yasuda—pills that enable the Japanese to have frequent relapses. She knows about Chung's brother. . . .

Together, at the hospital Sara and Gray watch a tiny Chinese airplane bring down two Japanese aircraft. Overcome with joy, they throw their arms about each other. And suddenly Gray knows that he loves this woman—this young physician who has worked beside him for so many months. As he stands there holding Sara close, Gray bends and kisses her. The kiss ended, he does not take his arms away. Nor does Sara take hers away.







The cast of *Meet the People* literally meets the people by coming down into the aisles to shake hands with the audience during the opening number. The girl in the foreground is Marie DeForest

"Elmer's Wedding Day" satirizes small-town life. The bride is Patty Brillhante, the effervescent groom is Eddie Johnson. Like nearly everyone else in the cast, they double in the other skits



Not enough money to marry Sue Robin is Jack Boyle's lament. She talks him into it, singing *A Fellow and His Girl*

Elizabeth Talbot-Martin shows perplexed Jack Albertson a ballet step. His job is to work it into a movie script





# Meet the People

By Robert Andrews

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

ANY history of the American theater, the Meet the People musical revue will be listed under the heading: at a Crust. These are the young irts from the West Coast who made w York a road-show town. They irted in Hollywood, dallied in San anisco, halted in Denver, tarried in cago and finally sailed brightly on Broadway—just a year late! It has n generations since any show had the ve to try that, and the outcry might e been menacing except that they ne in on Christmas night when every- ly was filled with good intentions and ffig, and besides it turned out to be ighly nice revue.

The only individual anybody in New rk had ever heard of was Jack Gil- d, an extraordinary comedian who d been master of ceremonies at Down- wn Café Society and had managed to a break on Broadway by the simple ocess of hitchhiking his way to the ast and wangling his way into the in- r workings of this little pearl. The ers were a group of youngsters, aver- age age of twenty, who could sing and nce and be very funny. The august ew York Times averred that the girls re not only talented but "just about e prettiest young folks the town has en in many a long month," and there is general agreement that if there e kids like this still running around large the theater was not dead and is not going to die and Hoo-ray for nurrica!

"Of course," said the company odestly, "we gave 'em the New York oduction. That probably made the fference. Two-seventy-five apiece for

the costumes, instead of the original dol- lar six bits."

When the show was put on in Holly- wood it cost \$350 for scenery and \$400 for the costumes—and almost didn't get on at all because of financial trou- bles. A lot of people headed by Florence Sage had organized the Hollywood Theater Alliance because they had a vague feeling "something ought to be done about something." The Federal Theater Project had shown that the town reeked with talent and that, further, there was an audience for me- dium-priced entertainment. So they got stuffed up with big ideas and rented the old Writers' Club on Sunset Boulevard for \$300 a month and started hacking it into the semblance of a theater. Just as they were beginning to feel pretty right- eous about this along came a little man who nudged them sharply with his thumb and said:

"How's about the rent this month?"

After that it became a race and a nightmare. The Alliance held a series of rent parties, at all of which they raised just enough money to make preparations for the next party. So they got donations and loans. They bothered their best friends; they became public menaces. Just a little dough for the rent; come on, come across. In the meantime they were tearing some extra insides out of the Writers' Club, which was merely an old rambling bungalow. But no matter how loudly the hammers rang or the members lamented, there would be a distant voice crying: "Rent. Rent. How's about the rent?"

The committee that finally put the  
(Continued on page 33)



slow, the strip-tease is carried to its illogical conclusion in the "Union bel" number! The boys strip down to their union-made shorts. Girl rip-teasers are Virginia Bryan, Peggy Ryan, Fay McKenzie, Beryl Ca- w and Marion Colby. Bottom, the lecture audience's struggle to keep wake as a visiting author delivers his lecture Wake Up, America! pro- vides a lot of hilarity. Jack Gilford (center) is a standout in this skit

Even Southerners don't get up and leave as Jack Albertson and Eddie John- son sing It's the Same Old South during their old-fashioned music-hall skit

"The Jitterbusters" number is an astonishing whirlwind dance by Dorothy Roberts and Ted Arkin, who get more exercise than anyone else in the cast





# OUR NEW ARMY



Laundry prices seemed high to three privates at Camp Robinson, Arkansas, so they bought themselves a washing machine. At left, Paul Anderson and Robert McCracken operate the wringer while Harold Lynn rinses the shorts. All are with Headquarters Company, 69th Infantry, Kansas National Guard

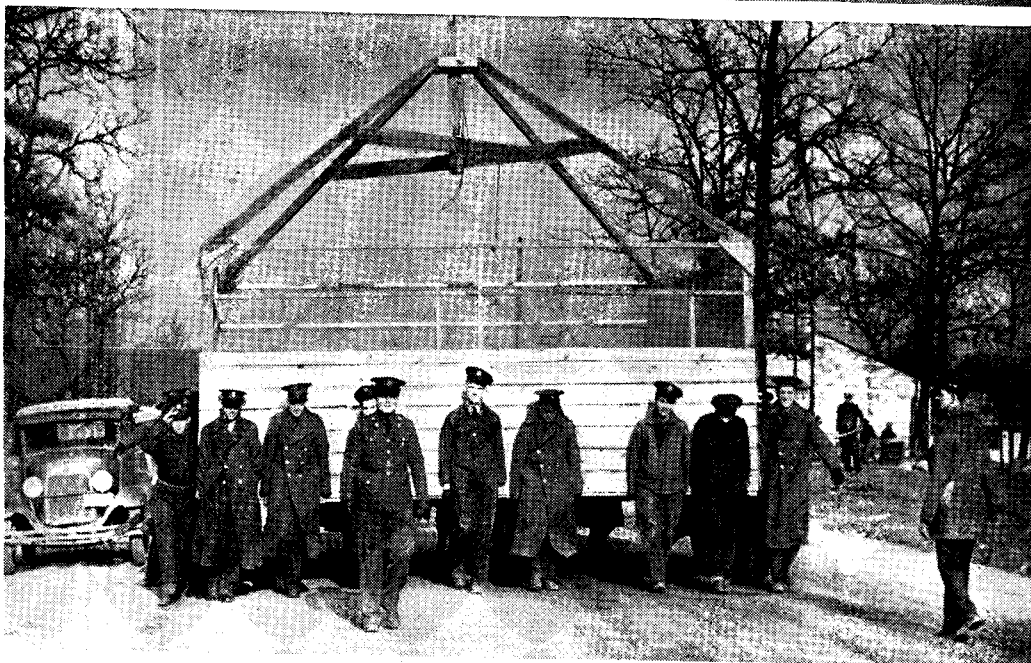
**M**AYBE you'd like to take a whirl at an Army psychological test for mechanical aptitude. Easy. Get a friend to take apart a lot of doorbells, hinges, locks and mousetraps and mix up all the parts in a box. Your job is to try to reassemble the gadgets swiftly and efficiently. . . . How's your sensitivity of touch? To find out, take five small steel cylinders, varying in diameter so slightly that the difference can't be detected by sight, and try to sort them into proper order: largest one first, smallest last. . . . Then you might have a go at taking a round lead bar and hammering it into a square—without changing its length. . . . After that you can retire to the booby hatch.

The idea of these tests is that the Army doesn't want—any more than it can help—repetitions of World War I incidents, like the one about the tough top kick who spent half an hour explaining the workings of a rifle to a recruit only to find out he was lecturing a gunsmith.

parade ground. Blueprints of future developments don't show one, either. Officers have a ready explanation. It's "We didn't come here to parade."

**I**F 35th Division enlisted men show up for sick call in abnormal numbers, it doesn't necessarily mean they're trying to "gold brick." Getting into the hospital is the only way they have of associating with any of the 109 nurses. Since nurses hold the relative rank of second lieutenant they don't care much about mingling socially with enlisted men, who can't entertain them at officers' club and other swank spots.

**T**HERE'S supposed to be less Army red tape now than in '17, but workers at camp headquarters are beginning to wonder. "This country is bound to win any war," drawled a clerk, sunk in a sea of paper work. "Haven't we got more paper mills and mimeograph machines than any other nation?"



**F**ORT LEONARD WOOD, MISSOURI: This 7th Corps Area training center is climbing out of the Ozark mud and will be operating full blast within a month or two. Right now, 12,000 workmen are putting up and laying out 1,550 buildings and fifty-five miles of roads. When they've finished, the \$30,000,000 camp will accommodate 37,500 men on its 65,000 acres. Greatest obstacle to construction is the mud—a thin layer of topsoil on a thick layer of clay on a bed of hardpan. The latter blocks drainage and the mud is so gooeey that a workman run over by a truck wasn't seriously hurt; just pressed into the mud. Carpenters range from good workmen to dim-wits who haven't the faintest idea. A foreman asked one of the latter how long he had been on the job. "Hour and a half," replied the workman, examining a hammer with great interest. "How long you been a carpenter?" the foreman pursued. "Hour and a half," said the workman, laying down the hammer, baffled by its complexity.

**A**DAMS FIELD, ARKANSAS: The Little Rock fire department has had about enough of the 110th Squadron Missouri National Guard. A few weeks ago the squadron had its first fire drill and an excited switchboard operator called the Little Rock smoke-eaters. The chief, glad to co-operate with the Army, roared out to the field with all his apparatus and was somewhat miffed when he found no flames. The following week there was another drill. This time the telephone operator remained calm; but a near-by resident, fooled by the clouds from a smoke bomb, set the fire department into motion again. A few days later Chemical Warfare Officer Lieut. Harry Johansen called the chief and warned him not to be alarmed by a scheduled smoke and gas drill. "Oh, yeah?" growled the chief of the Little Rock F. D.

**C**AMP UPTON, NEW YORK: Speaking of fires, 5th Recruit Company's Capt. Lyman F. Barry has worked up a bad-luck reputation of sizable proportions. Worried about the possibility of tent fires, he had the boys lectured on fire prevention. The following night the 5th Recruit Company had Camp Upton's first conflagration. With his mind still keen on prevention, Capt. Barry next applied to the quartermaster's office for a stretcher. He got it. Just in time to have Pvt. Jacob Mayer-son with a broken ankle toted away. The personnel of the 5th Recruit Company is awaiting Capt. Barry's next move with something more than mild interest.

**C**AMP JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, ARKANSAS: Boast of the post is that it has the best mud any army ever had the privilege of wallowing in, and there's a plan afoot to ship sample carloads to other camps. The reddish, sandy Camp Robinson product can easily be scraped off shoes and uniforms, and its gravel base so hastens water drainage that two hours after a heavy rain the terra is firma.

**R**OBINSON covers 39,000 acres containing rifle and pistol ranges, 6,000 tents, 500 wood buildings and 20,000 Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri and North Arkansas guardsmen. But there's no

Unlike the Arabs, Camp Robinson soldiers can't fold their tents but move them anyway (center). Officers of the 35th Division call for their dates in an Army truck (left) to attend a dance given by Little Rock debutantes

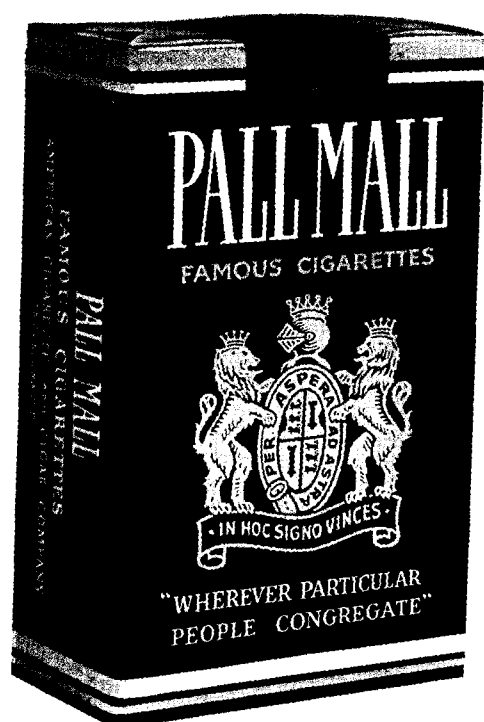
**F**ORT SILL, OKLAHOMA: If the 158th Infantry, Arizona National Guard, goes into combat, enemy intelligence officers will have a time trying to unscramble the 45th Division's radio-telephone messages. Five Pima Indians—Pvts. Stephen Knox, David Milda, Herbert Emerson, Philip Pablo and Wesley Antone—have been detailed to a communications section to transmit orders in their own unwritten language. They call it "walkie-talkies." To Oklahoma (Continued on page 54)







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● HERE'S THE MOST important cigarette improvement in 25 years—streamlined smoking.

It's Pall Mall—a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking! Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the old-style cigarette. And this additional length is important.

Because it travels the smoke further—the smoke reaches you cooler. Because it filters the smoke through more tobacco—the smoke is definitely milder.

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Because this careful Pall Mall process

mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

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Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.

**"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"**



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"I have driven my '90' Hydra-Matic Olds approximately 20,000 miles—on long, fast drives and hard ones. On one particular trip, I traveled a distance of 152 miles in 2 hours and 10 minutes with an average gasoline consumption of 18.1 miles per gallon. I consider Oldsmobile the greatest automobile built today and Hydra-Matic Drive the greatest development in the history of automobile manufacture."

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"I am nearly 70 and have been driving since cars came out—but I never dreamed there could be so much fun in driving till I stepped on the throttle of an Olds Hydra-Matic . . . Talk about power and get-away, I never saw anything like it!"

E. A. M., NEW MEXICO

#### "NO AMOUNT OF MONEY COULD BUY IT"

"Have just returned from a 6,000 mile trip in my Olds Hydra-Matic Coupe. I could have left my car on the coast for a good deal more than I paid for it—but no amount of money could buy it, if I thought I could not get another."

MRS. M. A. B., INDIANA

#### "WON'T LET ANYONE ELSE RUN IT"

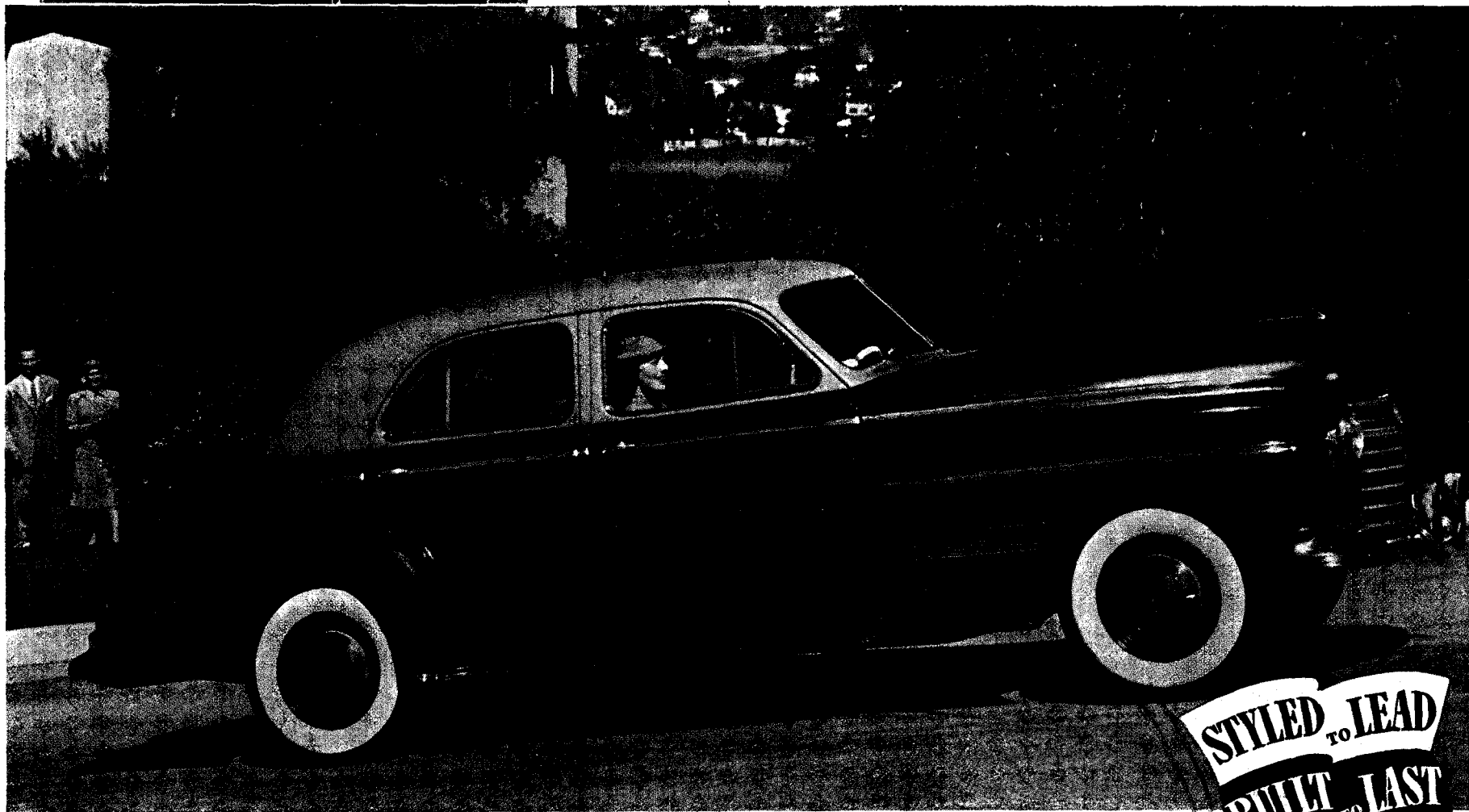
"After two months, I am reminded of the time I bought my son his first electric train—I won't let anyone else run it. You're too modest in your claims for Hydra-Matic Drive!"

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#### "ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE"

"I think Hydra-Matic Drive is the greatest improvement the automobile industry has made in twenty years . . . it's almost too good to be true."

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NEVER in Oldsmobile's 43-year history has any new development inspired such enthusiastic owner letters as Hydra-Matic Drive! From mountain regions, open plains and congested city areas, the "fan mail" is pouring in—voluntarily and unsolicited. Owners everywhere are unanimous in their endorsement of America's first car without a clutch pedal or gear shifter. Hydra-Matic

Drive is the world's only combination of fluid coupling and 4-speed, fully-automatic transmission. It eliminates the clutch pedal *completely*—does away with manual shifting of gears. It steps up performance and saves on gas. And it's been *proved* in the hands of more than 80,000 owners. Try Hydra-Matic Drive today—and you'll never be satisfied with anything else!

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★ Optional at Extra Cost

THE CAR  
*Ahead!*



# OLDSMOBILE



## The Hands of a Great Horse Player

Continued from page 12

administering that kind of anesthetic.

When he had both nerve ends bared in the bone, he took the piece of nerve from Haggerty, and seeing that one of the nurses had gold leaf ready, asked instead and sharply for black silk and a needle. They got it for him, but not quickly enough to please him and he cursed at them. Take it easy, he told himself, you'd think it was a brain operation the way you're carrying on. He knew it was not an operation in which haste was imperative.

When he tried to suture the fresh piece of nerve in, the ends of the mastoid nerve were not firm and the thread broke through. He had to chip back more to get firmer nerve tissue and when he was ready again for the suture his hands were shaking. "You finish it," he said to Haggerty. The big man took the needle and thread and did it quickly and well.

THEY were again in the little rooms running into each other with their green tile and indirect lighting, and were washing their hands.

"That was a good idea," Haggerty said, "using a suture instead of wrapping it in gold leaf."

"I know just what they were thinking," Corbett said; "that we were grandstanding and doing it the hard way."

"Sure, some of those guys are going to be some place one day where there won't be any gold leaf and they'll be glad they saw a good suture today. But right now they're all wise guys."

"It's not their fault," Corbett said. "It's what they teach us today. At Yale the way it was, there wasn't a textbook we used, except maybe something on anatomy, but that the professors didn't tear hell out of it. They wanted us to doubt everything, even them. It's healthy."

"It's healthy if you don't take it too far," Haggerty said, "and that's what a lot of kids have a tendency to do. Let's go to the races. You need them today. I don't know why you folded up in

there." He spoke without malice, almost, as though to himself. When Corbett didn't speak, Haggerty went on: "The Martins will be glad to see you. They like you."

"I like the girl, Ellen," Corbett said. "But the old lady talks too much."

"No one's asking you to marry the old lady," Haggerty said.

"You'd think I was a tout," Corbett said, "the way the old lady hangs on me for what to bet. Hell, I don't know."

"You know the horses well," Haggerty said. "You've got a good mind for it. What do they call it, objective? That's it. To be a good gambler or a good doctor you got to be objective. Cold. It's nice. I have to work to be objective. You got it naturally."

Corbett didn't speak. Going down to the car, Haggerty noticed the younger man looked tired. He said, "We'll have to hurry if we're going to make the first race."

"We'll make it, all right."

"What do you mean?"

"You just like to drive fast."

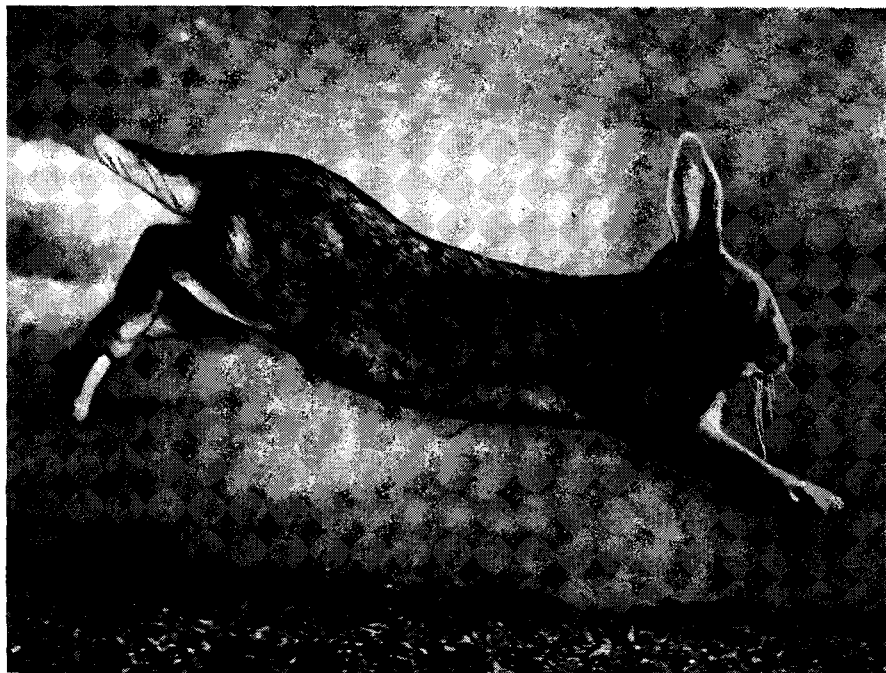
"Got to have some relaxation," Haggerty said. He liked to drive and, because when he was young he had been poor, he liked expensive cars. The big car they were in moved quickly and easily through traffic as if it were flexible, even sentient. The doctor's license, the deputy police commissioner's marker over it, got them waved on. It was a Saturday and a little crowded when they came to the suburban roads. A state policeman saw the car, saluted Haggerty, picked them up and led them, siren screaming, through the traffic.

"See," Haggerty said. Then, almost to himself: "I've come a long way."

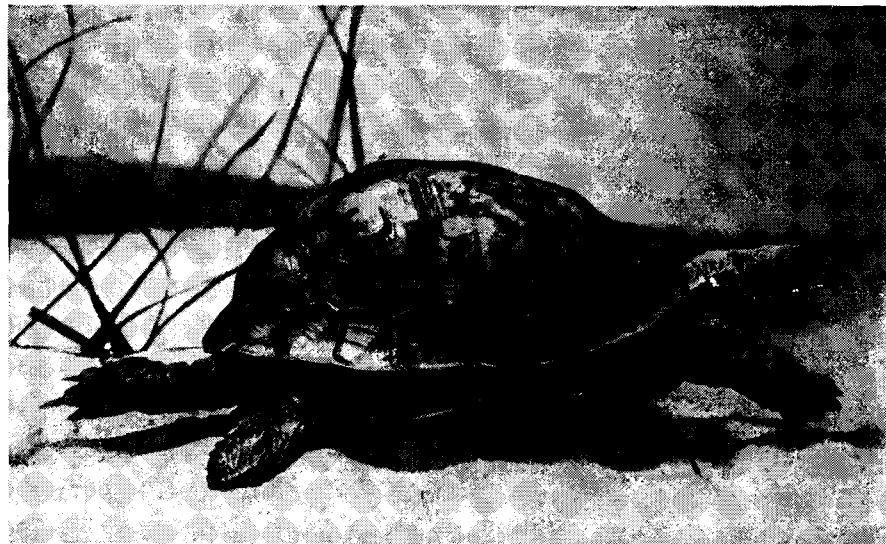
Corbett nodded but didn't speak. He liked Haggerty. The chief's delight in the obvious was balanced by his delicacy in the operating room, and nothing he did could more than make Corbett laugh at him, indulgently as at a child.

While Haggerty parked the car, Corbett walked ahead and bought a form sheet. The first race was for two-year-

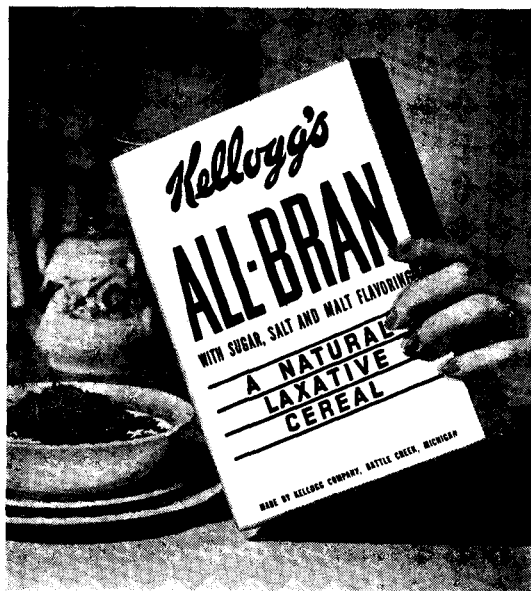
## People differ about constipation



**FIRST**, there are those who always want to get it over with *quick*. "Take a good strong dose," they tell you. Only, like the hare in the fable, these people rarely win. They make endless stops and starts; never get at the heart of the trouble.



**OTHERS SAY** that quick results aren't enough. After all, history says the *tortoise* won the race. With constipation, as with any ailment, it's better to get at the *cause* and *correct* it—then you won't *have* to resort to emergency measures.



**WE SAY** that if your trouble is the common kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, this crunchy toasted cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, *will* go right to the cause and correct it. And by one of the pleasantest means you ever knew! But you must keep at it. Make ALL-BRAN your steady breakfast cereal, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't leave constipation miles behind!

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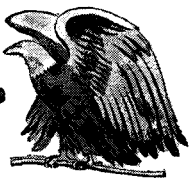


"He's even made up a poem about it—'Rickety Rax, Rickety Rax, tomorrow I work on my income tax'"

ROBERT DAY



# Carter



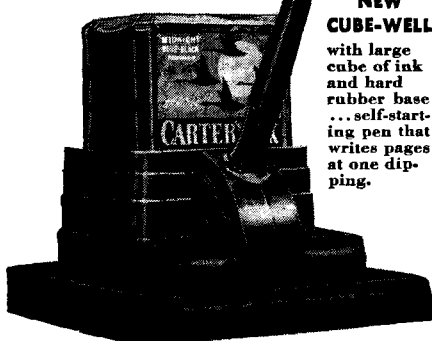
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**NEW CUBE-WELL**  
with large cube of ink and hard rubber base... self-starting pen that writes pages at one dipping.

old maidens at five-and-a-half furlongs. A horse named Pot Luck was in it; he had run only twice before and had shown early speed. Corbett thought it was reasonable to suppose he might stay this time. He'd been training well and you never knew about two-year-olds. He'd be a price.

Corbett went slowly through the clubhouse, reading the form. He came into the sun. It felt good on his face and neck. A bugle was sounding and he looked up. The horses were coming out, nervous, unsure, the boys keeping a firm hold on them. Pot Luck looked to be in good shape. He had the hind-quarters of a sprinter, powerful and short-coupled. It wouldn't take him long to untrack. Someone called and Corbett looked up. Haggerty was with the Martins in their box.

"What do you like, Doctor?" Mr. Martin said, after the greetings.

"It's a scramble, but I think Pot Luck might be a good bet across the board."

"He was last both times out," Mr. Martin said.

"But he has early speed and he seems to have been training well. He might last this time."

"I have to go against you this time," Mr. Martin said. "I like the favorite, Abbeyville."

"I'm going with the doctor," Mrs. Martin said, smiling fondly at Corbett. The four-carat diamond on her finger winked in the sun. It was something, Corbett supposed, that she wore only one. He turned to the daughter. He liked her for being quiet. She had fine, clear skin, he saw; it looked good even in the strong sunlight. "Which do you like, Ellen?" he said.

"I just like to see them run," she said. He saw she was a nice-looking girl, although that hadn't been his memory of her; most girls with the kind of looks she had would be smiling a lot to give people the full benefit of those fine, high cheeks and the delicate way the skin crinkled around the good eyes.

"You ought to bet Pot Luck across," he said. "He's twenty-three to one. He ought to be about sixty. Someone's betting him."

"All right, if you are," she said.

Going down to get the tickets, he thought that her mamma had certainly given her instructions. Away from the fine skin and the quietness, he told himself, he was not impressed by her.

Pot Luck broke on top and led almost all the way. Fifty yards out he hung and Abbeyville, running at him all down the stretch, caught him on the wire.

"See," Mr. Martin said. "I liked the favorite."

"We'll get more money across the board than you will," Corbett said, smiling.

"That's a hell of a way to bet," Mr. Martin said. "But you certainly picked a long one out of the hat."

**CORBETT** had the second winner at nine to two and the third at ten to one. He was better than a hundred dollars ahead.

"This is certainly your day, Doctor," Mrs. Martin said.

"Who do you like in this one?" Mr. Martin said.

"There's a horse in it called Barnstormer. A girl the doctor and I operated on this morning gave me a tip. What's her name, Doctor?" Corbett said to Haggerty.

"I forget," Haggerty said.

"Well, we certainly have to bet on that, then," Mrs. Martin said.

"Not me," Mr. Martin said. "I never bet hunches or tips. I like the favorite."

Anderson, a good jockey, was up on the horse. He rated Barnstormer along in third place, moved into second place on the backstretch and, going into the far turn, went inside the favorite, took

the lead and held it all the way in under a hand ride. The price was a big one. Corbett had him ten dollars across the board for himself and five for the girl in the hospital.

"He'd never have gotten through," Mr. Martin said, "if the boy on that favorite had been on the rail. As it is, I don't know why he didn't close in on Anderson when he tried to get through."

"Anderson waited until they were in front of a patrol judge," Corbett said. "The boy on the favorite wouldn't dare to come over on him in front of the judge."

They looked at him respectfully. Haggerty said, "Did you bet something for the kid at the hospital?"

"Five across. I'll wire and tell her."

"Better wire and ask how she is, first."

Corbett went downstairs and cashed the tickets. With what he had, the tens and twenties made a big roll. He went from the clubhouse to the telegraph office under the stands and sent a wire to the nurse in charge of the floor the ward was on. He still couldn't think of the girl's name, but since the other two operations he had assisted Haggerty with that day had been on men, he just asked in the wire about the condition of the girl they had operated on that day.

He went back up to the box. Ellen Martin smiled at him without speaking and he saw she was a very pretty girl. It wouldn't do any harm to see her now and then, he thought. As a resident at the hospital he was getting a hundred a month and the roll in his pocket made him feel powerful. It was the most money he had ever had.

"I'm going to go with you, this time," Mr. Martin said. "But I hope you like the favorite."

"He's the best horse in the race, but he's tailing off, I think. He won three straight and was second last out."

"But his workouts are good."

"Too good, maybe."

He had the winner again, the second choice, at five to two. He had horses in the money in the sixth and seventh races.

"You people are having dinner with us, you know," Mrs. Martin said.

"I have rounds to make," Haggerty

said, "but Corbett has the rest of the day off."

"I thought you might need me around," Corbett said.

"You'll be better if you take the evening off," Haggerty said.

Going below to bet on the eighth and last race, Corbett remembered the wire he had sent. He found, curiously, that he was actually tired of winning; there had never been a day as good as this one. He bet on a long shot he knew didn't have a chance and went under the stands again to the wire office. His name was chalked on the little black-board outside it.

The wire read: "Miss Burnett died at 3:57 P. M. R. M. Turnbull, Chief Nurse."

**IT SEEMED** to Corbett that he felt no reaction. He scratched his head even, as might a man puzzled and less intelligent than himself. He thought it was ironic, but that was about the only specific word he could think of. He walked back to the clubhouse, bumping into people. When he got to the box, Haggerty asked him what was the matter.

"That girl we operated on today—she died."

Haggerty cursed. Mrs. Martin looked mildly displeased; at the bad language, Corbett was sure. He felt Ellen Martin watching him but he turned and watched the horses going into the starting-gate on the backstretch, way across the infield. Haggerty sat on the railing near Corbett. "I don't know what it could have been," Corbett said. "It's a relatively simple operation."

"It's only one thing," Haggerty said quietly, still looking through the glasses at the horses. "Shock. There's nothing we could have done about it. I don't have to tell you that we don't know too much about shock."

*I know about shock*, Corbett thought suddenly. He realized he was thinking foolishly. *Shock*, he thought. *It was a funny word. It could mean so many things.*

He didn't hear the roar of the stands. Someone brushed against him, standing up, and Corbett turned toward the track. The horses were running. Across the bare infield, dark under dust, they swept in a silent press along the back-

### BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"It's a nuisance, though; my wife's always tellin' her relatives: 'Oh, Butch can get it for you for practically nothing'"



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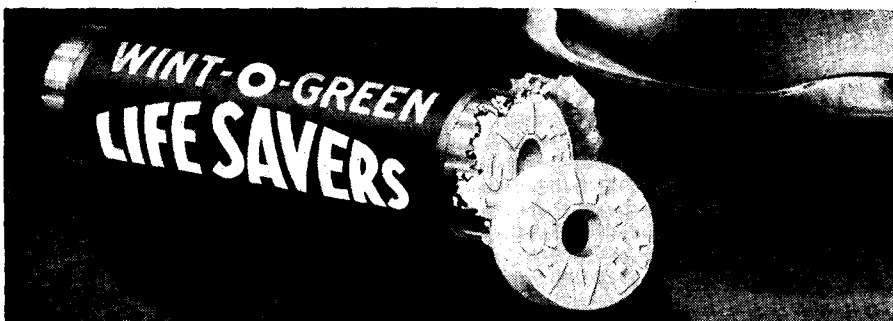
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stretch, too far away to give more than a hint of their individual motion. Silent and unfretful, with some of the mystical quality of a cloud, they moved in a dark mass topped by a flecking foam of color. At their head now, separated by less than daylight, a single horse ran, like the tip of a spearhead. As Corbett watched, this horse slowly, almost painfully, detached himself from the mass and moved out in front of it.

The horses bent into the far turn at a brief and bitter angle. Foreshortened as they came off it, they were a single mass again, coming quickly apart as they swung into the long stretch. The leader had two lengths, a length and a half. A black horse was at the leader's flank, the withers, the neck. Then the horses were galloping away again.

"Some day for long shots," Mr. Martin said. "I bet you had that one, Doctor Corbett?"

CORBETT looked at his ticket. He had it, all right. He had everything, he thought. He felt lousy. "I think I'd better go back to the hospital with you," he said to Haggerty.

"No, you go with Ellen. There's nothing you can do. I won't have an autopsy before tomorrow, probably. And I'm telling you what it was. Shock. Now you go along with Ellen."

"Maybe it was a hemorrhage."

"No," Haggerty said. "Shock. I know. It's one of those things. There's no need for you to feel too bad. I finished the operation."

It seemed to Corbett that nothing made sense, that they were talking at cross-purposes. There was shock, all right. He didn't speak. They were walking slowly in the scattering crowd going to the cars. Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Haggerty were ahead. The girl walked with Corbett. It was a little while before he noticed her.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"It's all right."

"I suppose it is nice that you do feel bad. One somehow gets the idea of a doctor's feeling impersonal about his patients, impersonal to the point of coldness as regards death."

"Oh, sometimes," he said. "Sometimes." He felt vague and as though harassed.

"But Dr. Haggerty said he finished

the operation and that anyhow there wasn't much you could do about shock. It's really not your fault. There's nothing you could have done."

No. Nothing. He didn't speak. They were at the Martins' car. Mr. Martin was telling the chauffeur to go home by train; he wanted to drive himself.

"I'd like to go back with you," Corbett said in a low voice to Haggerty. He was trying to shake off something, he felt.

"And I say no," Haggerty said. "You go out."

When Haggerty went off to his own car, Corbett got in the back seat of the Martins' car with Ellen. Her mother and father were in the front, beyond the chauffeur's glass screen. The late light was on the rolling land, on the little clumps of trees as they drove. Corbett sat facing forward, his hands resting loosely and flatly on his knees.

"You have good hands," the girl said. "The hands of a fine surgeon."

"The hands of a great horse player," he said.

"You mustn't talk so," she said. Then: "I wish there were something I could do. What makes it difficult is that it wasn't your fault."

He turned to her, his face sardonic, wanting to hurt her. Wanting to hurt her because he felt she was as stupid and insensitive as her parents. "I know it's not my fault," he said. He wanted to see the effect on her. In that light her face seemed even beautiful. She kept looking at him and finally he saw she was crying without sound.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I thought you hardly knew her. You couldn't remember her name, even. How could I know you... liked her?"

"I don't know," he said. "I didn't know myself. That's the way it is. It's like being crazy."

They looked at each other. The feeling would go, he knew, but right now it did not seem that way, and he could believe there was no consolation. When Ellen put her arms out and touched his face to draw it to her shoulder, he let her. She held him there in the dusk against the loss, against the night. He was wrong so often, he thought, for the kind of mind he was supposed to have. He'd been wrong about Ellen, too. He let her hold him a long time.



"The board of directors decided you must learn to rumba, Captain, if you're to handle a Southern cruise"

LOUIS PRISCILLA



## Meet the People

Continued from page 25

revue together was composed of Jay Gorney and Henry Myers, who did songs and sketches; Dannie Dare, who was in charge of the production and put on the dances; Mortimer Offner, who directed the sketches; and Edward Eliscu, who was sort of editor of the whole thing.

They started auditions while the painters were still at work on the innards of the old wreck. They auditioned from morning till night; they tried to force sketches out of Hollywood writers who couldn't be bothered; they rehearsed the little material they had. When the tentative cast forgot a line in doing a sketch, Dannie Dare yelled:

"Well, what was it? Don't stand there looking dumb. What was the line?"

The answer came from a tall guy who was standing on a ladder, painting the ceiling: "I love you very dearly, Mrs. Yifnif," said the painter, he knowing the lines by this time better than anybody else in the joint.

### FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists  
No. 31



His father wanted him to be a musician, but Louis Priscilla began to draw in public school and has been at it ever since (see opposite page). Art school and two years of sketching in Mexico and South America smoothed his technique and he finally settled down in New York, to marry Artist Margot Cook (see page 56) whose conception of her husband's profile is depicted herewith. Their ambition is to see the world—when things calm down.

While rehearsals went on endlessly inside, mothers, fathers and stray relatives waited patiently for their darlings to get through. Fay McKenzie, who plays Miss Hollywood in the revue, had particular trouble with her father, an old trouper himself.

"I can smell 'em a mile away," said Papa McKenzie flatly. "A turkey. It'll never open."

When the directors got through their day's work, they had to spend the rest of the night getting people out of bed and putting the bite on them for money. Sid Kuller and Ray Golden were particularly adept at lifting the wallets of such friends as they could back into alleys and make listen.

When opening day neared, Dannie

Dare found a new face in his chorus—the young painter who knew the lines when the cast forgot them, one Angus Hopkins, a six-foot giant.

"The old story," says Dare. "I thought Gorney had hired him; Gorney thought Myers had signed him. He's one of the best guys in the company."

But just when everything was ready, disaster smacked them. . . . The fire department refused to let them open in their newly painted house. The troupe pranced down to city hall to see the mayor.

The mayor was too busy to see them, so they stood outside his office and sang The Bill of Rights, one of the eventual song hits of the show, to the mayor's secretary. She was properly moved and took them by the hand to the fire chief and asked him to do what he could for these nice young people. He said he'd come out and see a dress rehearsal of the show.

"Nice performance," the chief agreed after he had seen it—and then he kicked his foot right through the side of the building. "See? A fire hazard. You can't use it."

This was a real blow because the show had originally started out to be a sort of cabaret business with waiters wandering among the tables while the performance was going on. They even had a first-act curtain built around sandwiches and Hollywood drive-ins. In short they had no theater and none of that intimate sort was available and their money was now definitely gone. Faced with this disaster, the directors sped off into the night at the report that a theater might be available at Palm Springs. Their car suffered a broken axle at a point in the desert so far from human habitation that they were not heard from for thirty-six hours.

"It's all over," said the cast. "Even the guys that wrote it are running away from it."

As a last resort they found they could get the tiny theater of the Hollywood Assistance League for two weeks because it was the holiday season and it wasn't being used. When they picked on Christmas night to open, that was considered the last straw.

"A plain case of insanity," said Mr. McKenzie, father of the luscious Fay. "There'll never be a second performance."

### Too Close for Comfort

He was nearly right. The notices next day were fair but nothing to get excited about, the theater was miles from anywhere and was hidden around a corner and word-of-mouth discussion was slow in getting started. On the second night the theater, seating 400, was only one third filled. The third night was no better, but one of the invited guests turned out to be Billy Wilkerson of the Hollywood Reporter. He wrote a column of elaborate praise and the fighting was all over. The theater was soon a sellout and when the Assistance League people began to ask plaintively when they could get their hall back, the show leased the Hollywood Playhouse, capacity 1,132, and began turning them away.

Since the twenty-four members of the cast double as principals and chorus, the changes of costume are rapid enough to confuse a candid cameraman and conditions were beautiful for brain concussions at the Assistance League, where there were only two small dressing rooms. It was here that the girls, acting in their role as a democratically organized faction of the show (and clinging rigorously to all the rights that sta-

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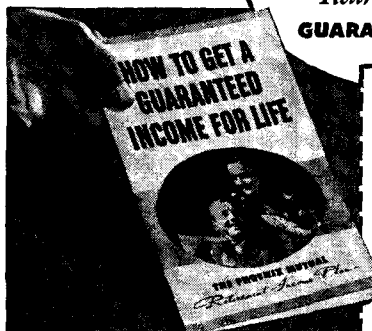
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tion can bring) posted an indignant notice on the bulletin board:

"Will Angus Hopkins kindly not take off his pants in the corridor?"

"The Girls."

The cast votes on everything that happens to the show. When Jack Gilford, acting on advice from a drunk at the Café Society, came West with the thought that the company was waiting with open arms for him, he found that he could get into that choice delegation only if the cast wanted him. They gave him an audition, voted him in unanimously and he has been the mainstay of the show ever since. In addition to illustrating the anguish of a putt that just doesn't get up to the hole and the frenzy of a windshield wiper that tries to keep up with a gale, he does another act in which he tries to fight off sleep while listening to a long-winded visiting author. There are people who will go to their graves believing this is the most hilarious sketch ever done in an American revue.

### Scared Into a Job

Then there was Virginia O'Brien. She showed up for one of the early auditions and said she was a singer. They asked her to prove it. She was so frightened she could hardly open her mouth and stood rigid, dead pan, and sang a hot torch tune. The laughter that followed could be heard over in Pasadena and she turned to leave.

"No, no, little Virginia," said the boys. "There is a Santa Claus and he has brought you to us and you will keep on doing your songs just that way and we will be very happy."

She was sensational, was signed by Metro, and was brought East by the Shuberts for Keep Off the Grass. Marion Colby took her place and is doing it now in New York. When a second company was formed in Hollywood after the first went on tour, a young Negro girl named Dorothy Dandrich did the number. Wild arguments sprang up all over town as to which was better—and certain families are still a-feudin'.

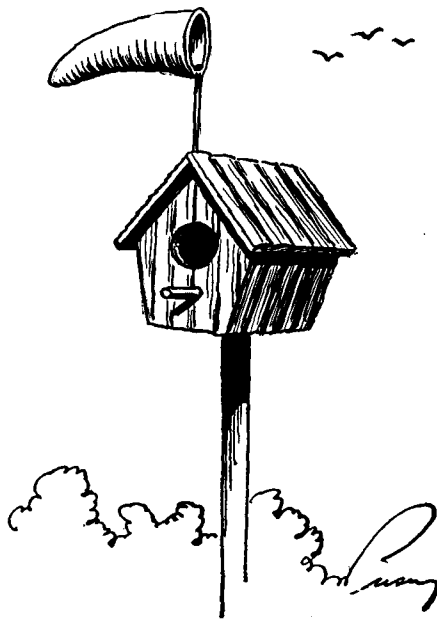
Bill Orr had been batting around Hollywood for several years before somebody headed him toward Meet the People, which was just casting. Metro had almost hired him to imitate a parrot, but there was a lady who did it better and he didn't get the job. The boys had been swearing that the one thing they wouldn't have was an imitator; this show wouldn't have an imitator. So they hired Bill because he was so good they couldn't help hiring him and he imitated F.D.R. and George Arliss and others and Warners' signed him almost immedi-

ately at one grand a week. He's still there, having left the show, and now the imitations are done by an enormously tall and talented lady named Elizabeth Talbot-Martin, who stops the show every night and brings on that usual fight in the families between Orr fans and Talbot-Martin addicts.

It is literally true that the show has become a cult wherever it has appeared. People go to it dozens of times and take it as an insult if all their friends haven't gone. The championship belongs to a Hollywood dentist, Dr. C. W. Solier. He came the opening night and liked the show so much he came the next night, and the next night, and all in all he and his wife have seen something like 187 performances on paid-for tickets. Toward the end of the doctor's run, the Alliance felt guilty about charging him and slipped him a pass or two, so he and Mrs. Solier got to be godfather and godmother of the show. They went up to San Francisco twice to see the show and then went on to Chicago for the opening. In Hollywood he got to be ashamed of being there all the time and used to wait till the house lights dimmed before sneaking in.

When the show toured, it carried twenty-seven people—not including eight mothers, four fathers and two wives. The youngest of the lot is Peggy Ryan, who has just turned sixteen. She has been in the movies and will be back in again if she ever gets through the stage where her voice sounds like a pip-squeak.

Although some of the sketches are very tart about political foibles the cast is not necessarily up on all the twists of international and national events. Eddie



### China Sky

Continued from page 23

what he must do, she thought, and she could bear it somehow. Then he spoke:

"What shall we do, Sara?"

"Anything you think is best, Gray."

"No, not only what I think, Sara. How can I decide for—three?"

"Decide for two, that's all, Gray—you and Louise. I have decided for myself."

They looked at each other, honest eyes upon honest faces. Then he groaned:

"Why didn't I see it long ago—before I ever went away from you?"

She shook her head. She could not speak. She bent and kissed his hair and went quickly away.

... Louise in her pretty living room was enjoying herself. Harry Delafield had come to tea. She felt it a small triumph, for he had put her off twice with

pleas of unexpected work. This morning his chit came asking if he could drop in this afternoon.

He had come rather early and they had sat through the raid feeling nearly perfectly safe and making signs to each other. In the silences between the explosions they talked a little, watchful of the next thudding boom.

He said, "I say, it's very strange the hospital's never hit any more."

She made a little face at him. "You know why it is—we have an important Japanese patient!"

"So I've heard," he said, and grinned at her daring. "I say, do you know the Jap?"

"Yes, he's quite nice," she said. "I take him flowers."

"You're nervy, aren't you?"

"How?"

Johnson, the shorter member of the duo that sings that biting tune called Same Old South, was confused for months about a rhyme that coupled Niagara and pellagra.

"Mr. Gorney," he said, "I've been lookin' but I can't find it. Where is that Pellagra River?"

In addition to Jack Gilford, the show depends for comedy on a fabulous young man with the fabulous name of Doodles Weaver. He looks like somebody that has been invented, and his type of humor verges on the supernatural with odd overtones of catalepsy. In his home life he is exactly as wacky, smoking cigars with "Doodles" scrawled on them. He stands and watches the Times Square electric signs for hours, putting his fingers to his ears and wiggling them at intervals to reveal his astonishment.

### Mr. McKenzie's Convinced

Since the Meet the People company went on tour, the Alliance has had a second company at the Hollywood Music Box, a 900-seat house that is now their permanent home. They have put on a drama, Zero Hour, by Albert Maltz and George Sklar, and will have another revue in shape by the time New York gets tired of the present one. They have already started a series of Sunday orchestral concerts and are working on a Negro revue. The active head right now is J. Edward Bromberg, the movie actor. They will soon have a children's theater and a mobile theater—a sort of play-off-the-end-of-a-truck sort of thing which can be taken to farms and camps and mining towns.

In brief, the whole business has had an unreal air about it from the beginning. By all laws of nature it should never have started and surely it should never have lasted. Papa McKenzie has been finally convinced. He said Holy Week would definitely see the end of them—and Holy Week broke all records for the show's attendance, proving either that Hollywood is really an immoral city or that the people were starved for stage entertainment. Mr. McKenzie has now taken a new line: He insists that under no circumstances will Meet the People run longer than Tobacco Road. On that he stands.

What the regular profession thinks about it may be taken from the remarks of George White, who left his own road production of the Scandals, which was dying a lingering death in downtown Los Angeles, and came out to see the famous children of Hollywood.

"If this is show business," said Mr. White, "I'm going to get the hell out."

Well, it's show business. Mighty nice business.

"The Chinese have it in for anybody who's nice to a Jap."

"It doesn't matter what the Chinese think of one," she said.

"Oh, I see," he replied.

The booming began again and now the room filled suddenly with red glare. They sprang up to go to the window and stood watching it.

"Lucky the wind's the other way," he said.

"They usually get the fires put out," she replied.

"Yes, and with buckets and little hand pumps," he said. "One has to admire them, you know."

But she did not answer this. They watched until the flames began to die down and only the black pillars of slowly swirling smoke remained, and then the quiet wind began pushing it





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*Trucking supports 3½ million American families.*

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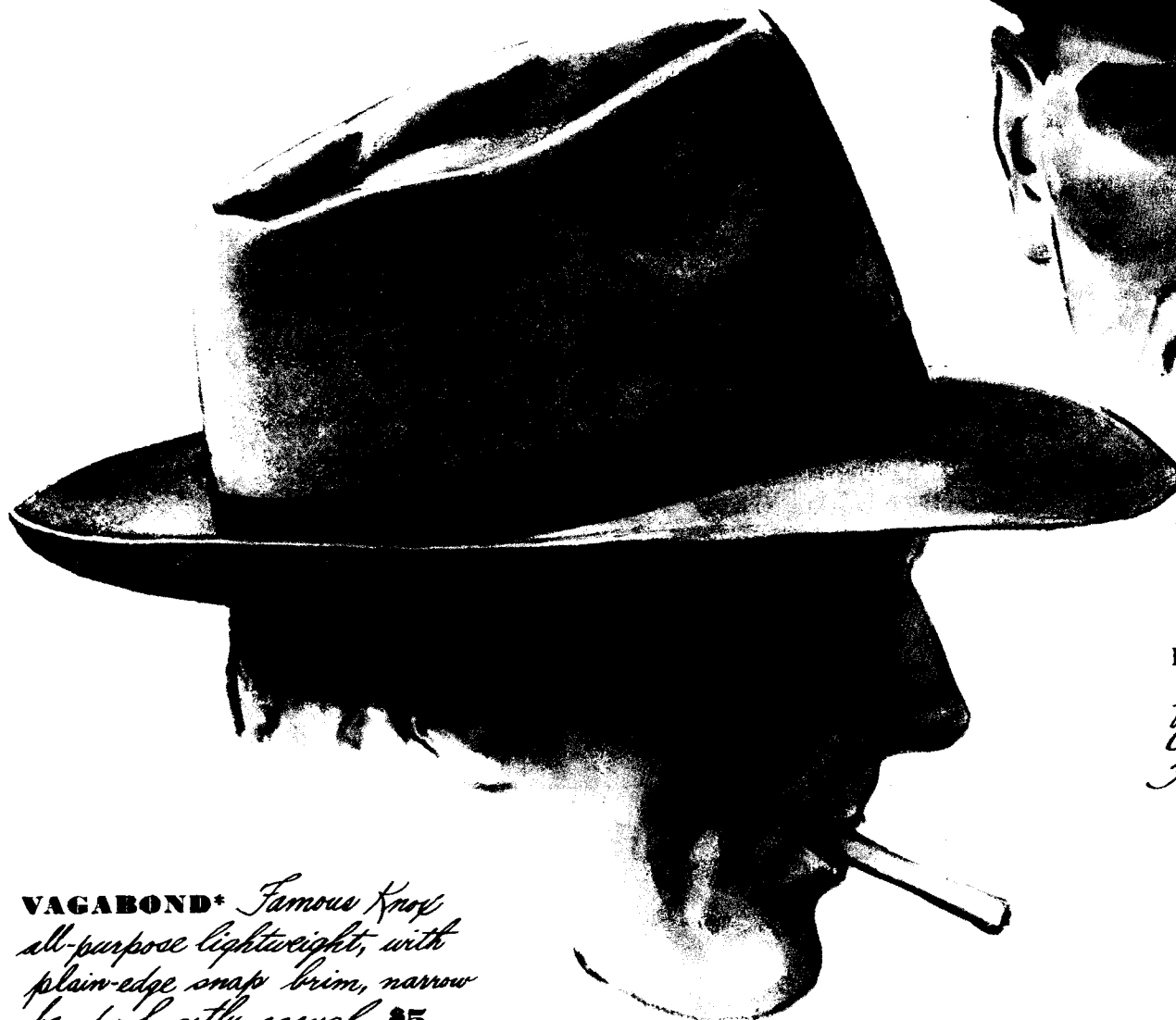
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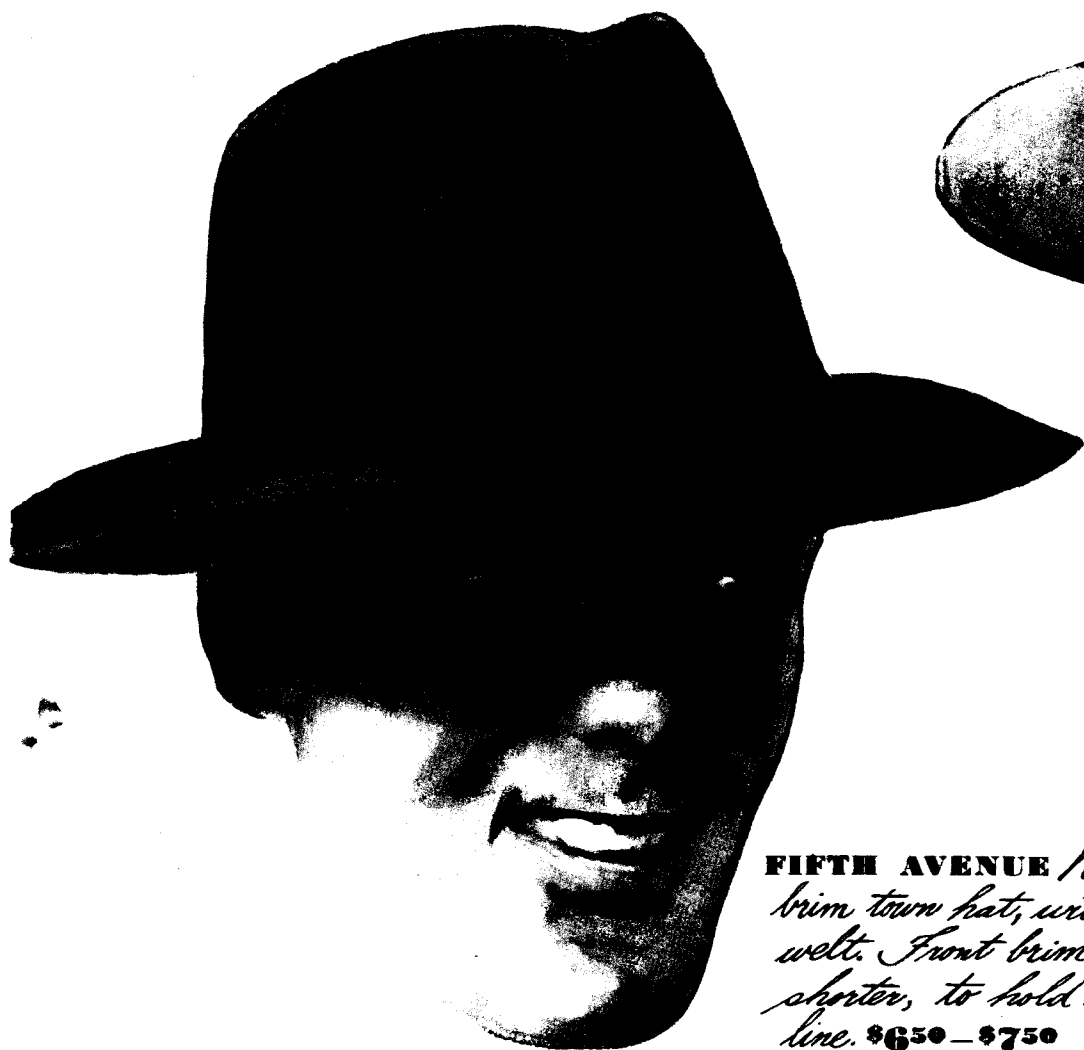
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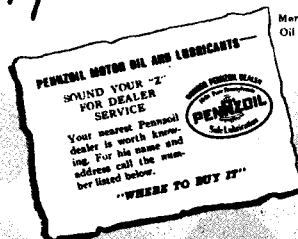
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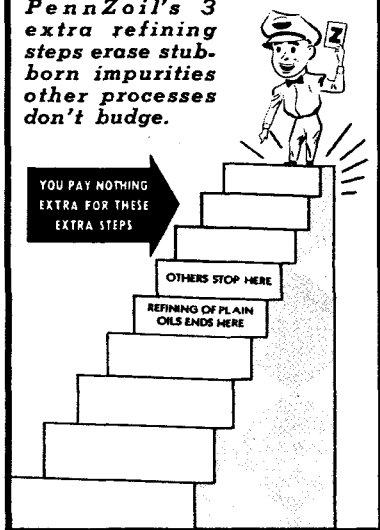
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said. He looked pleased. Ah, now, she was beginning to believe him! He went on, "He gives her a piece of paper. This she reads. Then she writes on her own paper and puts a stamp on the envelope and I take it to the post office."

"Still does this happen?" she asked.

"Still it does," he replied. He leaned forward. "Once I took one of these letters not to the post office but to Thomson doctor and he read it. But what can he do with his woman? She is like a fox, that woman! As soon as she talks he listens and believes her. So still there are the letters."

"But what—"

Siao Fah shrugged and coughed behind his hand. "What does she say? How do I know what a woman says? I have never demeaned myself to listen to one." It occurred to him that now he was talking to a woman and he excused himself hastily: "You, Durand doctor, are not a woman. You are only a doctor."

A WISTFUL pang shot through her. "Perhaps you are right," she said humbly. Out of the mouths of fools and sucklings, she thought—then she put herself away. Chung and Yasuda, Chung and letters—links were coming together into a strange chain in her mind. But Louise?

She inquired of Siao Fah, "Is there anything else you have to say?"

He scratched his head. "Is that not a good deal?" he asked.

"A great deal, perhaps, and perhaps—nothing," she retorted. She motioned Siao Fah away and he opened the door and slipped through it like a shadow.

Alone in her room she went to bed but not to sleep. In the intense silence of the night she lay, thinking and thinking of Louise. What had Louise to do with Chung? She had never seen them even speak to each other. Yet they had spoken often. And what had Chung to do with Yasuda beyond what he should have as a doctor?

Her mind refused the absurd possibility of intrigue. And yet there was this strange safety in which they lived these horrible days. Yasuda and safety, safety perhaps because of Yasuda? She had heard the rumors among the Chinese and had rejected them. But now, link upon link, the chain in her mind grew longer. All possibilities—nothing proved, she told herself strongly. She had an accursed imagination that loved to run ahead. She must not run after it. Let her wait and see. Wait she must, for to whom could she talk? Not Gray, if Louise were a link in that chain; not Siu-mei, who loved Chung!

"I wish I could get hold of that Eagle, Chen-ta," she thought suddenly. "I'd get him to take Yasuda away. Then we'd see."

The more she thought of it the more she wanted the thing done. If Yasuda went, whatever had been built upon his presence would tumble. Thought hardened to determination, and with determination she drifted toward sleep. Across that drifting she heard out of the night's silence the cry of a woman's voice in the street calling the soul of her dying child to come home, come home.

"Oh, the poor mother!" she sighed, and slept, as the voice died in the distance.

"GRAY is jealous," Louise told herself a dozen times through that long evening. "And frightened, maybe," she added, watching him. Why else was he irritable and then humbly sorry and eager to make amends?

"Don't mind anything I say or do," he told her brusquely after dinner. "I have one of those heads of mine." He stretched himself on the sofa and closed his eyes.

"Poor Gray," she said gently. She lay

back in her chair living over again the afternoon. Perhaps after all she was a little in love with Harry? Or was it only that she wished she were going away, too, and so with him? She sat up after long brooding over this. No, what she wanted, what she must have, was to get away from this fearful hole into which her life had fallen. It was absurd for a young and beautiful American woman to be locked up in a ruined Chinese town. It was not enough simply not to be bombed. There was more to life than mere physical safety. If Gray would go with her, well enough. Honestly, that would be best. But if he would not, she must go alone.

"Gray!" she said.

"Yes?" He did not open his eyes.

"Gray, let's get out!"

"Get out?" he repeated. He opened his eyes now to stare at her.

"Yes. I'm just—fed up. I—I can't stay any longer, Gray." Her cheeks began to burn. "I hate this place so. I hate everything here. I try not to say anything, but I can't go on forever—like this."

"Is it because Delafield is going, Louise?"

His voice was so gentle that she was confounded and could not answer. So he went on: "Tell me, Louise. I think I could understand that."

"No—no, it isn't," she said then. "At least, truly I don't think it is, Gray. Perhaps his going makes me want all the more to go—home, but—but not with him, if that's what you mean, Gray."

"I've thought for a long time perhaps you did—like each other," he said in the same tired, gentle voice. "I never told you that Siao Fah brought me a letter once that you'd written to Delafield. I didn't want to read it—then I did. I had to. Then I told Sara—"

"You told Sara!" she cried.

"I had to, again," he said steadily.

"That explains everything!" she said furiously. "Her coming here to accuse me that day—her saying I didn't appreciate you. You should have come to me, Gray. I'd have told you the truth. Harry has given me some fun, that's all. He's made this place a little less dreary. That's all."

"That night," Gray said steadily, "I came in ready to speak to you and then that was the night you said you wanted a child. Nothing else seemed important after that. It would have been an insult then to speak of the letter. I threw it away."

SO THAT, she thought, explained the mystery of the lost letter! Chung had come to her angry and disturbed over it. The guerrillas had surprised a Japanese garrison because the letter had not reached the person it was meant for, he told her. She felt herself tangled in intrigue. But she had not planned intrigue—only some sort of escape from bombing, and those horrible hours in the shelter among disgusting people. Intrigue frightened her. She must, she must get away! Gray was saying something.

"Then you said you couldn't have a child here in Chen-li. You wouldn't, that is. It wasn't right."

"No, I won't," she said sharply.

"But recently I've been thinking, would you anywhere? Wasn't it just another—plan to get away?" He blurted this out, miserably conscious of his own secret. He had never had a secret in his life before and he could not bear it now. Either he must tell Louise tonight or he must go away from Sara and have no secret. As soon as he could he must make up his mind what was right for them all—not just for him. He was not free.

"No, it wasn't," Louise said. "How beastly you are, Gray!"

She took a cigarette and began to



smoke in little quick puffs. "Gray, I'll show you if you let me. Let's go home to New York. We'll have a real house, a home, and a baby. I do want it so." She was quivering as she spoke. She did want it. Anything, anything to get away! She had come to wish—time and again she now wished that she had never married Gray. If she had married Jack or Lewis—they were both doing so well, her mother wrote. Jack had settled down to spending his fortune quite decently after his father died, and Lewis was a bank president now. She was actually jealous of their wives, living comfortably in the world to which she belonged.

She looked about the room with such hatred that she wondered the walls did not fall away from her. Outside a dog howled and then she heard a common sound of the Chen-li night, a mother calling the soul of her dying child, "Come back, dear one, come back!"

Over and over the melancholy voice cried on and then it faded into the distance of the streets. They sat silent, listening and not hearing. Then Gray said heavily, not looking at her, his hand shading his eyes:

"Louise, if you are sure that you want that more than anything in the world, I will go with you." For if she really did, he told himself, what right had he to refuse it to her, having promised himself her husband? There was so much he could not blame her for—the misery of this war, the terrors of the city, this life behind walls, lonely in spite of all he could do for her. He had been foolish to think that love could be enough. Perhaps it never was. Perhaps what he and Sara had was more than love.

"I haven't been entirely fair to you," he said quietly. "I'll make it up to you—and go."

And she, hearing these words, leaped from her chair and ran over to him and flung herself upon him, crying and laughing together.

"Gray, do you mean—Gray, will you really? Oh, darling, darling, darling!"

He let her cry and laugh and fondle his hands and face and then he said, "You do love me?"

"Oh, I love you!" she cried.

"If I—go," he said indistinctly, "you must—love me very much."

"Oh, I will!" she cried. She jumped up and whirled about the room laughing and dancing, and he lay watching her, his hand over his eyes again. Now that he made a decision, his mind was clearing. Sara would understand that he must give Louise her chance. He had to be fair to Louise first, or everything else would be wrong. If he and Sara should—think of each other first, his conscience would be forever gnawing at him. He'd have taken something for himself at the expense of another whom he had promised—to cherish. Sara would understand him. Sara was so strong. She would be patient with him, and bear it and go on with her work. Besides, no one, nothing, could take from them the knowledge of what was between them, which was so much more than love.

Under his hand he closed his eyes and saw Sara's face as it had been this afternoon, upturned to his kiss—her brave and beautiful face!...

AT THE keyhole Siao Fah watched Louise with stupefaction. He had been prepared to enjoy seeing her beaten at least when Thomison doctor came home and saw that other man sitting in his own chair before the fireplace and with his wife. But no, it appeared there was to be no beating. Instead the woman had been promised something evidently—that is, bribed.

"I shall have to go back to my own village for peace," he thought disconsolately.

He got up, put his stool under the stove, spat in the sink and went to bed. (To be continued next week)

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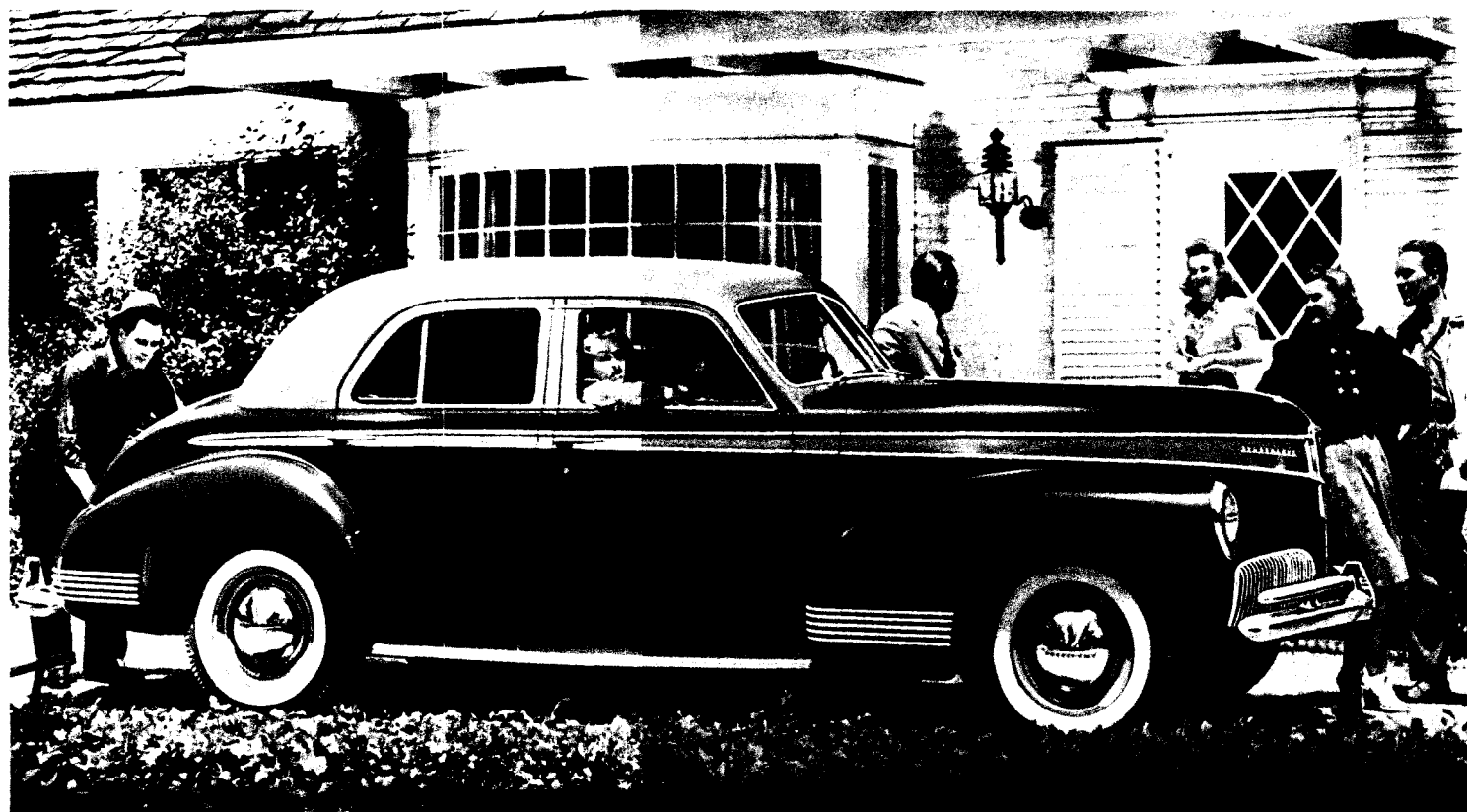
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## The Traitor

Continued from page 21

"So do I. Reason I haven't mentioned this to your father."

"Thank you for that, Commander," I said. "The skipper would feel this almost as much as if Bert were his own son."

The road forked just ahead of us and Kirstell suggested that we take the longer way around to the village. I remember almost hitting a truck, then trying to cover my confusion with a flippant question as to whether Navy Intelligence officers thought a moving automobile the safest place for confidential talk. Lieut. Commander Kirstell was no humorist. He explained, gravely, that automobiles are all right if one is sure that a dictaphone has not been planted in them; that no room in any building is ever safe; that a small skiff a quarter of a mile offshore is best of all.

Getting back to the subject of Bert Sedden, he said, "Tell me something of Bert's background."

I THOUGHT that I disliked Bert so thoroughly I would have no difficulty in telling the truth about him. But I found myself telling rather less than half the truth—although this sounded bad enough. I realized that my description, softened as it was, stacked a lot of cards against Bert in Kirstell's mind. His original theory had been that our traitor was an ideological convert to totalitarianism. The facts of Bert's past behavior clicked damningly with this hypothesis.

Moreover, I began to suspect a certain relief, almost satisfaction, in the quick little nods with which Kirstell listened. "At least, it isn't a Navy officer who is the traitor!" Why did I suspect him of this thought? I was thinking the same thing myself. We Navy people have a

smug, cruel belief in the officer-and-gentleman tradition, despite the obvious truth that four years at Annapolis or four centuries of good breeding occasionally fail to produce a gentleman. . . .

"Well, Miss Hartney . . . a lad of that stripe might be capable of . . . yes. You say you know nothing about Prentice?"

"No, sir."

"I'd like you to make his acquaintance."

"I've met him."

"I mean . . . h'mm, yes . . . cultivate a friendship?"

I tried to beg off from that, explaining the difficulties. I was obliged to admit that Dutch Prentice did not like me, that he and Pat Rorabeck had started a feud with me. I was careful not to say why. But Kirstell seemed not in the least impressed.

"You can overcome that," he said, "and it's very important to study Prentice. Are he and Bert still friends? Does Prentice sympathize with Bert's ideas. Just how loyal is he to Lieutenant Roberts? This problem is one of personalities, I'm sure." Then, he added a very shrewd comment: "It may sound like literary blather—but these are times in this country that are trying men's souls. We must know Prentice, his ideals and loyalties. My own feeling is that Bert may be planning to take advantage of an old friendship with Prentice and victimize him. But we should try to find out just where Prentice stands."

I agreed to make an effort to get this information. "But what you really need is a Mata Hari, Commander," I said.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell looked at me solemnly. "Men do not discuss psychic loyalties with bad women, Miss Hartney," he said. "The Mata Hari type has been vastly overrated in espionage."

"Is that official?"

"No, no—not official. But the consensus of our own Intelligence people."

That finished my attempt to be bright and chatty with Lieut. Commander Kirstell. We stopped at a store in the village and I bought a box of cube sugar.

On the way back to the yard, he thought of something else:

"Bert made one call today."

"Yes?"

"On a Mrs. Briscoe."

"Lieutenant Briscoe's wife. Bert likes her."

"What sort is she?"

I told him, being careful to emphasize that Pete Briscoe was a fine officer, my father's pet and that he did not share his wife's grudges.

"I'll check on that angle. You go to work on Prentice."

"Aye, aye, sir."

When I got back to the Officers' Club, after letting Kirstell out at No. 1 gate, I found the tea in full swing. Everyone was ignoring the incident in the card room, but there was an air of excitement which warned me that everyone knew about it. Mrs. McMatthews whispered that poor Bessie had gone home, a sick headache, and couldn't *something* be done about that awful boy? I said the skipper was looking into it and that he would get Bert straightened out. This satisfied Mrs. Mac long enough for me to escape.

Mamie Cowles was on hand in a knockout pink frock—the color I'd like to wear and can't—and she had gathered a group of officers around her, as usual. I noted with satisfaction that Ensign Murphy was not among them. Mamie smiled at me forgivingly. I smiled back, but kept in rapid circulation. I had a job to do and wanted to leave as soon as I decently could.

Commander McMatthews drew me aside to whisper: "Your father won't be here. I think he's at the Seddens." I nodded, thanked him and moved on. It was all too plain from the guilty look in the poor man's eyes that Mrs. Mac had ordered him to pump me for information as to what the skipper would do about Bert and Roger and Pop.

AS I finished my rounds and was about to slip out a side door, Dot Conroy nailed me:

"Phyllis . . . psst . . . has the captain put Roger in quarters?"

"For what?"

"Why, didn't you know? He punched Bert Sedden and Pop punched him and—"

"Your slip's showing, Dot," I said, severely, "and I think you're starting a run in your left stocking."

I went on out of there. When I got out, I ran right smack into Ensign Murphy, who was mooching along toward the tea fight. He looked like a football halfback who has forgotten the signals.

"You'd better hurry, Jack," I said, "they'll drink up all the tea."

Ensign Murphy halted. "You better hurry, too," he said.

"Hurry where?"

"To warn your boy friend."

"You mean Roger?"

"Yeah."

"What's going to happen to Roger?"

"Plenty."

The savvy men at Annapolis must have worked very hard pulling Jack Murphy through for the sake of the good old Navy team. Too bad he couldn't have stayed in Navy's backfield for years and years. Life was simple there. But they came and dragged the All-America hero off to the Fleet; and put

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**LISTEN TO BEN BERNIE**  
TUES. NIGHTS . . . NBC BLUE NETWORK

## BROMO-SELTZER

\*For frequent or persistent headaches, see your doctor

him in an airplane, where sometimes you crash a dive-bomber and your best pal is killed and you lose your nerve for carrier landings; and then they put Jack ashore, where all young officers take pride in drinking too much, and where there is a complicated wench like Mamie Cowles on almost every station.

Ensign Murphy stood scowling at the ground, helplessly, unable to articulate his sulky bewilderment.

"Look, Jack," I said, "why is plenty going to happen to Roger?"

"He slapped Bert Sedden around."

"You weren't there."

"I heard about it."

"Who told you?"

"Mrs. Briscoe. Bert told her."

"I happen to have been there. Bert called Roger a dirty, Nazi bully. A boy who does that rates a slap, doesn't he?"

"Collins hit him with his fist."

"Yes, he lost his temper—"

"Blaah! You know those civilian engineers at the basin?"

"Yes."

"Well, they're Bert's buddies. The first time they catch Collins out of the Yard they're going to beat the tar out of him. They've promised to let me know. I want to be there."

**H**E STARTED off, but I thought I'd better get this one settled right away: "What's wrong between you and Roger?"

"Ask him."

"It couldn't have anything to do with a certain lady, could it, Jack?" I said.

That question hit Jack right on the back of the neck and spread out in a red blush.

"Your—your father ought to paddle your pants!" he spluttered, over his shoulder, and walked rapidly away.

I went down to the basin.

This time, the corporal of the guard produced Pat Rorabeck. Mr. Rorabeck was not amused.

"Savvy isn't here," he said. "I don't know when he'll be back. Maybe never."

"I want to see Mr. Prentice," I said.

"Gone!"

"Where?"

"Must you know?"

"Yes, I really must."

"Well, Dutch met up with an old pal by the name of Bert Sedden. They went to town to get drunk. Savvy didn't want Dutch to do that, so he went after them. That's all I know, so help me."

"Plenty . . . thanks!" I said.

I dashed back for my car. It took me just seven minutes to reach Front Street in the village. There were only two passable drinking places—the Ship Café and the restaurant of the Arcadia Hotel. I tried the Ship Café first and drew a blank. The hotel restaurant failed to show Bert or Dutch or Savvy. I had resigned myself to a search of less savory bars when Dutch and Bert tramped into the lobby.

**T**HEY were busy talking and did not see me. They stopped at the desk and the clerk motioned to the restaurant. I waited until they had seated themselves at a small side table. Then I marched in, picked up a chair, walked straight to their table, placed the chair and sat down.

Bert and Dutch looked at each other. "Friend of yours?" Dutch said.

"Never laid eyes on her before," Bert said.

"I place her now," Dutch said.

"Place her some place else, will you?" Bert said.

Dutch turned to me, his goggle eyes, horn-rimmed spectacles and weazened features making him look like a gnome—a gnome from one of the grimmer Grimm's Fairy Tales.

"Look, Miss Hartney," he said.

"Savvy isn't here. He's over at the basin fixing to blow himself up. You'd better run right back there."

I saw Bert's innocent blue eyes blink. His mouth was a bit swollen and he had a bruise on his right cheekbone, but he was all right. He and Dutch hadn't started to get drunk yet.

"What's she want with Roberts?" Bert asked.

Dutch snorted. "Carrying a torch for the guy."

"Yeah?" Bert said, grinning incredulously.

I turned to Bert. "He kids you," I said. "I've got a pash on him. It was love at first sight. I can't imagine why—but love is like that."

A waitress brought two whisky-and-sodas.

"Bring Flora Belle an ice-cream soda," Dutch ordered; "and not too much whipped cream."

Bert was excited about Savvy and me. "If you weren't a dope, you would change over to Roberts," he said.

"There's a nice guy. Worth a million heels like Collins."

"I love Mr. Prentice," I said.

Dutch shook his head. "Don't give her any encouragement, pal. Savvy's got enough trouble. Let her marry Collins. It'll serve 'em both right."

"So you hate Roger, too?" I asked Dutch.

"From the word go."

"Has he punched you?"

This question caused Dutch to look at Bert. "News travels fast in these parts," he observed dourly.

"I was there," I said.

Bert showed no shame or even embarrassment. He gulped his liquor and set an empty glass down.

"Guess you think I should have licked him?"

"You aren't big enough to do that. But you might have taken one swing at him."

"And given him a chance to beat me up? I'm not that dumb."

Dutch Prentice nodded. "We'll take care of Collins," he said.

I realized, with a sinking heart, that there was a mutual sympathy, a partnership against the world between Dutch and Bert, which could only have come from a long and close friendship. Both were below the average in physique. Both had an underdog, snarling rebelliousness. Dutch, I was to learn,

had come up from an orphanage to work his way through school. Bert had started on a higher social level; and in some back alley, where misery and revolt met and knew each other for friends, these two youngsters had struck hands in an alliance.

Dutch was much the stronger character of the pair, but he seemed to admire Bert and accept most of his opinions. Later, I came to understand why—Dutch, a social rebel himself, respected Bert for having broken away from the ideals and standards of his parentage, for turning his back on a chance to join an officer caste. There was an element of gratitude, also, since Bert had loaned Dutch money while he was at Harvard and Dutch at M.I.T.

**A**T THAT moment in the restaurant, however, I had only an intuition of this relationship. It sobered and frightened me. Bert, alone, seemed no very serious menace, but if he was hand-in-glove with Dutch, that pointed straight to danger for Savvy Roberts.

"I suppose you'll lay for Roger after dark," I said. "Is Mr. Rorabeck going to help?"

Bert scowled. "We don't work that way, Red."

"What . . . no dagger in the back?"

"We've got a much better thing for your Roger. You've no idea—"

"You're talking too much, pal," Dutch said.

"I wish I could tell her—"

"No!" Dutch said, sharply.

"Okay, okay, Dutch. But I hate to see any gal fooled by that so-and-so. Even Red."

"Why worry about her?"

"She means well, Dutch."

"Yeah? I had her figured the other way."

"No. A square kid, according to her lights."

Dutch turned to me in honest surprise: "What do you know? Bert says you're not so bad!"

It was galling to be accepted by Dutch on Bert's recommendation, but I kept my temper. Lieut. Commander Kirstell had ordered me to make friends with young Mr. Prentice.

I gave him one of Hartney's very best smiles. (Technical Note: You lean forward with apparently unfeigned eagerness, humble and pleading, like a slave girl asking for the sultan's favor.)

"That's just what I've been trying



"Listen, I'm not going to wait all day!"

REAMER KELLER

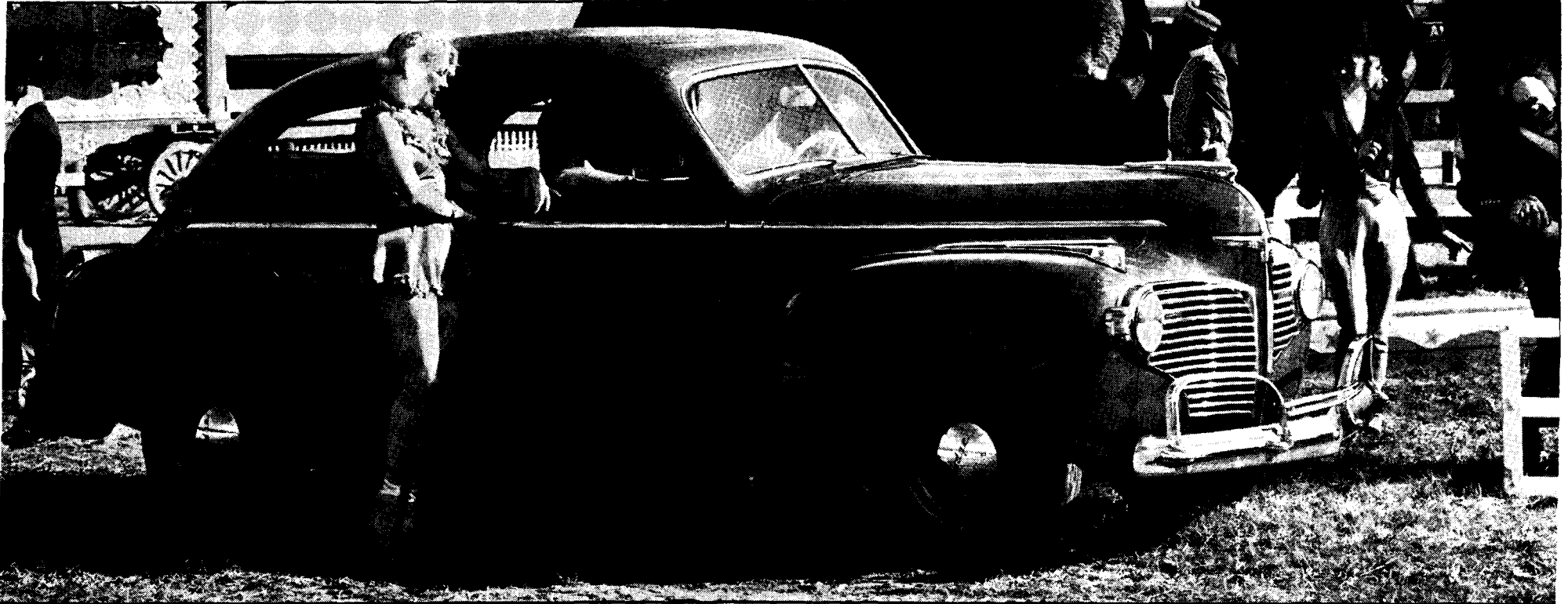


# Brilliant New Dodge Visits Circus In Winter Quarters

A giant circus stirs to life after a winter of sleep! Here at Sarasota, Florida, Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey Circus prepares to again carry its pageant of color, fun and thrills to a circus-loving America! An early and colorful visitor is the big new 1941 Dodge! And many are the "ohs" and "ahs" of admiration as top-flight circus stars flock to see the car that is taking the spotlight

clear across the nation. Here, in this beautiful Luxury Liner, are all the distinctive marks of Dodge fine craftsmanship...the great engineering leadership...the world-famous economy that lets Dodge owners save money 3 ways...in first cost, in low up-keep, and in extra value at trade-in time. And remember, Dodge is the lowest-priced car in the world with Fluid Drive\*.

Prices Subject to Change Without Notice



1941 Dodge Luxury Liner DeLuxe 6-passenger Sedan, \$880†. Front directional signals and bumper guards at slight extra cost.



## PLENTY OF SAFE VISION!...

In the big 1941 Dodge you look ahead through a new, wider V-shaped windshield that spreads the whole highway like a ribbon at your feet. And to the rear, a new larger window nearly doubles visibility of the road behind!



## HUGE NEW TRUNK!

Luggage enough for months of traveling can all fit easily into the extra-spacious Dodge luggage compartment. And note this: The new lid is "spring-balanced" ...it raises or lowers at a slight finger-touch...and stays in place safely.



**LUXURY AT LOW COST!**...Here you'll find more-than-generous head room, leg room, elbow room! Seats in the big 1941 Dodge are wide as a divan...cushions so deep and pillowy they give living room comfort on wheels.

## Enjoy the Triple Thrill of Fluid Drive\*

- 1. Shift or Not, As You Like!** Nothing new to learn. Simply less to do. Greater comfort—added safety.
- 2. Great in Traffic!** You start and stop as smoothly as with electric power. No jerk or jar. And when you want fast getaway, a flick of your finger into the getaway gear gives you a burst of speed.
- 3. The Smoothness of Oil!** Power from the engine is transmitted to rear wheels through a shock-absorbing cushion of oil. Combined with Floating Power, Dodge Fluid Drive\* gives unbelievable smoothness, ease of handling and much longer car-life.

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Luxury Liner DeLuxe Coupe **825**† and up  
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†These are Detroit delivered prices and include all Federal taxes and all standard equipment. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), extra. Front directional signals and bumper guards at slight extra cost. See your Dodge dealer for easy budget terms.

**Dodge LUXURY LINER**  
WITH OR WITHOUT FLUID DRIVE\*

\*FLUID DRIVE OPTIONAL AT SLIGHT EXTRA COST



*Darling:  
Please wait  
for me—  
Your loving  
Draftee*



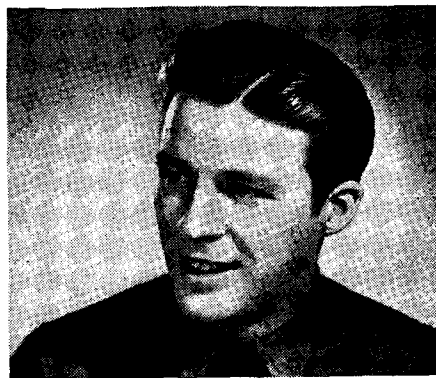
◀ Look at this photo of Bill. That wild hair! Same old story, he uses water to comb it and water washes away natural oils. Pity he didn't use Kreml before having a picture taken intended to keep me interested.

Every time I look at Craig's picture, I wonder whether the boys in camp will kid him out of that greasy goo that plasters down his hair like a gigolo's. Maybe he'll get wise to Kreml, but I'm afraid I can't wait.



◀ Poor Bob. He was always sensitive about going bald so young. Maybe because he looks so much older than he is, he'll be a major sooner. But not my major. Too bad—it's too late for Kreml or anything else.

Nature blessed Jerry with a fine head of hair and Kreml keeps it looking its natural best. No question mark could lurk in the heart of a girl with a photo like this for company. I'll answer Jerry's letter tonight.



**D**ON'T soak your hair with water to comb it. Don't plaster it down with greasy, sticky goos. Use Kreml, the famous tonic-dressing that keeps hair looking its natural best.

Kreml also removes ugly dandruff scales, stops excessive falling hair, relieves itching scalp.

Women tell us Kreml puts hair in splendid condition for permanents—makes permanents look lovelier.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses thoroughly, rinses out quickly, leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

# KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR  
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

to tell you all along, Dutch, darling," I said.

"You're still after Savvy."

"No, no . . . a thousand times no!"

He cocked an eye at Bert for verification.

"What the hell?" Bert said. "I hope she is after Savvy. He can look after himself."

"He certainly can," I said. "Away with these dread suspicions, Dutch. Call me Phyllis!"

I held out my hand. Dutch hesitated, then shook. Bert reached for his second highball.

"Let's let her in on this, Dutch," he said.

"No. Absolutely not!"

"She might be a big help."

"No gals in this, Bert. Final."

I frowned at Bert. "Dutch knows best," I said. "If you'd pay strict attention to Dutch, you might amount to something."

"That's right," Dutch said, pleased.

I had found the way through Dutch's armor. I leaped to the attack.

"This is a great break for Bert, finding you here," I said. "He needs you. He's all mixed up on a lot of things."

"On a few things," Dutch said.

"Ha!" Bert jeered. "She wants you to talk me into going to war. Should I go to war?"

"No," Dutch said.

"Why not?" I demanded.

"He's already in the war—" Dutch broke off, staring toward the street door—"Aw, aw! Look who's here!"

**IT WAS** Savvy Roberts. As he came toward us, filling the room with a lovely golden light (she's lyrical, eh, folks?) Dutch reached for his liquor glass and drained it. He then grabbed up Bert's glass and drank what was left. Then he jumped to his feet.

"This woman was trying to get me drunk, sir!" Dutch said.

Savvy looked at me with a little start of surprise and, perhaps, disapproval. At any rate, he was puzzled about finding me with Dutch and Bert. "Hello, Miss Hartney," he said. "I'm sorry but I'm going to have to break up this threesome."

"I'm on my way, Boss!" Dutch said.

"I didn't know he was supposed to work, Roberts," Bert said, apologetically. "Wanted to celebrate. Love Dutch like a brother, you know."

"No harm done," Savvy said, pleasantly. "Excuse me a moment—" this to me, and then he followed Dutch and Bert toward the door.

I saw him grip Bert's arm in friendly fashion and they talked for a few moments in undertones. Bert nodded, with a respect I had never seen him show anyone else, and then Dutch joined them for a further consultation.

Presently, Bert and Dutch hurried out the door and Savvy returned to me. "Now, I have spoiled the party," he said.

"N-no, it's just begun!" I blurted.

"Sit down and have an ice-cream soda." "Thanks, but I must be getting back. Going to run a test in the morning."

He did sit down, however, like a big, bronzed god who had come from the wind and the sun. (Critical Comment: Miss Hartney, please. Casual understatement is always better.) All right, he sat down. He was wearing dungarees and that awful leather jacket; he smelled of leather and pipe tobacco and a faint, pungent mysterious chemical having the odor of burnt TNT. I say (now I'm going mystical) that Savvy had been in no such stodgy place as Navy Station; he was just in from a desert raid and a bombed bridge, where he had slain wicked men for a just cause. That was the sort of danger Savvy could overcome, but soon he would be ambushed in some sly, perfidious scheme cooked

up by Bert Sedden and Dutch Prentice.

I feared that I might not have much time. "Your friend Dutch shouldn't be running around with Bert Sedden," I said.

"No?"

"He's a bad boy."

"In what way?"

"Well, to begin with, he's a conscientious objector."

"Oh, we're all that!"

"I mean a—he tried to dodge the draft, and now he says he won't fight."

Savvy smiled. "The whole nation is saying we won't fight, Miss Hartney. We're all conscientious objectors to war. We should be proud of that."

"Proud? Maybe I've muffed the joke—"

"It's good to have some conscience about war, isn't it? Shows we're growing up as a people, doesn't it?"

"I must be unusually dumb, Lieutenant," I said. "I think Bert's attitude is cowardly and indefensible!"

"You're much too impatient, Sis."

"Indeed?"

Savvy's gray eyes looked beyond me, as if he really had a prevision of the future; his profound conviction made the tone of his voice startlingly positive.

"We'll fight," he said, "if the British can't whip Hitler without us. No German gangster is going to rule this world."

"Bert won't fight," I said.

"No?"

"He told me he wouldn't. He's told Pop and Mom Sedden the same thing. He's a wretched little—"

A sigh from Lieutenant Roberts stopped me. "You're so . . . very young," he said.

"I know Bert and you don't!"

"Dutch says he's all right."

"What a character witness!"

Savvy stood up, his face grim. I saw that I had shocked and antagonized him, but I had gone too far to stop now.

"I say that about Dutch only because he shouldn't be friends with Bert," I plunged on. "I can't tell you all I know about Bert, but if I could you'd forbid Dutch to associate with him. Oh, please believe me. It's for your own sake, your own safety. I—my father doesn't want anything to happen to you. He says your work here is too important."

Bringing in the skipper saved me. Savvy didn't care a hoot how I felt. But my father's name was magic.

"I see I'm going to have to talk to you, Sis," Savvy said. "But not here."

"In my car. It's right outside."

"Very well."

He dug into a pocket, fished out a half dollar and slid it under a saucer on the table. I said: "Oh, Dutch paid." He said, "Dutch never tips enough," and started out.

At the car, he said, "I'd better drive."

I handed him my keys, meekly.

**THAT** rattletrap roadster of mine was certainly a stallion shod with fire in Savvy's hands. I do not know by what devious route we traveled back to the Yard. I was too busy listening. And this is what Savvy said:

"You need to develop better taste in men, Sis. A woman of mature judgment could talk to Dutch five minutes and know his quality. He's a genius—finest research engineer in his own field M.I.T. ever turned out. There aren't more than three or four men in the world who know as much about sound waves. Big research labs have offered him fat salaries. Dutch chose to work for the Navy at twenty-eight-forty a year. He takes fifty dollars a month for himself and gives me the rest to spend on equipment. There are saints in science as well as in religion. Remember that."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Dutch told me that Bert Sedden kept



him from starving to death his last two years at school."

"I didn't know that," I said.

Savvy nodded, and we went around a curve on the left hind wheel.

"Find out a few things about men before you go making snap judgments. It's important to a girl. You don't want to marry some worthless poop and break your father's heart, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Dutch is a first-rate judge of character. He says Bert is all right. That's good enough for me."

(For-Women-Only Note: How is this for masculine logic? Dutch is Savvy's friend and assures Savvy that Dutch's friend, Bert, is strictly okay. So Savvy accepts this opinion as indisputable fact. Would any woman accept the word of her friend about another friend? I, for one, would not accept the word of my best woman friend about herself, let alone her word about some third woman I didn't know at all.)

I tried to remain very calm and sweet.

"Couldn't Dutch possibly be mistaken about Bert?"

"I think not."

"Shouldn't you be sure?"

"Whatever Dutch or Pat tells me—I go by, Sis. Just as you accept anything your father tells you."

"Yes, but—"

"Did you ever read Cap'n Hartney's critique of Jutland?"

"N-not all of it. Sort of technical," I replied.

"You read the last twenty pages to-night. The magnificent point your father makes is that the British gummed up their chance for a clean-cut victory because Jellicoe trusted Beatty, implicitly and without question. But it was better for the British navy to have had a stalemate through loyalty to the band-of-brothers ideal than victory gained by suspicion of a friend and a comrade."

(Sly Feline Thought: I, myself, would rather have sunk the German fleet.)

"A noble moral, Mister," I said.

Savvy shook his head, sadly. We zipped around a truck.

"You don't seem to have absorbed very much of your father's idealism, Sis," he said.

"No, sir. I still say Bert is a first-class heel!"

"Redheads are like that. Good haters."

"I don't hate him. I suspect him—on good evidence."

"Suspect him of what?"

"I can't tell you—except that he may be dangerous to you. But, of course, you would rather take Dutch's word and—and have something happen to you!"

"Sorry. But I would."

I fired one last salvo: "Dutch's say-so convinces you that Bert couldn't possibly be—say, a traitor to his country?"

This got me only a glance of ironic amusement. Savvy slowed the car. I saw that we were approaching the Yard from a direction opposite to the village road.

"Of course Bert's a traitor!"

"W-what?"

"At least—I'd be very much surprised if he wasn't."

"Oh!"

"Think hard a moment, Miss Hartney. Aren't you betraying your country?"

"Me? No, sir!"

"Well, I am—for one."

"That's a mystical joke of some kind—"

"Whoa, Sis. There you go again. What do you know about me?"

"I know you aren't a traitor."

SAVVY halted the car out of earshot of the guards at No. 3 gate. He turned to me, his eyes suddenly troubled and his face set with dead-in-earnest seriousness.

"I've got to confess this to Cap'n Hartney, soon. But don't you tell him. I'll tell him. Right?"

"Of course."

"Dutch and Pat and I have two gadgets. One of them is spectacular . . . easily licked . . . it'll do us good in the service. The other is going to take two or three years of tough slogging. If it pans out, it'd be worth a hundred times the first gadget. So which did I decide to work on?"

"The tough one," I said.

Throwing the car in gear, Savvy let it roll up to the gate. "No, I didn't, Sis," he said.

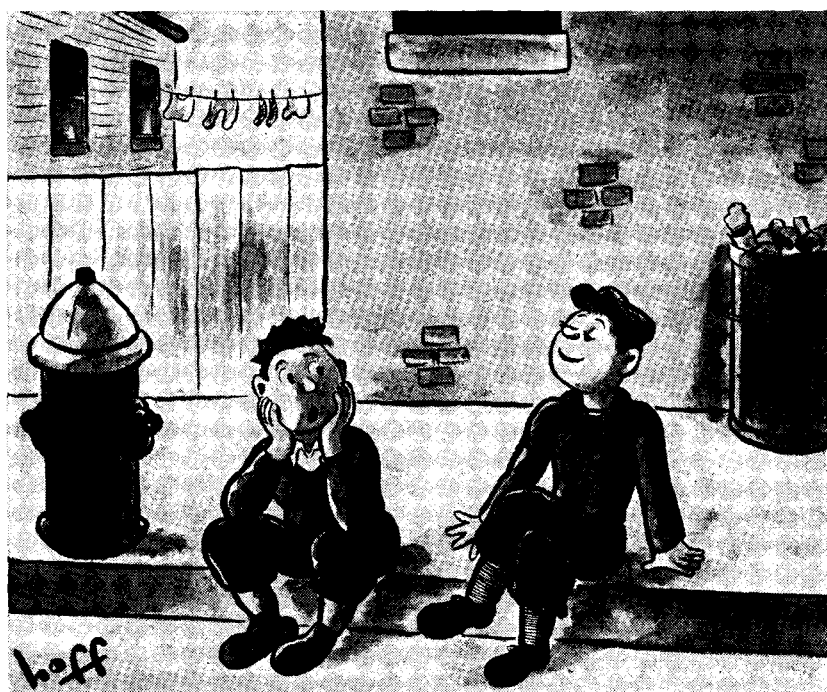
Then, as we drove into the Yard and stopped, he said with an abrupt change to a light tone, "Forgive the preaching, Sis. Dutch and Pat won't listen any more, so I picked on you. Thanks for the ride. Bring this car around some day and I'll soup it up for you."

He hopped out.

"I can drive you to the basin," I said.

"Thanks. This is fine." Then, after a moment's pause: "By the way, you're engaged to Collins, aren't you?"

I heard a voice that didn't sound like



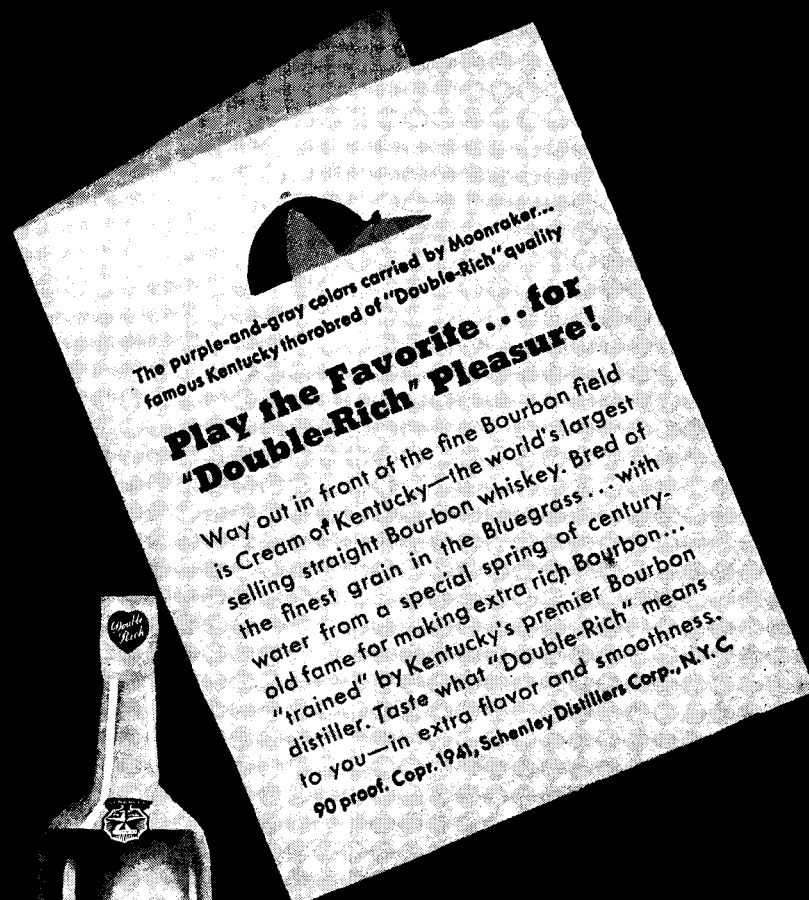
"Tell me, Fogarty, why am I such a clumsy fool when it comes to dames?"

SIDNEY HOFF



# Cream of Kentucky

THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON





## Mrs. W----- Solves the Case of Betty



Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a laxative badly, but she starts bawling the moment I reach for the bottle.



Cousin Alice suggested Ex-Lax. Gave some to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.



Betty slept like an angel. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't upset her a bit. Thank goodness, I've solved that problem!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



## OTIS

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GRIPPER SHORTS

For Comfort  
and Long Wear



OTIS UNDERWEAR  
57 WORTH ST., NEW YORK

mine saying, matter-of-factly: "Oh, no, Roger is just an old friend. That's all he ever will be."

Did Savvy look a bit relieved—or was this just wishful thinking?

"You stick to that, Sis," he said gruffly. "Thanks for the ride. See you later."

I nodded and drove off very fast, to keep myself from jumping out of the car and running after him. I was almost in tears.

It had all turned out for the very worst, I felt. Lieut. Commander Kirstell's theory was borne out by everything I had learned. Bert Sedden and Dutch Prentice had joined forces, in complete sympathy and understanding. I couldn't give Savvy's precious Dutch the role of innocent victim. They were old friends, Bert and Dutch, and Dutch was under great obligation. Bert, I suspected, had got funds to purchase friendships from the boys at the Kremlin. Our American bolsheviks work that way. I didn't take Bert lightly, now. But the thing that baffled and terrified me was Savvy's childlike faith in Dutch.

Sticking to careful understatement, let me set it down for the record that I was in no mood for a scene with Lieutenant Roger Collins. But that is just what I walked into.

Roger had been waiting for me in the living room. "Phyllis, dear . . . I was beginning to worry! Where on earth have you been?"

"Oh, around and about," I said.

I SAT quickly down in a chair, so he wouldn't try to kiss me. I didn't want to be Roger's Phyllis, dear. No more kisses, either. I looked at Roger standing there in his neat uniform and almost disliked him. He was too darned beautiful. Brown hair so handsomely burnished and brushed that it looked like a wig. Brown eyes, very Edgar Allan Poe-ish (I think I've commented on them before), clefted chin, stiff neck, ramrod back, flat tummy—but why go on? The little girl with the goiter in the third row on the aisle could have Roger with my blessing, just then.

It seemed Roger had come to apologize.

"Mrs. McMatthews has told me that you were present at the club this afternoon."

"Yes."

"I didn't know it. I'm very sorry."

"I yelled at you."

"Didn't hear it. Too angry. Lost my temper. I . . . er . . . have apologized to Commander and Mrs. Sedden. To your father, also, of course."

"What did Dad say?"

"The whole thing has distressed him very much. But I think he understands why I forgot myself. At any rate, he told me to consider the incident closed."

"Okay . . . it's closed."

Roger frowned. "Do you blame me, Phyllis?"

"Not particularly."

"The little brat badgered us all for twenty minutes—before it happened. Someone had to call him. I really didn't mean to punch Bert. Just wanted to slap him, so he'd keep his blabber shut while he's on the station. There's got to be some limit to freedom of speech by these Communist traitors."

"Bert's a little beast," I agreed. "Pour yourself a drink. You'll have to run along in a few minutes. I'm just about done in."

But Roger was not satisfied with my attitude. He wanted me to rise up and give three cheers for noble young Roger.

"Why did you say you don't particularly blame me?"

"I withdraw the particularly."

"You sound cynical."

"I sound creaky. Give Aunt Phyllis a nip."

Alas, I had abused Roger's *amour propre*, his conception of himself as the beau ideal of the Navy officer. He looked terribly, terribly hurt.

"Your attitude seems . . . uh . . . rather unsympathetic, Phyllis."

"Don't start analyzing me—please."

"I suppose you think I shouldn't have lost my self-control, no matter what the provocation?"

"For Pete's sake, no! Anyone has a right to blow off steam occasionally. I lose my temper morning, noon and night."

Roger walked over, liquor glass in hand, and stood looking down at me somberly.

"I've . . . uh . . . been under a great strain."

"I know you have."

"The skipper is much too kind—to everyone."

"You can't get any argument out of me on that!"

"He shouldn't have insisted that Commander Sedden come here."

"Perhaps not."

"I . . . uh . . . tried to warn him that Commander Sedden had lost his grip. He wouldn't listen. I begged him not to have Jack Murphy transferred here. That mustang Briscoe, either. They're misfits. And that goes for Bob Cowles and Artie Conroy and Commander McMatthews, too!"

"Why, Roger!"

"I've kept my mouth shut. I've sat on the lid. I've covered up for them. But this new thing is the worst of all—"

"New thing?"

"This stargazer, Roberts, and his two stooges. The skipper should have put his foot right down!"

"Oh, you don't like Lieutenant Roberts?"

"I like him well enough . . . but not here, Phyllis. Navy Station's no place for secret engineering tests."

"Why not?"

"No discipline, that's why not! We're an outfit of exiles and castoffs. We

can't give Roberts proper protection, not even in the Yard. The village is full of riffraff, drifters and God knows what. There'll be an accident or a leak—and who'll be blamed for it? The skipper. They'd jump at the chance to give him another black mark—"

"Stop it!" I said.

"I'm trying to save your dad from himself—"

I got to my feet, shaky with taut nerves and fright. To hear Roger voicing my own worry was just about the last straw.

"You—you shut up!" I said. "Nothing's going to happen. Dad can handle this, if you'll help him—instead of getting jittery—and going around punching people—and criticizing—"

Roger grabbed me by the arms. "Phyllis! I'm the only real friend your Dad has—"

"Friend. Ha! Shooting off your mouth—"

"Why, you're the one who's jittery! You're the one who's scared. I'm going to save the skipper . . . and you, too . . ."

DOLORES came rushing in, not on cue this time, and tugged at the sleeve of my coat. "It is the Señora McMatthews at the phone!" she said, in Spanish. "She says you must talk to her at once. It is of the utmost gravity—but really this time, I think!"

I went to the phone, still not believing Mrs. Mac, but glad of an excuse to get away from Roger.

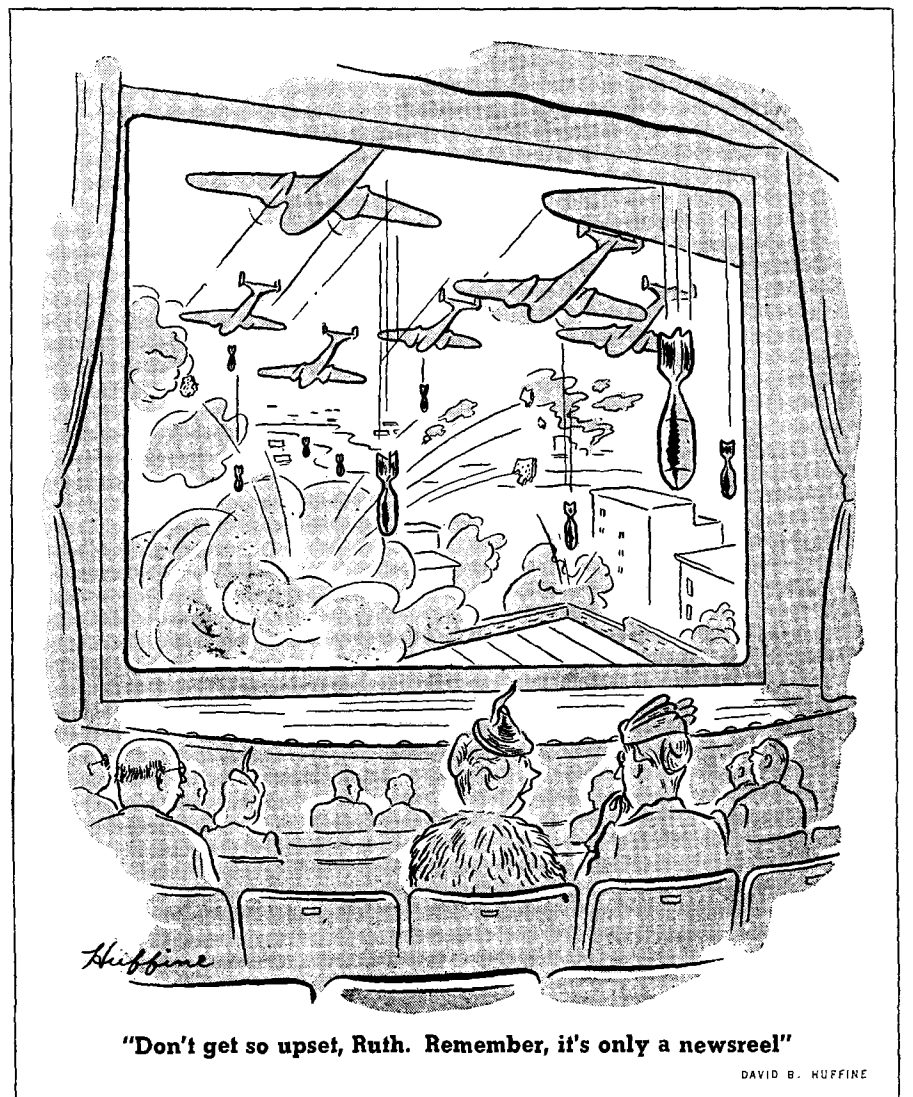
"Yes, Mrs. Mac?"

"Phyllis . . . oh, my dear . . . so glad I caught you before . . . it's that Briscoe woman—"

"What's she done now?"

Mrs. Mac's voice was gaspy: "She's telling it . . . all around . . . that they suspect a traitor . . . among our officers . . . and are trying to frame her husband . . . to get him out of the Service . . . did you ever hear of anything so awful?"

(To be continued next week)



"Don't get so upset, Ruth. Remember, it's only a newsreel"

DAVID B. HUFFINE



# "Why would a duke pay \$1,000 for *you!*"

*snorted the briar*

"YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS," snapped the silver-mounted meerschaum. "I've been owned by a duke, and you're just a 50¢ briar. I've been stared at in museums, and nobody ever noticed you but your boss!"

"Yes," grinned the briar, "but have you ever been smoked?"

"A little louder, please," said the meerschaum, cocking his bowl.

"Have you ever been smoked? Have you ever brought solace to a man? Have you ever comforted him when he was lonely? Or calmed him down when the going was getting tough?"

"No-o-o—but I have medals," countered the curio.

"And I have Half and Half!" replied the briar. "It's the highest award any pipe can get. It's a mild smoke . . . a gentle, aromatic tobacco that wouldn't bite even in self-defense. It's a cargo of contentment in the bowl of any pipe. That's what it is! . . . And some day when you're lucky enough to get Half and Half in your bowl, you'll throw away those medals and really start living!"

## **A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE**

Next time you settle down with your pipe, fill up with Half and Half. It's a fragrant, aromatic tobacco—guaranteed to please right down to the last fragrant pipeful.

This silver-mounted meerschaum with the battling gladiators is from Half and Half's \$25,000 collection—a collection of unique pipes assembled in honor of a uniquely aromatic tobacco . . . Half and Half.

Remember, Half and Half comes in the patented telescope tin that gets smaller and smaller as you use the tobacco.



# HALF AND HALF

A Cargo of Contentment in the Bowl of any Pipe

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*Early American  
News*

This is the *light ale* millions of present-day  
Americans prefer to beer



THE *lightness* of Ballantine's Ale comes  
as a pleasant surprise to those who  
still think that ale's on the "heavy" side.

But it's the Ballantine *flavor* that has  
won beer drinkers so completely . . . a fla-  
vor so superb that it could come only  
from the very finest of *ale* yeasts.

Join the Ballantine regulars in a glass to-  
day—and chances are you'll decide that  
from now on you're an ale man yourself.

Look for the famous 3-RING trademark  
standing for PURITY, BODY, FLAVOR;  
and call for Ballantine's Ale. Costs no more  
than the better beers. Sold coast to coast.

BALLANTINE'S  ALE  
*America's largest selling Ale*





## Consolation Prize

Continued from page 19

Elyse followed his glance. Snow pluming behind him, the skier commenced turning smoothly, traversing the face. Steve was lost in admiration. He had seen magnificent skiers in his time, but none had been better than this. In a hushed, fascinated voice, Elyse said, "I'm terrified just watching him!"

"Don't have to worry about him," Steve murmured.

The figure near took on identity. It was Hannes, and he looked like an eagle, his shoulders hunched, his hands high and close. On a last traverse, he whipped past the rocks and stopped dead on the steep slope a few yards below.

A score of voices yelled compliments and Steve shook his head and said, "Mammy!"

Without warning, Elyse slid away from him, straight down the pitch and stopped beside Hannes. And Steve suddenly felt cold inside, watching Hannes put his hand on her shoulder, watching them laughing together.

"With timing like that," Smithy said, "you could rent her to the Greenwich Observatory!"

"Smithy!" said Steve. "Smithy! Where'd you come from?"

"Same place he did." Then, laughing, she leaned on her poles, swung her skis in the air and landed down the slope, going fast.

A moment later, Steve started in pursuit.

IT WAS glorious. The sun in his face, the wind tearing the breath from his mouth, the swift downward plunge in a world all white and blue . . . he couldn't overtake her, and she wouldn't stop. She was Mercury, Ariel, a fairy in white gabardine, and her feet spurned the earth . . . he was drunk with the thrill, possessed of a frenzy to keep her in sight. At a fixed interval they fled down the narrow winding trail, moving with a speed that blurred the landscape, a speed that forced them to begin their turns fifty feet before they reached the sharp curves. . . .

. . . They got through an S-turn between some boulders and, after that, it was nursery stuff, but on the runout Steve relaxed, made a sloppy stop-turn and almost ran into Smithy because his knees were banging together and the calves of his legs cried with fatigue.

She was still laughing, but weakly. He couldn't see her clearly because his eyes were streaming tears; but he laughed too, shakily. And Smithy leaned on him and gurgled: "Oh, dear Lord, that was wonderful! And you said you were no good!"

"What about you?" Steve panted. "Marvelous form."

Her eyes shone with laughter. "I never denied it."

The excitement made him do a crazy thing—he bent down and kissed her.

"What was that for?" She wasn't laughing now. "Am I supposed to be the consolation prize?"

Steve caught her wrists. "Don't say that! Don't get sore, Smithy!—It wasn't a pass. I thought you'd understand."

In a flat voice Smithy said, "We'd better go back." She pulled away from him, turned without a word and moved rapidly back up the trail.

BY THAT night Elyse owned the hotel.

No one talked of anything but the Inferno race, and Hannes seemed to be the favorite. It made him a kind of king to the lesser of them, and Elyse, beside him, was tailored perfectly to the regal role. She accepted homage from them all, and Hannes gladly gave her his share.

There was dancing in the lounge, Strauss all over again, with Hannes the Number One boy, although at least four men always followed her about, like a bodyguard. Steve watched from a bar stool, tired from the day, and dispirited. He noticed that Smithy didn't seem very gay either, although when she danced past him she grinned bravely, and hummed rather loudly: "In days of old, when knights were bold—"

Knowing what she meant, he was suddenly furious at her; her sure contempt because he would do nothing cut like a knife. He got off the stool and cut in on Elyse.

"Remember me," he said. "I'm the guy you brought along for ballast."

She looked up at him, no trace of weariness marring her beauty, and Steve fleetingly wondered at her source of strength. Chiding him, she murmured, "You've been neglecting me, darling. Every time I looked for you, you were off with little What's-Her-Name."

His anger at Smithy overflowed against Elyse. He said irrationally,

"Not on me, Elyse. This is Steve. Don't use that stuff on me."

Abruptly she stopped dancing. Her eyes widened with shock and she said, "Steve, you don't love me! You don't!"

"Sure, I do," he said. "Sorry I was rude."

One of the bodyguard cut in then, and Steve turned away. He didn't see her, but he felt Smithy's taunting eyes on him as he left the room and went up to bed.

THE hotel was full of a tense gloom, because it had rained all afternoon, and when darkness fell, the rain became sleet, rattling with a sharp, oppressive sound against the windows of the bar. It was a dismal blow to everybody, since conditions tomorrow might be dangerous enough to force the cancellation of the race.

"Let's all have another drink," Steve said. He looked at the gloomy Hannes and said with sympathy, "If they do run it off tomorrow, I'm afraid the local boys will have the edge."

Elyse said, "What do you mean?"

"Why," he said, "icy, frozen, rutted snow is what we're used to in New England. But the Swiss boys and the Austrians and the French don't know about it. Over there, they do wonders in deep, soft snow, which is a different matter."

Hannes raised his dark eyes to Smithy. "Perhaps, *liebchen*, I shall fail you tomorrow," Smithy said nothing, but Elyse looked startled, so he explained: "I wish to win this for Leah. It is she who made this possible, as well as saving my life." He turned to Steve. "You are a man and can understand this thing. Leah's father paid the money to bring me safely out of the Reich . . ."

Elyse had lost the reins. Tensely she said, "Do we have to be maudlin about it?"

"Tomorrow night," Hannes said, "the winner receives the trophy, and he then presents it to—to a lady—"

"I know," Elyse said, but her eyes questioned him.

Very quietly, the count said, "I hoped to be able to make this presentation. To Leah, in gratitude for many things."

Elyse sat back in her chair. Her face was smooth and cold, like marble, and as expressionless.

Wanting a drink very badly, Steve left the table for the bar. Almost at once, Elyse was at his elbow, her eyes strangely bright and hot-looking. "You say it will be easy for the Americans tomorrow, Steve?"

"Why, no," he told her. "Not easy. But definitely to their advantage."

For a moment, Elyse waited. Then, breathlessly: "You enter!"

Stunned, he tried to think about it—and laughed aloud at the sheer lunacy of the idea. "Have you lost your mind, darling?"

"You could do it!" she declared. "You're as good as you ever were. Everybody says so that's watched you! Steve, listen to me—you could win!"

Her intensity appalled him. "That's silly. I'm too old—I'm thirty. I've been away from it too long—"

All at once her face seemed to break up and tears ran down her cheeks. The harshness was replaced by a pathetic gentleness. "Steve—Steve," she said, "I've wanted to feel some excitement in loving you for so long, but it's only been like being friends. That's why I went with Hannes—to force you to do something. But you won't even lift a finger!"

"Elyse!"

"You don't care enough to take a

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Just For The Fun of It?

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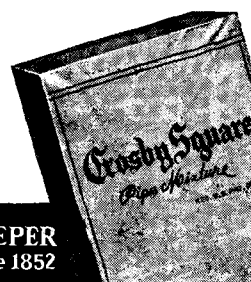
Remember, you thought "she" was an angel and you wrote puppy love notes to her? Then the gang dared you to kiss her, and you did!

## Here's Rich Pipe Flavor With Cigarette Mildness!

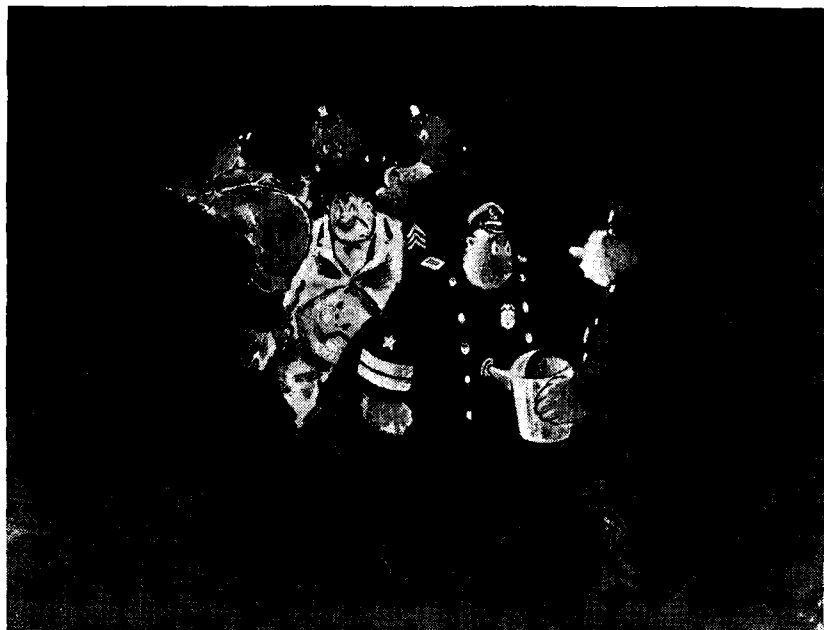
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JAY IRVING





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| 22  | .91    | 31  | 1.16   | 40  | 1.56   | 49  | 2.24   |
| 23  | .94    | 32  | 1.19   | 41  | 1.61   | 50  | 2.35   |
| 24  | .96    | 33  | 1.23   | 42  | 1.68   | 51  | 2.46   |
| 25  | .98    | 34  | 1.27   | 43  | 1.74   | 52  | 2.58   |
| 26  | 1.01   | 35  | 1.31   | 44  | 1.81   | 53  | 2.71   |
| 27  | 1.04   | 36  | 1.35   | 45  | 1.89   | 54  | 2.85   |
| 28  | 1.06   | 37  | 1.40   | 46  | 1.97   | 55  | 3.01   |
| 29  | 1.09   | 38  | 1.45   | 47  | 2.05   |     |        |

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chance. Hannes knows it will be more dangerous for him than for you, but it hasn't frightened him out of the race!" She turned her face away from him; he barely heard her say: "How do you expect me to love a coward?"

That blasted his detachment to bits. Hot anger mounted at the unfair accusation, but, after a time, he said:

"Elyse, dearest. I'll do it. . . ."

Later, when he came from the rooms of the race committee, the delirium was gone. He saw now the enormity of what he was going to do, and he didn't want to talk to anybody about it, not even Elyse.

Standing by the door of his room was Smithy. Her face was pale and she caught his arm roughly.

"Steve," she said, talking fast, "you can't do it—"

"Too late now." He tried to grin.

"Listen to me! It's not too late. But it will take more courage to back out than it will to go through with it—"

"That's what you think," Steve said flippantly.

Smithy lost her temper at that. "You absolute fool!" she stormed at him. "You'll probably break your neck, and you'll deserve it, too! She's using you in the cheapest trick I've seen yet, and I've known her to pull some beauts before this!"

Steve opened the door and went in and shut the door quietly behind him. . . .

. . . Edges, bindings, wax job, windshield—he ticked them off. Everything was as ready as it could be. Steve stood on the gale-swept summit of Mount Washington, waiting for the first contestant to start his run. The sun had been out all morning and softened the frozen crust, but the overcast was solid now and the snow was getting hard again. He had a heavy, sick feeling in his stomach, as the others probably did. It was no comfort. And it was not fun. From here in it was a deadly serious business, because even the best of them could make that one fatal error, and at seventy miles an hour it could happen so quick you would never know what hit you. . . .

THE first man was off before Steve realized. He poled vigorously down the steepening slope of the summit, made a wide swing and dropped over the precipice of the Headwall. Up on the cone, all held their breath. Steve began to count. When he got to nine, the first man reappeared on the floor of the bowl, an infinitesimal dot now, moving at inhuman speed.

Hannes was next. He twisted his head, grinned fleetingly at Steve, who waved; then he was off and away. They went like that, one after another dropping off the edge of this high, remote world. . . . One more man and then it would be Steve's turn. . . .

The starter looked questioningly at him, and Steve moved up to the starting line. His teeth chattered and he clamped his jaw shut. . . . And then the starter must have sent him off, because the snow hissed sharply under the smooth hickory—

Steve went straight off the rim and lanced out into space, leaning far forward, arms outstretched. After an endless moment his skis thwacked resoundingly on the near-vertical slope. He breathed again in relief and dropped into a deep crouch. A fierce excitement had driven the chill of terror from his chest, and he knew now that he could not soldier on this run. He was in it, and must strive against the others fairly. He could not play it safe. . . . Steve took the Headwall straight.

Across the vast floor of the bowl he fled, and pitched into the narrow, treacherous gully beyond. It was terribly rough and he smacked across the rough spots like a stone skipped across the

waves. . . . He came safely through the defile, slammed down over the Little Headwall, making his first slight check-turns to cut this unendurable speed. Then he streaked across the flat in a wide swing to enter the woods at the top of the Sherburne Trail.

It was much darker in here among the trees and already he was tiring fast from the terrific strain. His breath burned in his throat and his legs felt almost numb. The trail had been so churned up by the preceding racers that each corner was sharply banked, and it was necessary to follow strictly in their tracks instead of turning as he wanted.

Down-up-and-swing-down . . . at this speed all the curves were just one devilish serpentine, with no breathing space between. . . . Down-up-and-swing-down . . . all at once he knew he was not going to make it. His strength was gone, his legs were unsteady, his control shattered. The turns came at him too fast, too often, and he was scrambling around them, fighting madly for balance.

IT CAME as he approached the S-turn near the bottom that winds between the two boulders. He tried to check his excessive speed, but an unseen elevation lifted him off the snow, and . . .

. . . Steve lay in a heap, his legs in an incredible tangle beneath him. For a long moment there was no feeling at all in his body, and then the pain came in a wave that made him gasp.

A ski patrolman slashed through the trees and stopped. He looked very frightened. "I'll go for the toboggan crew."

Steve whispered, "Don't touch me . . . cigarette!"

The patrolman put one between his lips; then he bent down and loosed the viselike binding from Steve's boots. That lessened the strain some. Then the youngster was gone and Steve just lay there, thankful for the cigarette smoke in his aching lungs.

He could not guess how badly he was hurt. It did not seem to matter very much. He had tried as hard as he could, but he had let Elyse down. She had wanted him to win, and the best he could do was this. It was funny—Smithy had called his shots exactly. . . . Thinking of that, Steve knew with a sudden, terrible clarity that this was the end of an allegiance, his final act of homage. In doing this mad thing, he had absolved himself from any further payment of tribute to an idea he could no longer believe in. It had not been his race any more—it belonged to the daring of his youth, as was only right.

But Steve saw now that he had held on to many things he had outgrown, because they were the easy, the familiar

things; and he had just now learned the new courage of maturity. . . . He was not lazy, nor even very tolerant, as he had believed. He would have to explain that to Smithy, if she would listen.

It was simply that he had stopped loving Elyse, without breaking the habit, quite a long time ago! Admitting it in this moment, he felt as lonesome as death. . . .

They came then with the toboggan. Steve spat out the cigarette and when they gently lifted him and laid him on his back on the toboggan, he said nothing, but quietly fainted.

Steve came to, lying on the floor of a station wagon that was moving slowly over the slippery, rutted road. He hurt all over, but he was fully awake now. He recognized one of the men in the front seat as the doctor from the hospital at North Conway. "Hey," Steve called. "What's the damages?"

The doctor grinned back at him. "Oh, just a broken shoulder and some sprains. You'll be up and around in a few years, maybe."

"Lie still, you goof!" said Smithy's voice.

Steve twisted his head and nearly yelped with pain, but he was so glad to see her it didn't matter. She was sitting on the floor by his head and even in the darkness he could see the tears on her face.

"You were right, Smithy," he told her. "As far as you went."

"Don't talk, please!" Her mouth was unsteady.

"I'm a dope," he said thickly, because it was urgent that she understand. "Just as you said. Now tell me what she said when they brought me down." He saw her lips tighten and he knew instinctively that for once she was going to lie to him. He commanded her: "On the level, Smithy."

"It isn't what you want to hear—"

"Say it."

A sob tore through her and she dropped her face in her hands. Brokenly, Smithy said, "She doesn't even know! Hannes broke the course record—and after that, she didn't even wait. They went off somewhere together. I—I told him I didn't want the trophy—"

"She went off without waiting," Steve said. It didn't surprise him at all, now that he understood. "I'm glad."

"You're what?"

THE headlights from a passing car played across the mink-colored hair. Steve just looked at it, feeling very quiet, and at peace with himself. He said, "Smithy, I'm not a dope any more. Or a lap dog. I just found out I haven't loved Elyse for a long time. I'm not even very sorry. But about Hannes—I'm sorry about that."

Slowly she lifted her head. "Sorry for—"

"Yes," he said. "I never believed you."

Smithy looked so strange he tried to lift his head to see her better. From this angle he couldn't tell whether she was laughing or crying. "Would I have sat back and let her take him—would I have cared how she kicked you around, made you swing from the rafters if I was in love with Hannes? Adams, you're still a dope!" She sounded furious.

A deep, pervading happiness surged through his big, depleted frame, driving the lonesomeness ahead of it. He said quietly, "I guess we can't go to the ball in my delicate condition, Smithy. But if you were interested, I could present you with the booby prize, which I won hands down."

Her face came close to his, and all around him was the sweet scent of her hair. "Oh, Steve," she whispered, "I guess a consolation prize is all right, after all."





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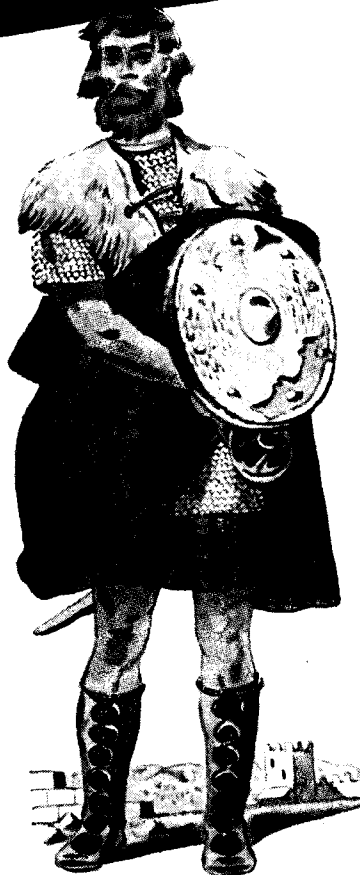
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## WHAT'S YOUR SCORE on these WORLD-FAMOUS SCOTS?

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8 years old  
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Both 86.8 proof



Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer

## Our New Army

Continued from page 26

homans who served with the 36th Division in '17 the stunt isn't new. Indians drove the Germans wacky with their strange "code."

THE most supermodern method of calling in draftees is used in the section of the country that has been least affected by modern civilization—the 16,000,000-acre, 25,000-square-mile Navaho Indian Reservation in northern New Mexico and Arizona, where 5,000 original Americans are registered. When an Indian's turn comes to report for induction, word is sent out over short-wave radio from the office of Supt. E. R. Fryer at Window Rock, Arizona. The broadcast is picked up by 400 receiving sets on the reservation and passed along until the inductee gets wind of it. Only about five per cent of the Navahos speak English, and so few can write that it's customary for a young buck to sign his enlistment papers with a thumbprint—the "Navaho typewriter."

SELFIDGE FIELD, MICHIGAN: Glamor isn't restricted to Air Force pilots any more. Through arrangements made by their post's two chaplains and social workers in Detroit, enlisted men in the ground crews entertained a hundred stenographers and shopgirls of the YWCA at Christmas dances. The program went off with such a bang that the boys asked fifty of the gals to a Valentine shindig. Now the girls are retaliating by inviting fifty men at a time to Saturday night YWCA dances and Sunday dinners. It's a wonder anybody gets any work done.

CAMP BEAUREGARD, LOUISIANA: Wisconsin and Michigan National Guard regiments of the 32d Division held a motor show complete with truck and motorcycle races, tire-changing contests, truck loading and unloading competitions and motor repair events. Merchants in near-by Alexandria donated prizes, many of which were copped by soldiers of the 125th Infantry, 107th Engineers and 107th Medical regiments. These outfits are from—guess where?—Detroit, where some of the enlisted men were practically born in automobile plants.

VENDORS of pocket-size editions of Spanish grammars found a brisk market in 32d Division officers and men, who spend all their spare time memorizing words and tossing off phrases. Their answer to the suggestion that the pastime is preparation for future service in South or Central America is usually: "Well—we haven't been told to expect anything like that. It's just a good way to kill time. But... *quien sabe?*"

CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA: Ten weeks from now Camp Blanding will be the fifth largest city in Florida. Only Jacksonville, Miami, Tampa and St. Petersburg will exceed the camp's expected 50,600 population, and a few extra regiments would nudge St. Petersburg into fifth place. The amount of feverish activity going on in the six-by-twelve-mile area of mud is such that civilian observers feel like nine-year-olds trying to keep track of an eight-ring circus. This will give an idea of Blanding's size: They're building a camp laundry which alone will require the services of 600 workers.

Parents of a Blanding soldier needn't worry about the corrupting influences of city bright lights on their son. Blanding is marooned. The small town of Starke is eight miles distant; Green Cove Springs is nineteen. Both communities roll up the sidewalks at eight P. M. Jacksonville is fifty-four miles through Starke; forty-six miles through Green Cove Springs. Busses operate between Blanding and Jacksonville but commuting workmen choke the narrow roads, and the soldier has too little liberty to make the slow trip. Traffic moves in an unbroken line at twenty-five miles an hour, with passing prohibited by congestion. The transportation problem has Tallahassee authorities babbling to themselves.

MEMBERS of the Second Battalion, 114th Field Artillery, Mississippi National Guard, have something in Headquarters Battery's Staff Sgt. Joe Phillips, who's a "ham" radio operator and has his equipment with him. Would he send some chatter back home for a few of the boys? Sure. But "a few of the boys" became most of the boys, and Sgt. Phillips has had to set up a schedule. Hams throughout Mississippi deliver and collect messages nightly for the boys and their wives, mothers and sweetie-pies.

PURISTS in search of a better term than draftee or selectee may be up against it, but not the Floridians at Blanding: a draftee to them is a yearling. To hairsplitters who wonder how long it will be before someone dubs the camp hostesses heifers, a certain regimental sergeant major says: "Not a chance. A heifer is a young female. I said young. Know any camp hostesses in the country who could qualify?"

FORT DOUGLAS, UTAH: Pvt. Nicholas L. Strike, Salt Lake City volunteer, may be Ensign Strike by now. He applied for a commission in the supply corps of the Naval Reserve, waited a while, heard nary a peep out of the Navy, finally got himself selected by the Army and was shunted from (1) Fort Douglas to (2) Fort Ord to (3) Fort McArthur in San Pedro, California. Then the naval commission came through and the Navy requested their man's release from the Army, which had made a good start at letting Pvt. (Ensign) Strike see the world.

AT THE Salt Lake Army Station, Sgt. Charles B. Dowda was explaining to a volunteer the various training opportunities offered by the Army. There were clerical work, music, radio, aviation, mechanics—

"I ain't interested in training," the recruit cut in. "I'm joinin' the Army to fight."

GENERAL: There's a simple rule for distinguishing between Regular and National Guard regiments. Regular regiments run from 1st to 100th; National Guard, 100th to 300th. Regular divisions begin with the 1st, end with the 25th; National Guard divisions run from 26th to 75th. In general, that is. The Army has lately been creating new regiments up in the 500's (the 518th Military Police at Fort Jay, New York, for instance), so the rule won't always work.

ANYWAY, it ought to befuddle foreign agents  
G. W.



## Skeeter Fleet

Continued from page 16

long, with a beam of 22 feet, she has the general appearance of a surfboard—and that's the way she rides the waves. The broad beam and a hull designed for planing are responsible. Instead of trying to plow through the waves, the PT boat skims over them just as a Kanaka's plank rides the surf at Waikiki. Hitting it up, even in calm water, a third of the forward keel is exposed while the stern buries itself deep. It looks like the hull of a seaplane about to take off.

Come aboard. Obviously Buck Rogers had a hand in designing the bridge, a bulbous cabin squatting forward on the deck. Its ports, or windows, slant up and aft; spray throwers (rotary high-speed windshield wipers) make vision possible even in heavy weather. One step up and you're on the flying bridge, just an open cockpit where your only protection from wind and seas is a low plastic windshield. Dual controls permit the boat to be conned from either bridge.

### Seagoing Splinter

Walking aft, watch your step on the narrow, sloping deck. And don't bark your shins on one of those four torpedo tubes, each packing a wallop that Torpedomen Bushnell and Cushing never dreamed of. Amidships are two glass-topped turrets brandishing four anti-aircraft guns.

If you're not too bulky, you can squeeze through a narrow, folding hatch and go below. Better crouch here—headroom was ignored by the designer. Down another short ladder and you're in a tiny fo'c'sle, the crew's quarters. As small as it is, it's the roomiest part of the boat and you can stand erect for a change. Eight folding bunks line the bulkhead on either side and a mess table, adequate for a hand of bridge and usable of course only in port, is suspended from above.

There's even a half-pint galley, just big enough for Chico, the Filipino cook, a two-burner electric stove and an electric refrigerator. "Can carry provisions for five days," Chico announces proudly. "Can cook only in port when no bounce, but Chico made hot coffee on run from Brooklyn. Fellers crazy about hot coffee."

The PT's radio shack is a small table amidships, its short-wave sender and receiver suitcase-size. There's even a portable typewriter for transcribing messages. Maneuvering as a squadron, the boats talk constantly with one another and that explains the long buggy whip pluming up from the bridge—ship's aerial.

Going farther aft you slide through another narrow hatch into an engine room which is ninety per cent engine and ten per cent room. The only way the engineers can get around here is baby-fashion, on hands and knees, crawling about the three Packard engines which harness 1,350 horses to each of the triple screws. Under way, when these three bassos start singing, the PT engine room is as silent as the interior of a blitz

tank. The entire crew wear ear plugs and converse in sign language. It's that noisy.

Let Bill McComb, one of the Packard engineers who went along on the cruise to chaperon the engines and familiarize the crew with them, take the floor now. They have twelve cylinders, he says, burn 100-octane gasoline, can make the boat leap from a speed of ten knots to forty knots—not its top speed, by the way—in ten seconds. To perform this last stunt, all the skipper on the PT's bridge has to do is yank his throttles open and brace himself.

Ordinarily, engine repairs are not attempted under way, although on the Brooklyn-Annapolis trip McComb did replace a disabled plug in the cooling system with a cork from a thermos bottle. It's much simpler, however, when an engine goes sour, to shut it down and replace it later with a spare, either at the shore base or from the mother ship of the squadron. The latter vessel, a converted yacht, once wine and dined the social friends of Hiram Manville, the asbestos king, before it was assigned to shepherd the PT boats.

This is the stage the U. S. Navy has set for the future Bushnells and Cushings, the torpedo-boat greats of our next naval war. Bushnell had his sculling oar; Cushing, the Civil War adventurer, had his steam launch and a small crew to help him man it; the PT boys have a bronco with 4,000 horsepower under its saddle—the equivalent power of one of our touted flying fortresses.

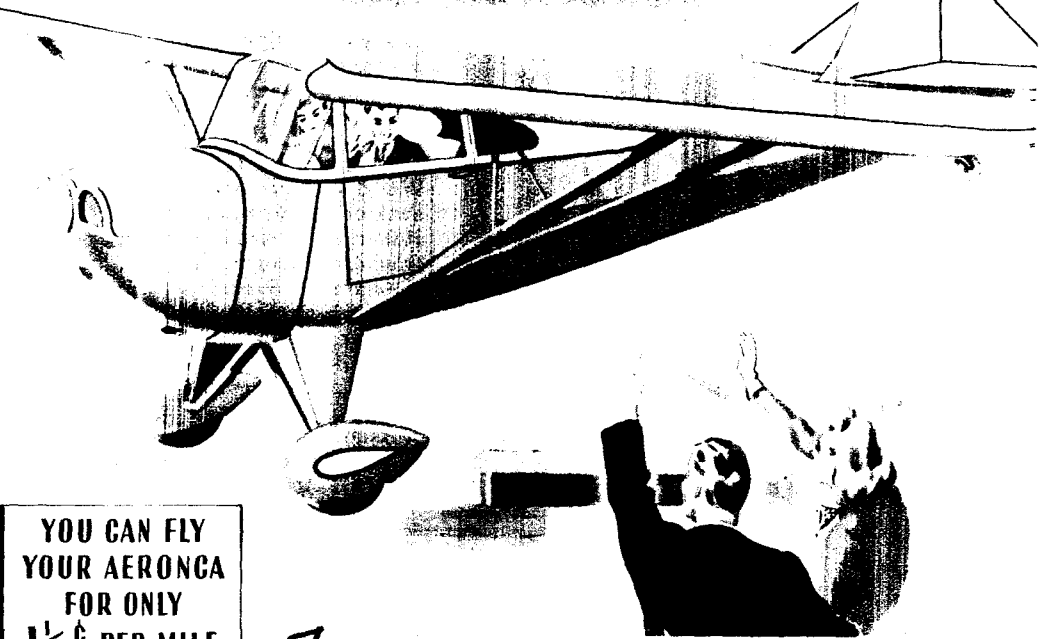
Our Navy didn't set the stage too willingly, however, as reported in Collier's last March. At that time the Navy, while recognizing the value of a modern torpedo-boat fleet, resented the willy-nilly adoption of a British design. The Scott-Payne boat, from which the PT boats were adapted, had been sponsored too hastily, the Navy averred; why not let some of our own naval brains work out an even better model?

Since then the Navy has had a change of heart toward the PT's. Rush orders have gone through for another batch of twenty-four, plus 175 engines and spares to power them. Commanders of big fleets are asking for details of the mosquito boats.

This change of attitude may have been inspired by fairly recent events in Norway, Dunkirk and the Mediterranean, when naval and invasion tactics changed overnight. Small, fast boats—and plenty of them—was the new order. And while the Navy awaits the completion of its three fleets of big-ship defenders, it isn't overlooking harbor defense. If you can get by the triple marine guard at your nearest navy yard you will find abundant evidence of this in the strange assortment of pleasure craft we've been buying up—millionaire's yachts, offshore schooners, even 30-foot cabin cruisers. They're all being converted into battleship-gray tenders and patrol boats.

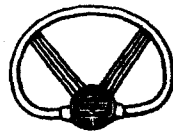
So, within the short space of twelve months, the sleek PT boats seem to have won prominent space in our all-out national-defense program. And this shake-down cruise probably will decide whether they hold that space permanently. Not that the Navy expects miracles of them. The usefulness of the mosquito fleet, in fact, is summed up realistically by the young, doughty squadron commander, Lieutenant E. C. Caldwell, thus: "Listen, the PT boat is strictly an opportunist weapon. It will never replace the battleship, the cruiser, the submarine or the destroyer. But give us a dark night, a fairly smooth sea and

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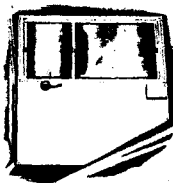
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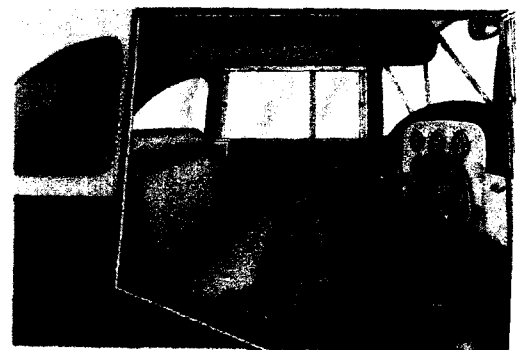
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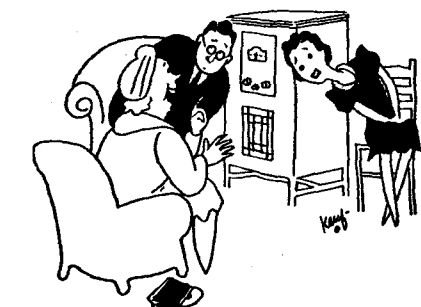
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an enemy ship lurking offshore. That's all we need. Acting singly or in squadron, our mosquito boats can steal out at high speed to within striking distance of the target, let go with torpedoes and be well on the way back to port before the enemy knows what hit him."

That is the principal tactical theory of the only new weapon our Navy has developed out of the current war. Each PT boat put into the water is a \$223,000 gamble that it or one of its mates may some day—or some dark, calm night—send to the bottom a battleship or cruiser costing millions.

The U. S. mosquito boats are so brand-new we have no actual battle record to judge them by. So our tacticians are guided necessarily by the past performance of British, Italian, French and German torpedo craft of this general type. A study of that composite record reveals one startling item: In the first World War prototypes of the PT boats sank or put out of action five battleships. Italian boats accounted for three Austrian dreadnoughts and that's the reason the name of Rizzo is well up on the list of Italian naval heroes. Rizzo was commander of the torpedo carrier that scored a direct and fatal hit on Franz Josef's pride, the St. Stephen. Again in 1919, when the British were battling the Russian Communists after the revolution, torpedo-boat raids on Kronstadt knocked out two capital ships, a cruiser and two destroyers, while only two of the raiders were lost.

#### Hit-and-Run Tactics

Britain is operating dozens of modern torpedo boats in the current war, Germany is reported to have a fleet of several hundred. Most of the German boats are low-lying launches, about fifty feet long, mounting a small-caliber cannon and two torpedoes.

Nazi torpedo boats were active in the invasion of Norway last spring, protecting transports and supply ships and chasing off defense craft. One of the latter, an antiquated Norwegian torpedo boat, was sunk in a fjord. Later, describing operations in the North Sea on May 10th, the German admiralty announced: "A German torpedo boat sank an enemy destroyer with a torpedo shot." For that deed the mosquito boat's skipper got his picture in all the papers and made a special trip to Berlin to have Hitler pin a *Ritterkreuz* on his chest.

When the Nazis subsequently seized Dutch and French ports, the maneuvers of their torpedo boats multiplied. While the battle of Flanders was raging, they reportedly bagged another destroyer and their harassing of the Dunkirk *évacués* is summed up in another official list of enemy craft destroyed. It reads, "Between May 10th and June 24th, six enemy destroyers, two submarines, one auxiliary cruiser, two transports, three armed steamers and one airplane."

British torpedo boats also were conspicuous in the evacuation of Dunkirk. Their speed and smallness made difficult targets for German bombs and machine guns. One of them, the last boat to leave Dunkirk, ferried 150 men across safely although she was holed on the water line forward.

More recently they have reversed the process, carrying suicide squads of raiders across the Channel at night and landing them at isolated points on the French coast. Upon landing the raiders put on a noisy show, intended mainly to destroy enemy morale, then re-embarked—if they were lucky.

It was three British junior officers, incidentally, who first thought up the modern hit-and-run torpedo boat. In 1915 Lieutenants Hampden, Bremmer and Anson put their heads together and decided that small, shallow-draft speed-

## FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN (and Women)

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists  
No. 32



Margot Cook, born in San Diego and brought up in Fort Worth, studied designing at the Texas State College for Women, then sketched fashions for a Houston department store until she saved enough money to study at Manhattan's Art Students League. After that it was a toss-up between fashions and cartoons—and cartoons won (see opposite page). Is married to Louis Priscilla (see page 33) who drew the above caricature. An accomplished equestrienne, Margot would like to own a horse but has compromised on a kitten.

boats could skim safely across the mine-infested Channel and take pot shots at German ships in North Sea bases. They sold the idea to Commodore Tyrwhitt, commanding at Harwich, and eventually a dozen torpedo boats of 4½ tons (our modern PT's are 35 tons) were built. They were forty feet long, carried a suicide crew of just two junior officers and hit 33 knots.

The boat had no torpedo tubes but carried its "fish" in a trough at the stern. In action the torpedo was launched backward over the stern; when it plunked into the water, its compressed-air motor hurtled it forward, aimed directly at the boat it had just left.

Well, the young officers soon solved that problem. At the moment of launching, they set the speed of the boat enough knots faster than the speed of the torpedo so that the tail couldn't catch up with the dog.

These British pioneers put on a very creditable show, laying smoke screens for larger attacking ships, planting mines and rescuing crews of downed R.A.F. planes. Two of their later models, 55 feet long and carrying two torpedoes, were responsible for that torpedo-boat victory in 1919 at Kronstadt.

Our own modern torpedo-boat pioneers, those young huskies currently barking their shins and their skulls on the sharp, salty corners of the Caribbean, are also getting their training the hard way. They know by now that when a PT boat is hitting it up in dirty weather they must "ride the boat," become a part of the hull itself, stay glued to a bulkhead or stanchion. They know how vulnerable their water bronco's skin is to a floating log or hunk of driftwood and they've seen propellers banged into

uselessness by just such enemies. They know that a PT propeller is purposely fashioned from pliable metal to absorb such shocks so that the drive shaft is not damaged.

The torpedo-boat sailors believe implicitly in their boats' ability to ward off a counterattack by planes. In a sham battle a while ago off Newport they saw dive bombers swoop down on them continuously, using cameras instead of bombs, and when the films were developed, they showed that the theoretical bombs had come no closer than 500 feet to any boat in the squadron. Conversely, their own antiaircraft guns, similarly equipped with cameras, scored plenty of direct hits on the dive bombers.

But don't think the PT men are too cocky. They are quite aware of the nastiness a lucky enemy bomb or shell could create on one of these floating arsenals; what it could do to the 500 pounds of TNT packed into each torpedo's war head, to the trigger-quick detonators and cordite boosters stored amidships. Details like these remind the torpedomen of that line in their enlistment application asking for the address and phone number of their nearest of kin.

Humanly, like any other soldier, sailor or marine, they beef. They think the .30-caliber AA guns are too feeble—might as well have Springfield rifles on deck. Now, with a .37-millimeter cannon—boy! just let a dive bomber come into range! And look what the Germans have done with their torpedo tubes, streamlined them right into the hull, cutting down wind resistance, adding speed. The fact that the Germans also have a mechanical loader for their tubes, while we load ours by hand, doesn't pass unnoticed.

But these are minor squawks and purely indicative of an ambition to make our mosquito fleet the biggest and best. In the next breath they will tell you excitedly about the new, larger 77-foot PT's we are building, with more power and speed; about their planned PC boats carrying depth charges.

They will argue all night with destroyer men: "Okay, a destroyer costs five or six million dollars. For the same price you can build at least twenty PT's with triple the torpedo punch." Let a Navy flier say the wrong word and the mosquito man comes back with figures fresh from the engineer's slide rule, "Look, the latest Martin bomber weighs 7½ pounds per horsepower, the newest transatlantic clipper averages fourteen pounds, while our boats only ask for nine pounds the horsepower."

#### It's Up to the Designers

Now if you'd like to get a real, salty blasting, ask one of the torpedo-boat boys if he wouldn't like to transfer to some other duty for a change. After all, you say, the novelty of being banged around in cramped quarters and going without real meals should wear off quickly. The answer to this question will knock your hat off, whether it be given by Squadron Commander Caldwell, who grew up with the boats, by the young skipper of the PT9 who left a good job in Wall Street last year to volunteer in the reserve, or by Chico, the mess cook. The gist of their collective response is that they wouldn't swap their jobs for all the battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines in the Navy—and you can throw in the Air Force too.

Oblivious to all this verbiage, the master minds in the Navy construction corps are facing a pressing problem. It seems they now have to design a boat faster, sturdier and more vicious than the PT. When they get it down, first on paper, then in water, it will have a specific, important function and title—Anti-motor-torpedo-boat boat.



## Mr. Bildig's Bird

Continued from page 14

have met him, after which Mr. Bildig hurried to his usual seat, a trifle late with his Times reading.

News of the articulate bird slowly seeped through the train and later on through the town itself, persons asking one another if they had heard of this man with the talking bird. Man's name was Bildig. Lived over on Oak Street and went to business daily.

The Balsam Manor News printed an item about it. A funny man in the Manhattanite wrote something quite funny about Bildig, the proud and happy owner of Peewee. And all the while, more and more members of the morning eight-o'clock crowd addressed themselves to him, always with reference to the bird. Even Greenspoon—who owned six factories in Jersey, with offices in New York—became aware of his existence through a conversation going into town with Horace Jones, the broker.

"Queer," said Horace, sitting beside Greenspoon, "about that man Bildig."

"Who's he?" the other demanded. Greenspoon was a huge man with a rumbling voice that came from an enormous stomach.

"That little chap sitting in the corner seat. He's got a talking bird. Says anything to you."

"Got a talking bird? Nonsense. No such thing."

"He owns," insisted Horace, "a very rare specimen called a Satin Burger. Looks like a small blackbird."

"Don't believe a word of it," said

Greenspoon, who'd been trying to read. "Has anybody ever heard the bird talk?"

Whereupon Horace told him in detail and Greenspoon put down his paper and looked at Bildig more carefully.

In the preceding three years he had never noticed Bildig any more than if he had been a water cup. Now he did, although in five minutes he had forgotten Horace Jones' fishy tale.

Greenspoon was a businessman who selected his department heads by studying their habits and character. Nobody could pick his head men but himself and that's why he was successful, as he told everybody.

"I have made a success of my affairs," he would say in any company, "by studying men. I've studied hundreds and my key men are all sound. Not everybody can do it, of course. I just have the knack."

MEANTIME, Rex Stover, asparagus king of Lower New York, addressed himself amiably to Mr. Bildig and finally wound up by asking Bildig over to his house for dinner.

"I have a couple of kids who love birds," Stover said heartily. "Come over and bring your bird and we'll have him talk for the children and my wife. You're married, Bildig?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Bring your wife. Simple little dinner. No evening clothes. How about Thursday night, at seven?"

"Very nice indeed," said Bildig,

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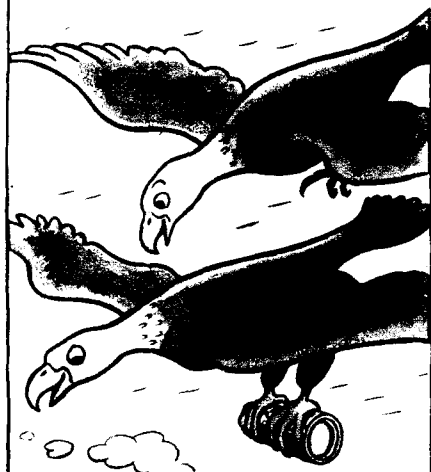
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calmly. And on Thursday evening he and Mrs. Bildig ventured out to their first dinner in Balsam Manor. Bildig carried Peewee on his arm and the Rex Stovers treated them fine. The children made a great fuss over the Satin Burger. They talked to him, although he didn't talk back. Bildig had him do a few parlor tricks, fly up to a picture frame and come back to his wrist. He even talked to Peewee, but the bird did not respond. He made the usual chirping, indiscriminate sounds of a small bird, cackled and cocked an eye at the Stovers, who kept listening in vain for him to say, "I feel fine tonight and will have some beer."

Bildig explained patiently that strangers embarrassed Peewee. It was a poor night for the bird but a grand one for Mrs. Bildig. She laughed heartily and ate too much pudding.

Two or three other families followed Stover's lead and Bildig took his wife and bird, and a pleasant evening followed—but nobody could understand what Peewee was saying.

And thus Bildig came to know some of the residents of Balsam Manor. People nodded to him on the streets and on the morning train he was even invited to join the bridge games. He smilingly declined all invitations, as he didn't play games and those club-car stakes always made him shiver, anyhow. He changed none of his habits, worked in his garden, fixed the old car and scraped through on fifty a week—and expected no change.

Nor did one occur until Greenspoon spoke to him later on, on the run into town. Greenspoon had been staring at him with a preoccupied look, like a fat snake looking over a baby bunny, and you could see that the selective brain was at work. He called over to Bildig and asked him to sit down.

"Mr. Bildig," said the town's leading factory owner, "I've been looking you over lately. I've been analyzing your character."

"You have?" said Bildig. "That surprises me indeed, Mr. Greenspoon."

"It naturally would. When I become interested in a man, I give him a mental going over. I go after him and see what he is and he never knows it. When I have him nailed in my mind, I speak up."

"A very good idea," said Bildig, who was again beginning to fret about his morning Times.

"Bildig," said the other, "how much money do you make?"

"Fifty dollars a week."

"It's hardly enough for Balsam Manor," fumed the big man. "You can't scratch by on that and I know it. That's why I'm going to give you a better job and pay you thirty-five hundred to start."

MR. BILDIG looked startled and seized the arm of his seat. "Thirty-five hundred!" he exclaimed. "Why, you don't even know me, Mr. Greenspoon. I'm only a price clerk with the bottling concern. How do you know I would be of any use to you?"

"How do I know?" Greenspoon roared. "Because I am a specialist in picking men. I want you for the head of our screen and frames department. The old head has been gone five months and you're the new man, if you'll take the job."

"I certainly will take it," cried Bildig, "and I'll do my very best."

"I know you will—your character tells me that, and I have no need to know your experience. You can see I've been looking you over."

"Yes, sir, and I hope I make good."

"You will. You will. Another thing—I rather like your habit of putting a few dollars away in the savings bank. Fine habit. These things all add together in

my mind and I've yet to pick a poor department head."

Bildig didn't quite understand about the savings bank. He never had excess funds to put anywhere, but he had to let it pass. They were coming into Grand Central.

On the night train to Balsam Manor, Greenspoon again sat beside Horace Jones. "This will interest you, Horace," he began. "I'm going to give Bildig a job. Been studying the man. He's made for us."

"That's excellent," said Horace heartily. "I hope you pay him more money than he gets now. I think he's had a hard time of it."

"Certainly will. A thousand more a year to begin. And another thing, Horace. Your comments about him had something to do with my decision."

"How's that?"

"Well, about his orderly, quiet ways. Cool head and putting a little in Burger's Savings Bank every week."

"I never said anything about his putting money in the bank," Horace turned in his seat, a little puzzled.

"Oh, yes, you did, this very morning. You said he saved and put it in Burger's."

"Listen, Greenspoon, I never said a thing about Bildig's financial affairs. I know nothing of the man. I merely said he had a bird called a Burger."

"Weren't you talking to me about Bildig this morning?"

"I was. We were talking about that bird he's got."

"Bird?"

"Yes, a Satin Burger. Bird talks."

"You didn't tell me—"

"I told you nothing except he had a bird. Keep your ears open, Greenspoon. I don't see how you run six factories."

"Well, it doesn't matter much. He's the man I want. I never make a mistake."

MR. BILDIG formally notified the bottlers that he would be finishing in two weeks to take a better job and his office survived the shock nicely. Greenspoon invited him to dinner on Saturday night.

"And bring your little bird," boomed his new employer. "Have him talk to us. I've got four boys."

So the Bildigs sallied forth on Saturday, met Mrs. Greenspoon, put Peewee through his antics and listened to Greenspoon discuss himself and his methods. The bird talked poorly and only Bildig could hear him and that by putting his head on the table close to Peewee's bill.

Greenspoon ate heartily, drank a little wine, opened his vest and went over the complete history of his success in detecting talent where no one else could see it. Finally, he said:

"I don't say my system would work with other executives, Bildig, for they haven't the understanding."

THE boys were gone from the table. It was after 9:30, and the dinner should have been finished, but Greenspoon was in one of his talking moods. Bildig looked down at Peewee on his wrist, but Peewee was asleep—the only one present not listening to Balsam Manor's big man.

"I picked you, Bildig, for the screen and frame job"—he had said it ten times to Bildig already—"because in the first place you are a modest man and—"

Peewee woke up. He cocked a baleful eye upon Greenspoon and, opening his bill a trifle, said, "Ah, nuts."

Greenspoon stopped suddenly. He looked around the table.

"What was that?" he asked. "Who said that?"

"Why, that was Peewee," said Bildig, torn between pride and embarrassment. "Don't mean anything. He always talks like that when roused from sleep. Pay no attention, Mr. Greenspoon."

The host stared long and hard at Peewee, with a puzzled expression, and the dinner ended.

When Greenspoon walked out on the lawn with the departing guests, he was again the confident executive, guiding the new department head.

"Better get yourself a new car, Bildig. That looks a trifle shabby. If you get stuck on the payments, I'll help out."

"Thank you," said Bildig. "Thank you again."

Then they all said good night and Bildig drove on home. He smiled to himself and glanced at his wife beside him.

"Rather embarrassing to have the bird come out like that," he said. "Might have ruffled Mr. Greenspoon."

"I don't think so. Seemed to fit nicely into all that self-praise." She paused. "The man talks too much and you know it."

They smiled at each other across the old car and the bird slept peacefully on his arm. Bildig resolved to put in his very best licks at the screen and frame factory. He would never make a mistake.

When they drove into the garage Peewee woke up.

Peewee said, "Ah, nuts!"

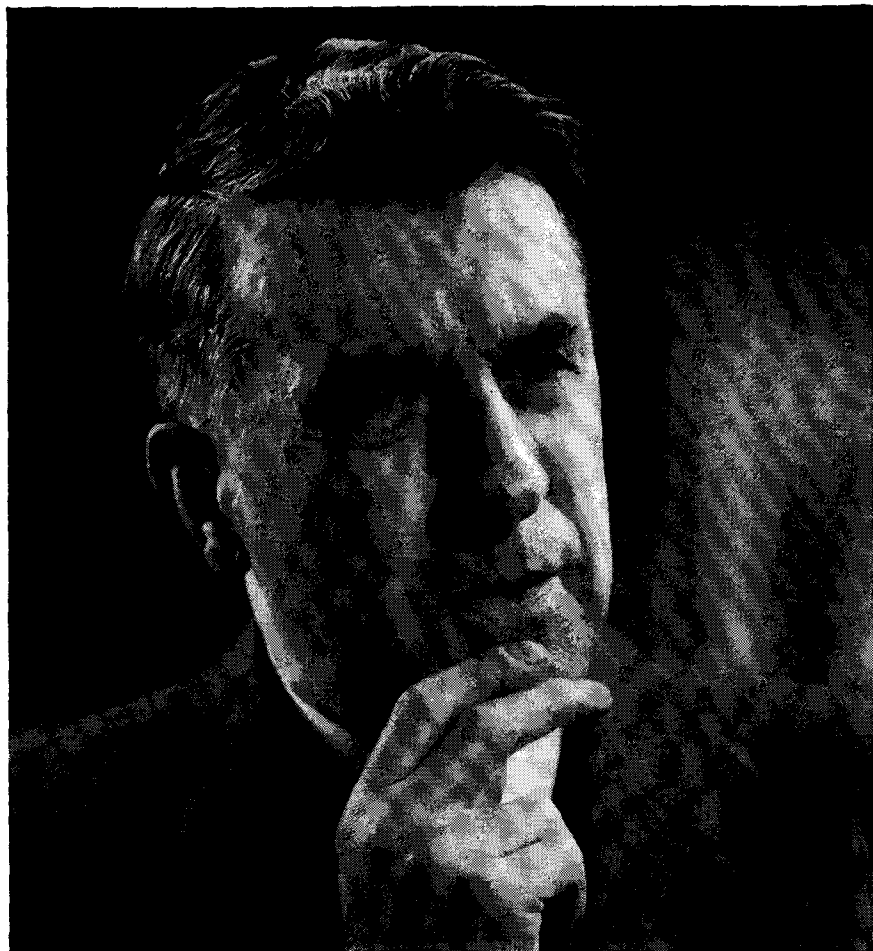
Bildig thought that it might be a good idea to teach Peewee to whistle.



"It took me six weeks to get tickets for this broadcast"

ADOLPH SCHUS





If it's new-typewriter time in your office, let your typist decide! First, because she and she alone knows what make suits her style of typing best . . . the one on which she can do *better* work for you—and do it *faster*.



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# ROYAL

## WORLD'S NUMBER 1

# TYPEWRITER

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### Try This At Bedtime Tonight

HERE'S that new "morning freshness" idea you hear so much about these days. A simple plan that thousands are following religiously—for clear-eyed morning "sparkle" and energetic days.

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The new, improved Ovaltine has recently been enriched with greater amounts of protecting minerals and Vitamins A, B and D. It is a *scientific* food-concentrate designed to accomplish specific nutritional results

for those who are rundown, nervous and under par or who sleep poorly.

These are not mere "statements" or "claims." In a 3-year scientific investigation, the majority found that, when they took Ovaltine regularly at bedtime, they definitely felt *more refreshed* in the morning.

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## We're in the Army Now

Continued from page 15

Local commanders are assisted therein by the chaplains, the morale officers, the welfare hostesses. While these guardians of your boy's morale are not always successful, the records indicate desired results far above the average in any civil community. In near-by towns, welfare organizations such as the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board and like groups do a lot to make the rough and lonely moments more pleasant. Theirs is not a too-severe task either. The vast majority of our soldiers ask no more than a fair chance to be decent, loyal and hard-working.

We are not attempting to coddle your young man; you wouldn't want the Army to do that. Nor is it our aim to treat him at once as the recruit who must be beaten into a hard-boiled soldier without delay. Special efforts are made to control near-by vice resorts by co-operation with city and state authorities. Where this fails, wise commanders rule dives and similar resorts "off limits" or out of bounds. For years the Army has led in group control against venereal diseases. All applicants for enlistment and all trainees are examined that we may be sure that none comes into the Army infected. Line commanders and medical officers have definite responsibility to guard their men against such diseases. Their leadership qualities are judged in part on the success they achieve along these lines. The trainee who renders himself unfit for duty by contracting a venereal disease is punished. And he is medically treated, promptly and efficiently.

All this, you may be sure, is definitely a part of the business of making a soldier above the average in character, physique, morale, team consciousness. It is the responsibility of us who are entrusted with the work of training your young man to defend himself, defend you and the America that we love, to approach all tasks cheerfully, be they pleasant or unpleasant. Properly trained, he will go forth determined in war or peace to overcome obstacles. If we do our part as it is our duty to do it, he will be assured of a happy, interesting and instructive service. He will learn the true meaning of comradeship. He will make lasting, loyal friends. He will come through a stronger, clearer-minded, more self-reliant man.

#### The Jest That Saved the Day

I remember Taytay, a small town north of Manila in the Philippine Islands. That was where I first was introduced to enemy bullets. General Otis, commander in the Philippines, had staged this early battle with the Filipino insurgent leader Aguinaldo, hopeful of driving him from the country surrounding Manila. My captain was sick. My first lieutenant was away on other duty. The lot of leading a company of about a hundred men fell upon me, a second lieutenant aged nineteen. We advanced through thick woods to open rice fields. Then suddenly a volley of Mauser bullets whistled overhead. All of us dropped in bewilderment behind a rice dike.

While only two men were killed, the immediate psychological effect was appalling until an old first sergeant—Feldcamp—passed along the line shouting: "What's the matter with you guys? That's nothing but tropical bumble bees."

Maybe you don't think that remark particularly witty. But it snapped us out of our bewilderment. A laugh started. Before anyone realized what

we were doing, we were on our feet, charging with the bayonet. We routed the enemy. I mention the incident merely because soon after his training begins the new soldier begins to understand just what happened there at Taytay. The recollection of that incident plus my father's favorite adage—"Make the best out of the worst"—have deeply influenced my own forty-two years of service in our Army.

I ask you to believe that I'm not sermonizing. The business of the soldier is a stern one. Fundamentally it is not very different from what a man must face if he is to win in civil life. All walks of life present definite problems—human and mechanical. In the ordinary conception of Army life, misunderstandings play an unduly large part. You read only of the exceptional incidents, frequently giving a fantastic picture of, say, the hard-boiled sergeant and his tyrannical rule or of the heroic exploits of some individual air pilot, tankman or infantryman. Except in the letters you receive from the trainees you hear little or nothing of the humdrum routine, the business of acquiring skill in the handling of weapons and the commonplace hardships and the personal sacrifices that make the man the soldier and the soldier the man.

#### Something to Fight For

As in civil life, soldiers must be housed, fed, clothed, provided with recreational and welfare facilities. The soldier's health must be safeguarded. The donning of a uniform does not change these essentials. A sick man, a dissatisfied one, an untrained man—these are of no value to any army. The morale of a soldier is even more important than are his weapons. The ill-treated soldier has little incentive to fight. He who has nothing to fight for—justice, decent home conditions, liberty, something concrete to defend—will not fight. History, ancient and modern, teems with proof of all that. Nor is the bullied, neglected, demoralized soldier of any service to you who pay the bills and to you to whom that man is dear. Moreover, to look at it realistically, he is poor protection to you who look to him for protection.

The soldier's life may be divided into two general classes—fighting men and housekeeping or maintenance men. Both groups are intermingling, often interchanging. All are exposed to the same hardships, the same discipline, the same sacrifices in campaign and in battle. Let's look for a moment at the lad who, notified to report for duty, is inducted into the Army. He is first sent to one of the military camps. His first stop is the highly important reception center, these centers being a product of our errors in past mobilizations. Formerly individuals were literally snatched from their civil occupation and, without regard for their peculiar fitnesses for this or that job, absorbed into fighting units. Haste was necessary, as I've said at the beginning of this article. A war was actually on. There was no time to differentiate between this man and that. There was scarcely time to train men, much less to fit them into military jobs for which they were best fitted. The mechanization of the modern Army would have forced us to change all that even if the Army had not come to regard the recruit as an individual rather than a robot.

Now we're classifying each individual for assignment to the task to which he is best fitted—round pegs in round



holes, that sort of thing. We look at the lists. We have machinists, motor mechanics, electricians, carpenters, plumbers, typists, cooks, barbers, bakers, surveyors, radio operators, chauffeurs, clerks, bookkeepers, pharmacists—the list is endless. We have men of no particular vocational training and it is up to us to observe them, to learn where they will best fit—in the infantry, the artillery, the tanks and so on.

A special medical examination locates and segregates those requiring minor physical correction. Before the selectee's out of the reception center, records are made to include the address of his relatives, his pay allotment to his dependents and beneficiaries, of his insurance account and other personal data. He's clothed. He's sent on to a regular outfit or to what we call a Replacement Center at a large training area for assignment to this branch or that.

Thus about four days are consumed. A trainee's wishes are gratified when possible—for assignment to his favorite branch of the service. You will have heard that the lad you are particularly interested in has failed to get a place in the service branch he wanted most. And the boy's complaint may be well taken. You must understand therefore that the Army's efficiency must on the whole take precedence. If there is a shortage of, say, cooks, radiomen or other specialists we've got to fill those important jobs regardless of the wishes of the recruit.

### Everyone Can't Be Satisfied

Moreover, and daring to become technical for a moment, you must understand that a balanced force is essential. For example, the ratio of men in our new Army runs about the following for each group of one hundred men: Infantry twenty-nine, field artillery fourteen, coast artillery (including anti-aircraft) thirteen, air corps thirteen, armored force four, cavalry three, engineers six, signal corps three and staff departments fifteen. In an army of 1,400,000, as contemplated in the present plans, the number of specialists required will be so large in comparison with the number available that the needs of the whole will frequently have to take precedence over the desire of the individual. The trainee soon comes to realize that and to accept it with good grace. Later, it is not unlikely that he will applaud the decision that was made for him. But don't overlook this: In an army of 1,400,000 men it is completely impossible to have 1,400,000 wholly satisfied men.

Each trainee will pass through basic training courses before assignment to combat units or to specialized work. Thus he is hardened, physically toughened, taught the rudiments of a soldier's life. He learns to be cleanly, orderly, neat, alert, to respect authority. He learns basic weapons (the rifle for example) and facility in movement. It is true that such days may be the hardest for the new man. He is being turned

abruptly from the easygoing ways of peace into the mass living, moving and interdependence of the soldier. He will fret, perhaps, at what seem to him to be absurdities. Presently he will learn that the Army employs no magic, that its aim is not to be acquired overnight, nor without trial and error. The composition of the Army's new personnel, a cross section of democracy, does not blend nor boil without some overheating. The bright lad's place is sometimes occupied by a dull one.

The trainee's privacy is deeply invaded. He will live in dormitories, in small groups in tents or eventually in small wood barracks. He will stoke the stove, scrub the floors, make beds, clean windows, clean the lavatories. His life is radically changed. His uniform may not be the romantic thing he has pictured. It may not fit him as well as his civilian clothes did. But he'll come to know that the new uniform is more practical than the old for field service. However, the soldier can fight in any garment, provided his shoes fit him and provided that he is dressed properly to meet the climatic conditions he lives in. We shall see to it that his clothes in general fit him. Pride in appearance and a general neatness and comfort of dress are an incentive to ambition and help make a good soldier.

After this basic training, your soldier will pass to broader fields. He will join a designated branch of the service. If he is indicated for specialization—cook, baker, chauffeur, radio operator or so on—he will be sent to a school where he'll learn how it is done in the Army. If he is cast for straight soldiering he learns it in orderly ranks. It is true enough, alas, that his unit may not be fully armed nor equipped with all the implements of modern warfare. Remember this: America is now building up its Army after many years of neglect of our national defenses. Rotation in training will be necessary for many months until modern weapons are produced for our new Army. And remember too—you who chafe or you who wonder why we are a modern army on paper only just now—remember that it is better that we lack all the modern arms that we need now, rather than after war comes.

No good soldier wants to be cried over. He'll do his own grumbling but resent having it done for him. He knows when he's being treated fairly, when his noncoms and officers are competent. He knows that he'll be rewarded for good work and punished for breaking regulations. It's no life for a weakling, although it has made many a weakling a strong man. If he is sent to the guardhouse he is not there as a criminal in jail. The Army promptly eliminates criminals and turns them over for confinement in federal prisons. When Army discipline is mentioned the public has come to picture tough, hardboiled sergeants and the brusque, bewiskered, cursing, tobacco-chewing Colonel Martinet. Those days are gone forever. In

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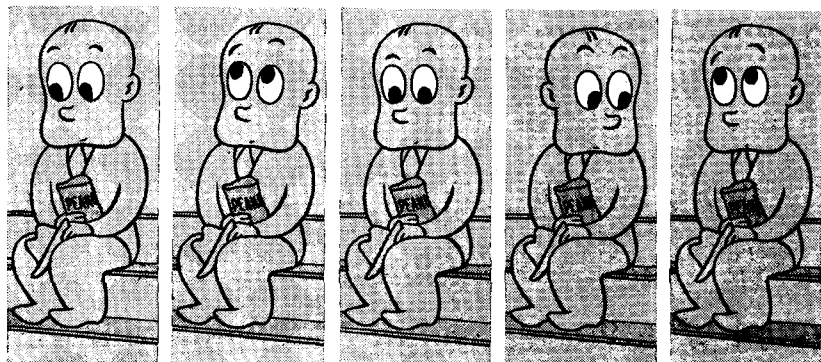
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the Colonial wars, on the Western plains, in the Indian wars, perhaps such methods were necessary to control the mercenary soldier. But this Army represents a nation in arms. Modern discipline conforms to the higher quality of the men in the modern ranks. It corresponds closely to the discipline that is essential in any public community, indeed in the family home. That home or that civil community without discipline is frequently a sorry place. Life there is seldom if ever happy. More criminals are produced than men. Army discipline has a much higher purpose than to force obedience through fear of punishment.

As I've said before, the trainee is not to be coddled. Nor does he want to be. There will be times when authority will have to be tough, but in most cases an intelligent understanding produces effective results. This new Army wants to develop willingness, enthusiasm, fair play and a fair division of burdens and sacrifices. We are free men, fighting for that which enables us to be free.

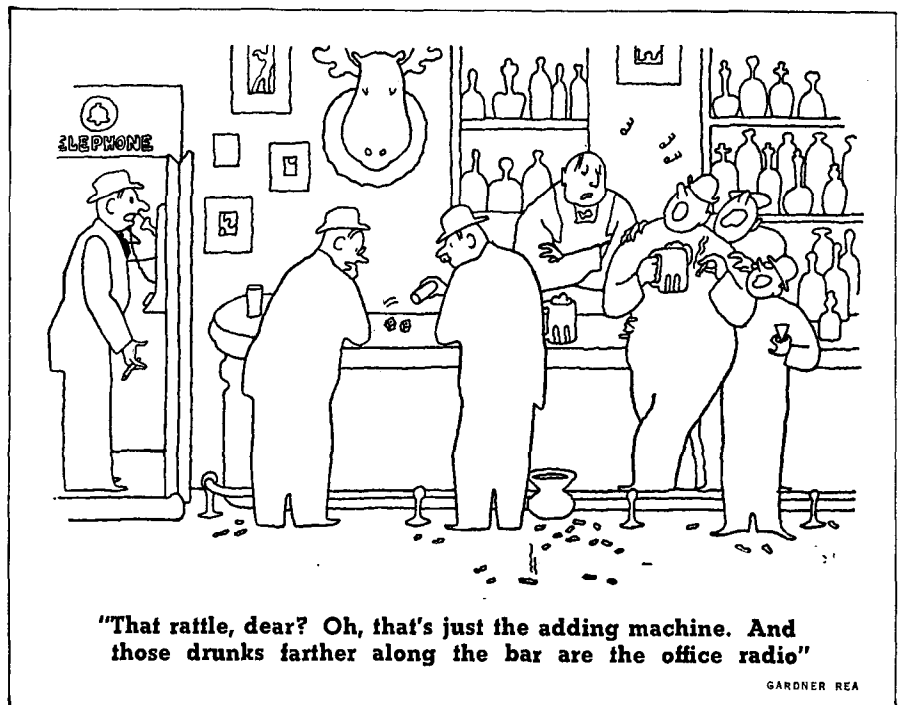
And yet the life will not be unrelentingly stern. The soldier in this Army will have access to athletics, the movies, sight-seeing trips. The new soldier will receive visitors during his time off—usually half of Wednesday and Saturday and all of Sunday. Chaplains will hold services—all creeds. The camp libraries will offer intellectual relaxation. In the recreation buildings there are dances, games, social gatherings. There are post exchanges, very much like the small-town store. They are run for the benefit of the soldier, who may purchase what he wants at minimum prices, on monthly credit. Liquor, except for light beer, is prohibited, and the prohibition is made to work. All sales profits are returned to the men through their unit commander, who may spend them for athletic paraphernalia, amusements and additions to the unit mess.

#### Understanding—Not Force

In no other army in the world is as much attention given to medical care, food and contentment of troops. The food is excellent in quality and quantity. High standards of cooking exist in all old Regular units, but are acquired slowly in newly formed units. The Army trains cooks and bakers, as well as thousands of other specialists. Bakers' and cooks' schools train and send to camps men who are especially qualified to handle the Army ration and to prepare the best meals. Commanding officers are taught the value of these factors not only from a human viewpoint, but also as an important element in developing the spirit essential to combat success.

Nor is the new soldier the only man in the Army who must learn solid truths. The efficient leader will cultivate in his men the habit of learning the reasons back of all methods and actions. Thus discipline—the authoritative individual control to secure collective results—is gained more by a clear understanding, by the men themselves than by force and punishment.

Five months or so of such training as I have tried to describe should make the trainee a well-rounded individual soldier who has absorbed the true family tradition of his small unit. It is on the soundness and efficiency of the smaller unit that the efficiency and success of the whole depends. The principles of sound organization in military life are not much different from the same fundamentals in civil enterprise. Don't forget that. Team action under leaders who know their jobs, in whom the men have faith, wins battles, campaigns and wars as well as profits. In modern warfare, rifle groups, machine-gun sections, tank units, mortar groups, artillery, air forces and antiaircraft batteries must



be interlocked and intelligently tied into team action. And when the individual soldier is presently molded into this pattern he becomes the means whereby his higher officers and their staffs learn to maneuver and supply large forces—learn how to do it, too, without making unnecessary sacrifice of life and imposing undue hardship on the men.

What the trainee is now learning has come from close observation of what has happened and is happening in Europe. We have learned that the small military unit is frequently placed very much on its own. These small groups, on their own initiative, will seep through enemy strong points. They will outflank enemy resistance and infiltrate to great depths as the Germans did in the Low Countries and France, as England has done in Africa. Thus they will disorganize the enemy's command, disrupt his supply system, win local victories. We have seen what these small actions do to the armies on which they are effected.

Having learned the basic lessons of offensive defense, the trainee will find himself understanding the large military problems in which he participates—the maneuverings of divisions, corps and armies. Properly trained, his mind receptive, his body fit, he will be a soldier by the time his year of service is finished. It won't be easy. There will be lots of nightwork, much marching. There'll be times when the platoon leader, urging his men forward for these last few miles in a tough day, will probably yell: "Come on, come on. Pick 'em up, pick 'em up." And, my boy, you'll probably come back with something like: "Yeah? You pick 'em up. I can just about put 'em down." But we old-timers can tell you something. We know, and you'll know, that if you're a good soldier, under good leaders, you'll belong to a group in which you're going to take high pride. And that pride means morale. You'll pick 'em up and you'll put 'em down, and you'll curse that comrade who doesn't, because you're not going to let any other outfit shine above your own. In all our military traditions and history there has been nothing finer than the pride the soldier has had in his regiment. Men have died for their regiments, for its honor, its traditions, its reputation. Died for their country? Certainly. But it was the pride in their outfit, the eagerness to fight for its traditions, that sent them into the enemy's lines. Old-fashioned? Pride is never old-fashioned. You'll learn that, my lad. And you who stay behind, who have your soldier in the Army, you will learn it too.

This new Army needs efficient junior leaders. The trainee will therefore have plenty of opportunity for promotion to noncom grades and to commissions. He will be observed by officers hungry for capable squad and platoon leaders. If he has the qualities that make the competent officer, they will be observed, encouraged and rewarded. Demonstrated individual worth will displace the time-honored system of length of service and seniority. Officers Training Schools will be open to capable enlisted men. Today's corporal must have leadership qualities equal to yesterday's lieutenant's. Unit commanders worthy of their trust will take pride in advancing good men. Likewise, the more commissioned officers a unit produces the more the unit's commander's reputation is enhanced.

#### It's a Job for Everyone

All that we can learn about the machinery of combat—planes, tanks, searchlights, range finders, radio, mines—all is valueless without efficient operators, without men of such mental, moral and physical stamina that they will face death unflinchingly and even proudly.

In the present-day battle this is harder than ever before. Man is and ever shall be the master of the machine in war as in peace. If the trainee and his group understand and believe in the cause for which his country fights they will accept any sacrifice. Such are the ends to be achieved in any national-defense training system.

To the trainee I say: "You're in the Army now." The year you will serve in training must not be a lost year to you nor to the nation. It is the Army's hope, the country's hope, that you may finish your year of training a better man, a stronger man, a clearer-thinking man than you were. If you don't—well, one of us is to blame, you or the Army.

To you who have a boy in training I say: You too are in the Army now. You will not fire rifles nor cannon. You will not fly airplanes nor drive tanks. But you must work with him and the Army to see that war, if it comes, does not catch America untrained, without men who know what to do when it comes. As he will be your first line of defense you will be his strong support. As all arms of the service must work in harmony, intelligently, sympathetically, courageously, so must the firing line and its support—the man in uniform and the civilian at home.

We're all in the Army now—a nation at arms.



## We Fly a Bomber to England

Continued from page 13



DAY DREAMS of America's grandeur and gallant past come to your mind, as the beautiful Water Level Route rolls by the wide windows of your New York Central train. Nature and history combined to make this route memorable for every American.



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whether you touched their lives as intimately as they've touched yours, and suddenly you realize that it isn't important if you have, but only important that you've had the joy of knowing them and of feeling between yourself and them those bonds that hold men to men and women to men and suddenly you are very happy.

Suspended at night under the star-punctured sky in a planet all your own—a planet with wings and motors—without sense of motion, you think of all these things. I did. And I thought of the England to which I was returning and wondered what I would find.

I had left England in December, 1939, during the prelude to war in the days when they called it the phony war and the second Bore War. Headlines marched across my memory—the headlines of more than a year that told of bombs and fire and death, and I wondered whether I would find an England.

### How Badly Hurt is Britain?

When I left England to go to Holland to watch fat, unaware Dutchmen smother in smug unawareness, there had been sandbags in the streets and paper strips across windows, and men and women grumbling about the black-out and wondering why they had to go to war at all. I wondered what months had done to them, but most of all about how badly hurt England was and whether I would find my friends there.

My picture of what England would be like after weeks of irksome broadcasts and the chatter of columnists who couldn't agree about what America should do in this war was badly confused. But one thing I knew. This was that I'd be happy in England, where they don't ask a man where his father was born, where it is necessary only to share an idea with Englishmen to belong. People like to belong. Back home I had begun not to belong. I could go along with isolationists but not with their reasons for isolation. I could be one with interventionists but not when they justified their interventionism with clichés about common heritages and common culture and common language.

In England all you had to believe was that one idea, one concept, is in the balance in the war. That is that England fights for preservation of the principle that man has the right to criticize, to debate, to argue with complete freedom. England is fighting to preserve the right of Senators Wheeler and LaFollette to say what they please.

We plowed on through the night, the motors imparting life to the metal of our ship. Daybreak found us bouncing in head winds. We climbed into rare air and we thought our lungs would collapse. More than ever I wanted to do something—contribute in some way to keeping that ship of ours in the air and headed toward England, but there was nothing a reporter could do except keep out of the way in those cramped quarters.

I tried to sleep but it was no use. I watched the navigator. For hours I watched him work. The radio was useless—Germans might pick up our signals, take bearings on us and intercept us—and England would be without a plane and five or six lives would be lost. Our lives, important only to us and to those they touched.

But the navigator knew his job. Off England, we hit an overcast so dense it might have been a snowbank, and you couldn't see anything but a desert of

whiteness streaming in ribbons from the propellers.

Then the navigator said to the pilot, "Okay. Down we go," and we dropped down through the thick mist alive with the light of the morning sun. We searched for enemy planes and were almost disappointed that there were none. And then we saw England, brown and rolling and green in places, and everybody lighted cigarettes except the engineer, who was too near the gas tanks. The navigator was a boy again. His job was done, and suddenly he looked very tired.

There's a lot I could tell you about where we landed and how we were met but I can't. I can say this, however: Hitler will have enormous difficulty invading England. He'll be met at the coast by a British civil servant, with so many forms to fill, so many questions to answer he'll give up the idea of entering England.

The plane's crew went to sleep. I couldn't. I had to get to London. Late the same afternoon I took a train across England. The countryside that rolled past my window might have been Maryland or New Jersey covered by snow. The trees had the same silhouettes and the people were like our people, but the moment I saw them and talked with them I knew more than a year of war had changed them. Grim they seemed, how utterly convinced they were right and Hitler wrong!

Usually reticent, they warmed when they spotted me for an American, and I was one of them and I felt glad. The sleeper conductor, who looked like Churchill, was worried that an air raid might interfere with his train's journey and delay us getting into London, but there was no raid. When he brought my tea in the morning and later when he helped me with my bags, we became great friends though we didn't talk much. He said wasn't it a "shyme" about those "Eyetalians?" He said it was a "shyme" they hadn't been able to put up a better show. He was sorry, he was, for they're such nice people, but those bloody Germans—well, they were — — — — — He was probably sixty, but there was that indestructible quality about him that is British. I like to think that we Americans alone of all the other peoples of the world have that same quality.

### All's Calm in London

From Paddington Station to the Savoy Hotel I squirmed and twisted in the taxicab to see what Hitler had done to London. There were no wounds to see and for one ephemeral moment I had the illusion of awakening from a bad dream. There hadn't been a war. I was waking up in the same taxi I took from Paddington years ago, when I had come up from Rome to escape from the monotony of Mussolini's speeches and the pall of propaganda. The futile paper strips across the windows were gone. Sandbags were gone. London was herself again. It was Sunday morning and London slept and there were no uniforms to be seen, and then I saw a bobby who wore a "battle bowler" and I was back in reality with the thump of falling out of bed in a dream.

I realized it was Sunday and that London was asleep, but it seemed to me instead that London prayed.

I walked about in the streets near my hotel—up the Strand and up Fleet Street that Hitler hates because for years the Street has talked back to him.

He hasn't hurt Fleet Street nor the

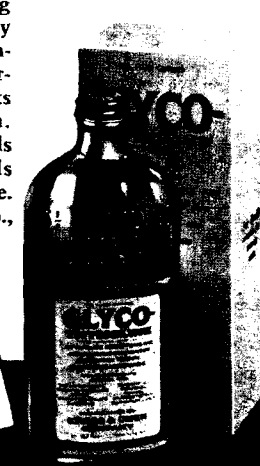


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Strand, except a little here and there. No more steak and kidney pie at the old Cheshire Cheese, where Dickens sat and Johnson argued and Boswell fawned. It's gone. The place where I used to buy my pipes is gone too, but the old streets are there yet.

You can walk for blocks in any direction in London and see no scars of bombs, and if you're one of those who makes up his mind too quickly you'll say, "Why, it was worse in Madrid—London's not been hurt at all," and then you come to the docks and to St. Paul's and it hits you in the pit of the stomach that London has been hurt and badly.

No, don't believe those stories that the war has changed England but little. There's change here, all right, and if you are sensitive to atmosphere at all you feel it even when you can't see it. When war began it was fought by the few. It's every man's war now, from the most hidebound Tory through the school-tie boys down on through the smallest man and woman in the nation. They're fighting for survival, not merely victory, and they're fighting with a calm, cold desperation that quivers beneath their customary equanimity. It doesn't take long to see and feel it.

### This is the People's War

Of course, if you hang about the bars of the Savoy and Dorchester—oases for those who are largely sitting out the war—you don't get it. But dip down underneath into the tube shelters where men and women and children are heaped, into the Isle of Dogs and Lambeth and Limehouse, and you know that this has become the people's war.

It is possible that they who are fighting this war will be betrayed when it is all over but it is not probable. They've got their men in the government this time.

Profiteers? I hear there are some but

it's not like the old war. They count their profits in thousands of pounds where it was in millions before. There's an excess profits law which practically confiscates any profits over and above a certain legal limit.

You see that the war has turned England inside out, shaken it onto a table where everyone can see what was wrong with her social structure. The social revolution began when they evacuated children out of the London area and found them ill-fed, poorly clothed and diseased. Sir Hugh Walpole, the novelist, told me then that Britishers would remake England and would set right the evils that had existed for hundreds of years—evils so vile they produced the literature of Dickens. I wondered, then. Sir Hugh stood in his library surrounded by Gauguins and Matisse and busts by Epstein, whom he fancies very much. He looked out from his Piccadilly windows over a green park when he said that, a lifetime ago—about fifteen months ago.

But he was right. They've remade England and if there can be said to be any good in war that's a small gain already.

And it is further proof of what has happened to England that when and if conscription of female labor comes Lady Dribblepuss won't get any preferences. She'll go to work the same as Nellie Hawkins. If that kind of conscription comes it will even include the nuns in the convents.

England has come a long, long way since Dunkirk. Her defenses, they tell me, are impregnable in the sense at least that Germany will never conquer England. Her morale is magnificent. Occasionally you turn a rock and find a defeatist. But anybody here will tell you that to prevent a German conquest of Britain is not enough. There must be victory and if there is no victory then the prerogative of senators to speak their minds will be gone. And how would they like that?



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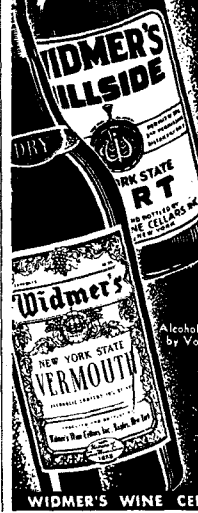
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## Fate Doesn't Care

Continued from page 20

The man could not be sure, and he ground his teeth. Because of course, if that was another living man, and he was rescued too, he could identify the man on the island with or without the handcuff as a murderer who had been on his way to execution. And whatever it was that mocked him had put that object there to add to the sport of watching his antics.

The man went back to the cliff above the beach. He swung down to his recently recovered booty: A shipping crate of cabbages. A nearly filled cask of some liquid. An empty bottle. He heaved the cask over until he found the bung. A round disk of wood, fitting neatly flush with the thick oak staves.

**HE FOUND** a sharp-pointed sliver of rock that weighed perhaps three or four pounds. He battered the bung. It tilted, and then fell with a tiny splash into the liquid within the cask.

The pungent, stinging reek of vinegar came to the man's nostrils when he put them close to the hole. He nodded, as if he had expected it. There was no drinking water on the island. There was only the crate of cabbages.

He began methodically to empty the crate. In doing so, a nail scraped his hand and drew blood. He sucked at the wound impatiently—and found a terrible temptation in the taste of it. He began to carry the cabbages, a few at a time, up to the top of the island. Salt got in the scratch the shipping-crate nail had made. It stung. On the third or fourth trip up, he trembled suddenly. He made haste to get back down. He thrust his handcuffed wrist under the nail that had scratched him. He tried the nail's point in the keyhole of the handcuff. It went in.

The man moved with defiant, resolute swiftness after that. He took the shipping crate up to the top of the island as he carried the cabbages. Every scrap of it. Especially the nails. When the last of his booty was safe he sat down, quivering with hope. He extracted that same first nail. He tried it in the keyhole. Again it went in. His hand shook as he bent it into a hook. He fitted it into the keyhole and strove with desperate delicacy to use it as a picklock. He knew little of locks in general and nothing of handcuffs.

After half an hour he stopped and chewed cabbage leaves for the moisture they contained. The air was growing hot. He chose a second nail and bent it in a slightly different fashion. Later he bent yet another, still chewing at the raw cabbage for refreshment. But he became jealous of his supply of nails, because he had but so many long and slender enough to serve. He bent and rebent his most promising specimen. By noon he was enormously excited. Half a dozen times, he believed, he had almost unlocked the handcuff. A tiny adjustment in the shape of the hook and he would have it. . . .

The nail, bent too often, broke off in the lock. He could hear the loose piece rattling about inside. It took him more than an hour to get it out again.

The heat grew terrible. But the man continued to work on the lock. As the sun dropped to the horizon, the last of the many-times-twisted nails broke off just outside the keyhole.

The man walked stiffly to the end of the island and stared savagely about the horizon. Darkness raced across the water and the stars came out. The man paced back and forth in the darkness. Suddenly he stopped short. His breath wheezed through his nostrils. He fell

on his hands and knees and groped about on the stony soil. Presently he made an inarticulate small sound, and metal clanked. And then the man was a hunched, squatted small heap in the darkness, and his right arm moved rhythmically, and through the pounding rumble of the surf there came the steady rasp-rasp-rasp of stone upon metal.

That noise continued. Stars that were overhead moved westward and slowly began to descend. The noise kept on and kept on and kept on. . . .

When dawn came the man still squatted on the rock, rubbing a sliver of stone back and forth, with a feverish intensity, across one small spot on the handcuff about his wrist. . . .

When the light was bright enough, he looked. At the spot where he had concentrated, the locking bar of the handcuff was thinner by perhaps the half of an eighth of an inch.

The man got to his feet and staggered to the edge of the island's top to stare, level-eyed, over the sea.

He saw a steamer. It was startlingly near. It was no more than six or seven miles from the island. But it was headed down the coast. And every turn of its screw carried it farther away.

The man stood still, watching, while the steamer went on and on, and at last sank below the horizon. When it was surely gone the man looked at the largest of the three pinnacles, and saw nothing but plunging surf and sea birds. He squatted down to rub at the handcuff again.

**BY NOON** even his calloused fingers were rasped to raw flesh by the succession of stones he had used. He clambered down to the beach and soaked himself in the sea. It cooled him a little. He looked at the rubbed place. The steel was monstrously hard, and the stone as horribly soft. The rubbed spot was undoubtedly deeper, but it looked like just a little more than the half of an eighth of an inch.

Back to the top of the island. And now there were two small tufts of smoke that showed against the horizon. Two steamers keeping well out to sea as they passed this known and charted danger.

But the man stared fiercely all around the edge of the sea and then looked defiantly up into the blue, as if challenging something which had found his antics amusing to continue its effort to break him. And he stared longest and most fiercely of all at the largest of the three pinnacles of rock perhaps a sea mile from where he stood. There was something among the rocks. . . .

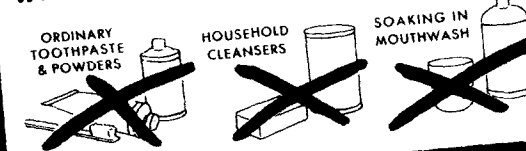
He went back to his rubbing. During the afternoon he suddenly rose and climbed down to the beach again. He dipped the stone in sea water and then in dry sand. He essayed to use the sand as an abrasive to increase the cutting power of the rock. He tried it again and again. But the rate of cutting of the steel did not increase.

He rubbed all during the afternoon, chewing upon the cabbage leaves and looking ever more gaunt and hollow-eyed and defiant. The sun set, and still the rasping sound went on. The night air grew chill, though the rocks gave off heat for a long time. Then the man suddenly stopped his work. There was a little silence. He evidently felt with his finger for evidence of results. Suddenly there was a savage clanging of metal upon stone, as if in utter, despairing bitterness he had battered the handcuff furiously against the rock of the island.

Next morning it was clear that he had

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SINCE 1849

done just that. The handcuff was tighter about his wrist. He had hit it violently against the stone, and it had slipped forward a few notches and locked itself in the new position.

When the sun warmed him he rose stiffly. His glance about the horizon was almost perfunctory. Blue. Blue. Blue. White foam where seas broke on separate rocks, and acres of white where they pounded over the reeflike shoal—studded with sharp stones—which made futile any hope of swimming to the mainland. The three pinnacles.

Something moved about the base of the largest. It crawled weakly on hands and knees. It was a man. Alive. Somehow, in some fashion, there had been another survivor of the wreck of the coastal steamer. That other survivor had landed alive behind the largest of the three pinnacles. He was alive there now. He had been sheltering in some crevice during the daytime, to hide from the sun which would suck the juices from his body. And this was the third day after the wreck, and a vessel of some sort would come soon to hunt for traces of the missing steamer. It was not possible that the men on the searching vessel would fail to find this other man, or that he would fail to know the man on the island for a condemned murderer.

The man on the island went down and bathed, and climbed up again—and that was all. Once, toward noon, he half-heartedly picked up a rock and ground at the cut in the handcuff, which was not quite an eighth of an inch in depth. But he abandoned it again.

**W**HEN sundown came, he stood in something like apathy and looked at the sea and sky and at the largest pinnacle. He could see the man there, moving clumsily, busy at some task that the man on the island could not imagine. He did not try. He watched without curiosity until darkness fell.

During the night he lay and stared up at the stars. There was no longer defiance in his eyes but a certain quiet scorn. Fate or chance or the universe had made sport of him. First it had caused his doom for the doing of a thing all men approved, but would not concede his right to do. Then it had saved him out of a chaotic sea and offered him the bait of hope. And now it had mockingly shown him that even that hope had been a delusion.

When dawn came for the fourth time he looked out over the sea almost with indifference. There was a smoke to the southward which was close in to shore. That would be a searching vessel, most likely. There was smoke to the westward, far out at sea. Wind thuttered. Sea birds flapped. Surf pounded and roared and splashed. And then the man looked at the pinnacle.

Something was floating away from it. An extraordinary and pathetic melange of tiny bits of flotsam, patched together to form something like a raft. In its middle there appeared the head and shoulders of a man. The man on the island stared blankly. He could have left the island a dozen times over, but he knew of the shoal with its sharp rocks and pounding surf, and that any floating thing would be torn to shreds upon its knifelike rocks. The man from the pinnacle, obviously, did not. He had never been able to climb high enough to see more than the island and perhaps the top of the mainland to the east. He had assembled every possible scrap of buoyancy, and now trusted himself to the waves in blind ignorance that a searching vessel was even now on the way to rescue him.

The man on the island stood up. He moved toward the cliff top. With a sudden savage energy he swung down to

the beach. There was a heavy spar awash at the edge of the water. He had made no attempt to use it hitherto. Now he strained terribly to free it from the sand—to get it afloat—to start it in motion as at once a hindrance and a help when he struck out for the pitiful, futile raft.

As he fought the waves, his expression was that of a man who is filled with a passionate scorn. He reached the spot upon the water where he should have intercepted the man of the pinnacle. Instead, he came upon flotsam. Two or three bits of floating stuff, broken away from the rest. He heaved himself half out of water by the buoyancy of the spar. He saw the raft was disintegrating. It had been held together by twisted strips of cloth. Half or more than half had practically dissolved away. The man from the pinnacle floated limply, tied to the remnant of his float, but only half above the surface. He seemed to be unconscious, but the man from the island saw bubbles come out of his mouth as water surged over him. He paddled savagely toward the spot.

Heading back to the beach with the unconscious man drawn precariously over the spar, a flame of triumph was in his eyes. Fate and chance had made sport of the pair of them, but in helping this man he struck back. He continued to strike back when he hauled his man ashore and rolled him over the hastily up-ended cask, and then worked grimly to bring him back to life. He felt a furious satisfaction when the man breathed.

Later, he got the still unconscious man up to the top of the island. There was a broken leg to be attended to. That was why the man of the pinnacle had never walked, but only crawled painfully and slowly. The man of the island looked keenly to southward. Yes. The inshore smoke was very obviously that of a small vessel watching the mainland for signs of wreckage. He turned again to the unconscious man.

And he saw—it was odd, perhaps, that he had not noticed it before—a bit of metal attached to the other man's tattered garments. It was a badge. An official badge. A police badge of the city where he was to have been landed on his way to execution.

He stared at it and his hands clenched.

More mockery. True, this was not the deputy who'd had him in charge, but another man entirely.

The man of the island went deathly pale under the scorching of his skin. His hands quivered suddenly. He fumbled among the other man's rags. He found it. A key ring, attached to the belt by a chain. A door key. Two cylinder-lock keys. An identification tag. And a small key which was unmistakable. A handcuff key.

The man of the island tried it in the keyhole of the locked handcuff. It fitted. With extraordinary care he turned it. It worked. The handcuff opened. He peeled it from his wrist and threw it violently into the sea.

**T**HEN he stared down at the man whose life he had saved. His breath came quickly. Everything was changed. Roll this man, still unconscious, over the edge of the cliff and there'd be none to suspect or identify him. None to suggest that he might be more than merely a survivor of the wrecked small ship. Just roll this man overboard before the already-visible rescue steamer came up. It would give fate and chance a victory, to be sure, but—

But then the man of the island clenched his hands again. Fate and chance observe no rules of fair play and they are all-powerful. Someone who knew him could be—against all probability—on the wharf where the rescue ship docked and could denounce him then and there. Or someone could see him on the street. Even years from now, fate or chance could destroy him and he would be helpless to strike back.

But now—now he had struck back! He'd cheated something of the final satisfaction of its malice. He'd struck a blow at fate. And he could not be tempted to withdraw it. He bent to improvise splints for the broken leg. And presently, when the injured man opened his eyes, and was plainly startled to discover himself yet alive, the man of the island threw back his head to grin savagely and triumphantly at the sky.

The rescue ship picked them both up about sundown. And nobody thought for even the fraction of a second of executions or prisons or for that matter even of handcuffs. Neither then nor later.



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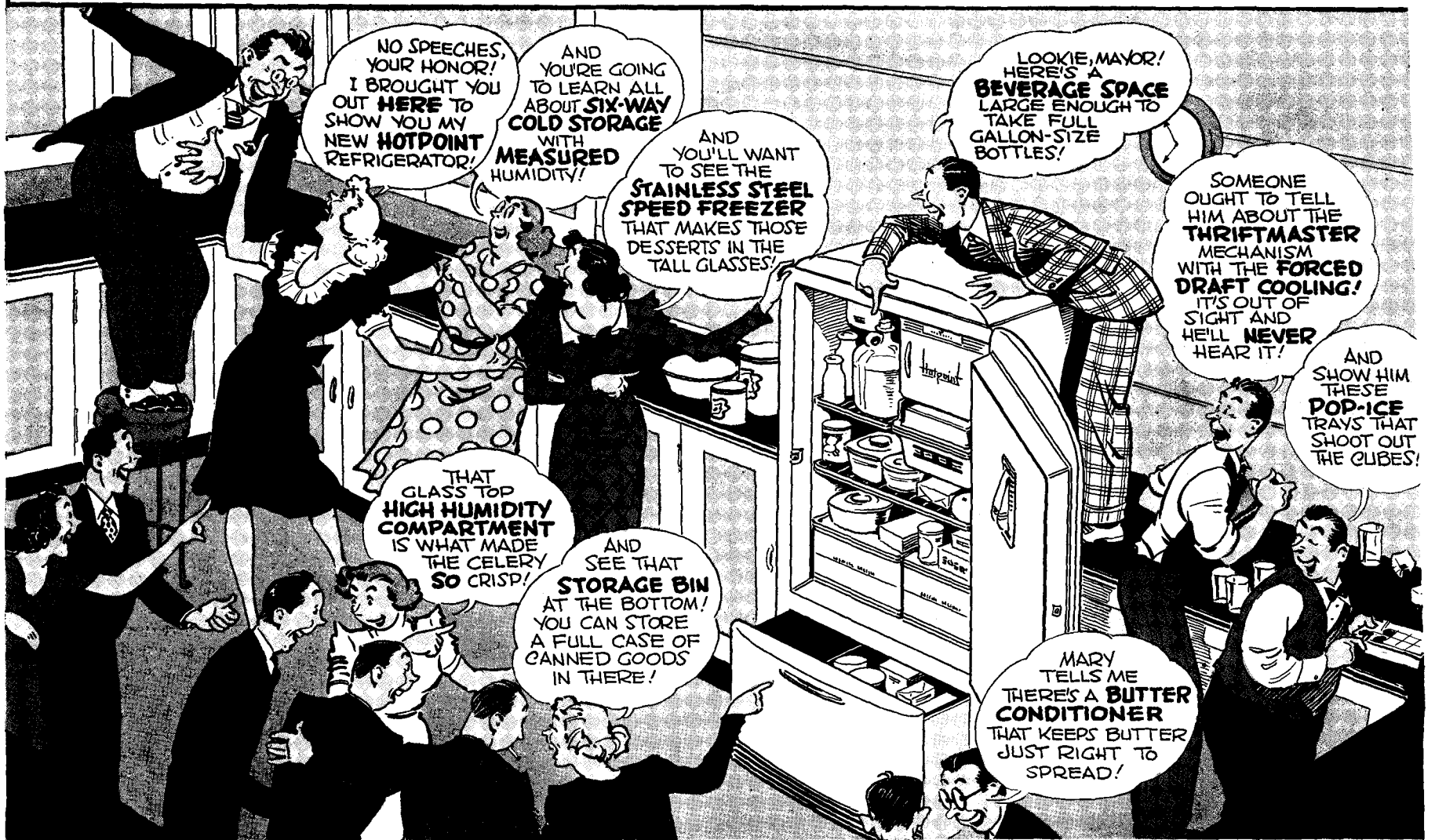
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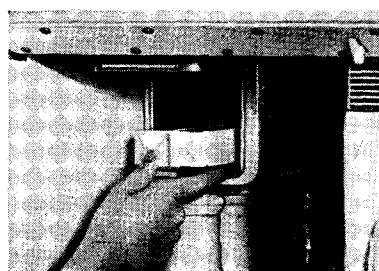
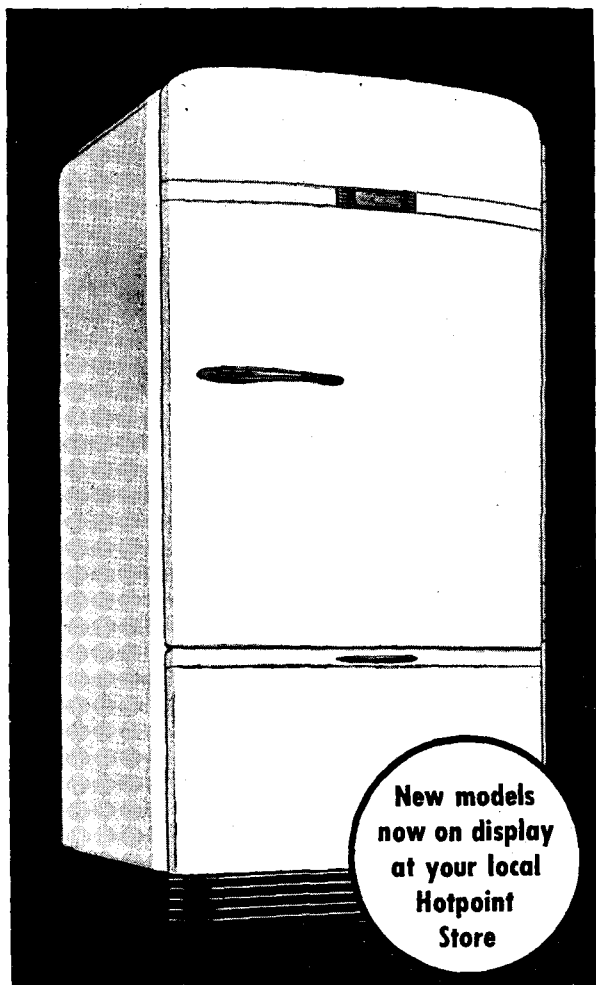
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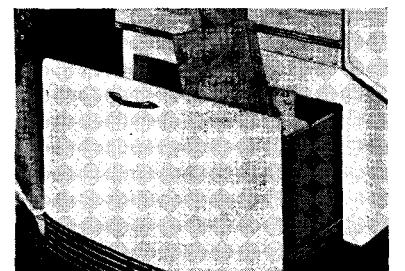
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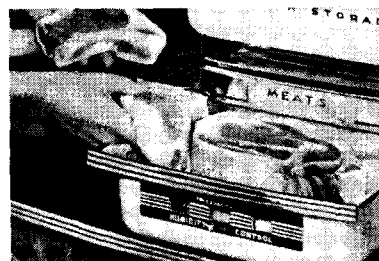
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# MY FATHER, HITLER

by Dr. D. R. Hoff



In 1938 Adolf Hitler returned triumphantly to Linz, the city of his boyhood, after an absence of thirty years

## II

ALMOST immediately after his mother's funeral Hitler left for Vienna, to attempt once more a career as an artist. His growth to manhood had been a painful experience for this boy who lived within himself. But even more trying days were coming. Poor as the family was, he had at least been assured food and shelter while living at home. This couldn't be said of the days in Vienna. Hitler was entirely engrossed with the business of keeping body and soul together.

We all know something of his life there—how he worked as a hodcarrier on building-construction jobs until workmen threatened to push him off a scaffold. And we know that he shoveled snow and took any other job he could find. During this period, for three years in fact, Hitler lived in a man's hostel, the equivalent of a flophouse in

**What does a doctor think when he sees one of his patients grow into the persecutor of his race? Here are the unique adventures of a Jew who had earned the "undying gratitude" of Adolf Hitler**

any large American city. It was here that he began to dream of a world remade to his pattern.

While living in the hostel, surrounded by the human dregs of the large city, Hitler says, "I became dissatisfied with myself for the first time in my life." This dissatisfaction with himself was followed by dissatisfaction with everything about him—and the desire to alter things to his own liking.

The vitriol of hate began to creep

through his body. The grim realities of the life he lived encouraged him to hate the government, labor unions, the very men he lived with. But he had not yet begun to hate the Jews.

During this period he took time out to send me a penny post card. On the back was a message: "From Vienna I send you my greetings. Yours, always faithfully, Adolf Hitler." It was a small thing, yet I appreciated it. I had spent a great deal of time treating the Hitler family

and it was nice to know that this effort on my part had not been forgotten.

Official Nazi publications also record that I received one of Hitler's paintings—a small landscape. If I did I am not aware of it. But it is quite possible that he sent me one and that I have forgotten the matter. In Austria patients frequently send paintings or other gifts to their physicians as a mark of gratitude. Even now I have half a dozen of these oils and water colors which I have saved; but none painted by Hitler among them.

I did, however, preserve one piece of Hitler's art work. This came during the period in Vienna when he was painting post cards, posters, etc., making enough money to support himself. This was the one time in his life that Hitler was able to make successful use of his talent.

He would paint these cards and dry



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them in front of a hot fire, which would give them a rather pleasing antique quality. Then other inmates of the hostel would peddle them. Today in Germany the few remaining samples of this work are more highly prized and sought after than the works of Picasso, Gauguin and Cézanne!

Hitler sent me one of these cards. It showed a hooded Capuchin monk hoisting a glass of bubbling champagne. Under the picture was a caption: "Prosit Neujahr—A toast to the New Year." On the reverse side he had written a message: "The Hitler family sends you the best wishes for a Happy New Year. In everlasting thankfulness, Adolf Hitler."

Why I put these cards aside to be saved, I do not know. Possibly it was because of the impression made upon me by that unhappy boy. Even today I cannot help thinking of him in terms of his grief and not in terms of what he has done to the world.

Those postal cards had a curious history. They indicate the extent to which Hitler has captured the imagination of some people. A rich Viennese industrialist—I do not know his name because he dealt through an intermediary—later made me an astonishing offer. He wanted to buy those two cards and was willing to pay 20,000 marks for them! I rejected the offer on the ground that I could not ethically make such a sale.

There is still another story in those two cards. Seventeen days after the collapse of the Schuschnigg government and the occupation of Austria by German troops, an agent of the Gestapo called at my home. At the time I was making a professional call, but my wife received him.

### "Retained for Safekeeping"

"I am informed," he said, "that you have some souvenirs of the Fuehrer. I should like to see them." Acting sensibly, my wife made no protest. She didn't wish to have her home torn apart as so many Jewish homes had been. She found the two cards and handed them over. The agent scribbled a receipt which read: "Certificate for the safekeeping of two post cards (one of them painted by the hand of Adolf Hitler) confiscated in the house of Dr. Eduard Bloch." It was signed by the agent, named Groemer, who was previously unknown to us. He said I was to come to headquarters the following morning.

Almost as soon as the Nazis entered the city the Gestapo took over the small hotel in *Gesellenhausstrasse* formerly patronized by traveling clergymen. I went to this place and was received almost immediately. I was greeted courteously by Dr. Rasch, head of the local bureau. I asked him why these bits of property had been taken.

Those were busy days for the Gestapo. There were many things to be looked after in a town of 120,000 people. It developed that Dr. Rasch was not familiar with my case. He asked if I were under suspicion for any political activity unfavorable to the Nazis. I replied that I was not; that I was a professional man with no political connections.

Apparently as an afterthought, he asked if I were a non-Aryan. I answered without compromise: "I am a 100 per cent Jew." The change that came over him was instantaneous. Previously he had been businesslike but courteous. Now he became distant.

The cards, he said, would be retained for safekeeping. Then he dismissed me, neither rising nor shaking hands as he had when I entered. So far as I know the cards are still in the hands of the Gestapo. I never saw them again.

When he left for Vienna, Adolf Hitler

was destined to disappear from our lives for a great many years. He had no friends in Linz to whom he might return to visit and few with whom he might exchange correspondence. So, it was much later that we learned of his wretched poverty in those days, and of his subsequent moving to Munich in 1912.

No news came back of the way in which he fell on his knees and thanked God when war was declared in 1914; and no news of his war service as a corporal with the 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry. We heard nothing of his being wounded and gassed. Not until the beginning of his political career in 1920 were we again to get news of this quiet, polite boy who grew up among us.

### Could This Be Adolf?

Occasionally the local newspapers would run items about the group of political supporters that Hitler was gathering about himself in Munich; stories of their hatred of the Jews, of the Versailles Peace, of nearly everything else. But no particular importance was attached to these activities. Not until twenty people died in the beer-hall putsch of November 8, 1923, did Hitler achieve local notoriety. Was it possible, I asked myself, that the man behind these things was the quiet boy I had known—the son of the gentle Klara Hitler?

Eventually even the mention of Hitler's name in the Austrian press was prohibited; still we continued to get word-of-mouth news of our former townsman: stories of the persecutions he had launched; of German rearmament; of war to come. This smuggled news reached responsive ears. A local Nazi party sprang up.

In theory such a party could not exist; it had been outlawed by the government. In practice authorities gave it their blessings. Denied uniforms, local Nazis adopted methods of identifying themselves to everyone. They wore white stockings. On their coats they wore a small wild flower, very much like the American daisy, and at Christmas time they burned blue candles in their homes.

We all knew these things, but nothing was done. From time to time local authorities would find a Nazi flag on Klara Hitler's grave in Leonding, and would remove it without ceremony. Still, the gathering storm in Germany seemed remote.

It was quite a while before I got any

firsthand word from Adolf Hitler. Then, in 1937, a number of local Nazis attended the party conference at Nurnberg. After the conference Hitler invited several of these people to come with him to his mountain villa at Berchtesgaden. The Fuehrer asked for news of Linz. How was the town? Were people there supporting him? He asked for news of me. Was I still alive, still practicing? Then he made a statement irritating to local Nazis. "Dr. Bloch," said Hitler, "is an *Edeljude*—a noble Jew. If all Jews were like him, there would be no Jewish question." It was strange, and in a way flattering, that Adolf Hitler could see good in at least one member of my race.

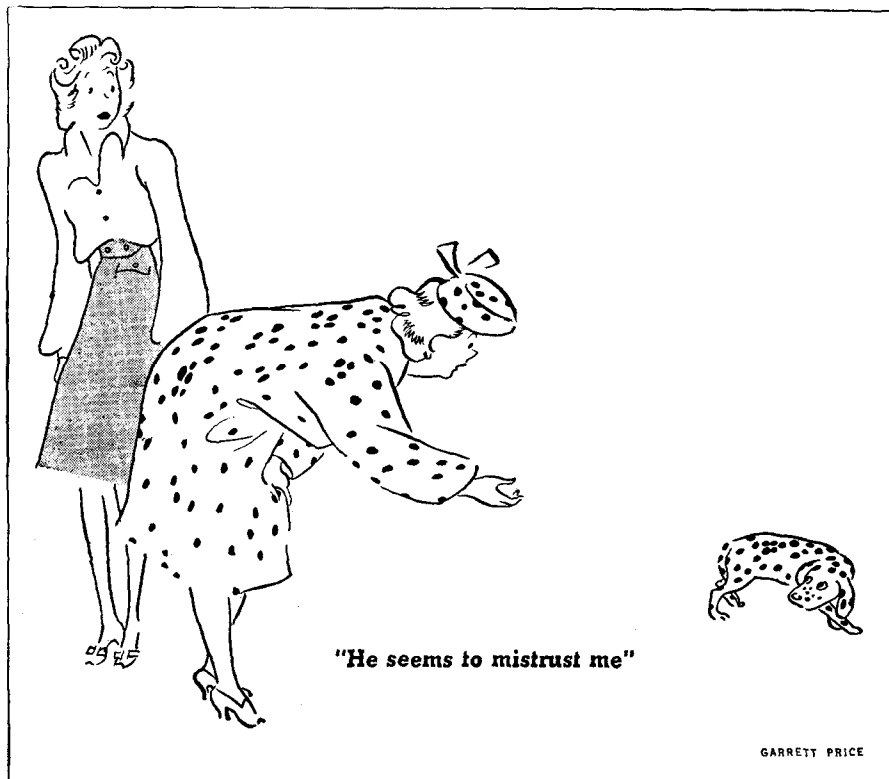
It is curious now to look back on the feeling of security that we had by virtue of living on the right side of an imaginary line, the international boundary. Surely Germany would not chance invading Austria. France was friendly. Occupation of Austria would be inimical to the interests of Italy. Oh, but we were blind, in those days! Then we were caught up in a breathless rush of events.

It was with hope that we read of Schuschnigg's trip to Berchtesgaden; his plebiscite; his inclusion of Seyss-Inquart in his cabinet. Possibly we would ride through this crisis untouched. But hope was doomed to death within a very few hours. As soon as Seyss-Inquart was taken into the cabinet, buttons sprouted on every lapel: "One People, One Realm, One Leader."

### While Austria Died

On Friday, March 11, 1938, the Vienna radio was broadcasting a program of light music. It was 7:45 at night. Suddenly the announcer broke in. The chancellor would speak. Schuschnigg came on the air and said that to prevent bloodshed he was capitulating to the wishes of Hitler. The frontiers would be opened. He ended his address with the words: "*Gott schuetze Oesterreich*"—may God protect Austria. Hitler was coming home to Linz.

In the sleepless days that followed we clung to our radios. Troops were pouring over the border at Passau, Kufstein, Mittenwalde and elsewhere. Hitler himself was crossing the Inn River at Braunau, his birthplace. Breathlessly, the announcer told us the story of the march. The Fuehrer himself would pause in Linz. The town went mad with joy. The reader should have no doubts





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about the popularity of Anschluss with Germany. The people favored it. They greeted the onrushing tide of German troops with flowers, cheers and songs. Church bells rang; Austrian troops and police fraternized with the invaders and there was general rejoicing.

The public square in Linz, a block from my home, was a turmoil. All afternoon it rang with the Horst Wessel song and Deutschland ueber Alles. Planes droned overhead, and advance units of the German army were given deafening cheers. Finally the radio announced that Hitler was in Linz.

Advance instructions had been given to the townspeople. All windows along the procession route were to be closed. Each should be lighted. I stood at the window of my home facing Landstrasse. Hitler would pass before me.

### The Hero Returns

Soon the procession arrived—the great, black Mercedes car, a six-wheeled affair, flanked by motorcycles. The frail boy I had treated so often, and whom I had not seen for thirty years—stood in the car. I had accorded him only kindness; what was he now to do to the people I loved? I peered over the heads of the crowd at Adolf Hitler.

It was a moment of tense excitement. For years Hitler had been denied the right to visit the country of his birth. Now that country belonged to him. The elation that he felt was written on his features. He smiled, waved, gave the Nazi salute to the people that crowded the street. Then, for a moment he glanced up at my window. I doubt that he saw me, but he must have had a moment of reflection. Here was the home of the Edeljude who had diagnosed his mother's fatal cancer; here was the consultation room of the man who had treated his sisters; here was the place he had gone as a boy to have his minor ailments attended.

It was a brief moment. Then the procession was gone. It moved slowly into the town square—once Franz Josef Platz, soon to be renamed Adolf Hitler Platz. He spoke from the balcony of the town hall. I listened on the radio. Historic words: Germany and Austria were now one.

Hitler established himself in the Weininger Hotel, particularly requesting an apartment with a view of the Poestling Mountain. This scene had been visible from the windows of the modest apartment where he spent his boyhood.

The following day he called in a few old acquaintances: Oberhammer, a local party functionary; Kubitschek, the musician; Liedel, the watchmaker; Dr. Huemer, his former history teacher. It was understandable that he couldn't ask me, a Jew, to such a meeting; yet he did inquire after me. For a while I thought of asking for an audience, then decided this would be unwise.

Hitler arrived Saturday evening. Sunday he visited his mother's grave, and reviewed local Nazis as they marched before him. Not equipped with uniforms, they wore knickerbockers, ski pants or leather shorts. On Monday Hitler departed for Vienna.

Soon we were brought to a sharp realization of how different things were to be. There were 700 Jews in Linz. Shops, homes and offices of all these people were marked with the yellow-paper banners now visible throughout Germany, JUDE—Jew.

The first suggestion that I was to receive special favors came one day when the local Gestapo telephoned. I was to remove the yellow signs from my office and home. Then a second thing happened: My landlord, an Aryan, went to Gestapo headquarters to ask if I were to be allowed to remain in my apart-

ment. "We wouldn't dare touch that matter," he was told. "It will be handled by Berlin." Hitler, apparently, had remembered. Then something happened that made me doubt.

For no reason whatsoever my son-in-law, a young physician, was jailed. No one was allowed to see him, and we received no news of him. My daughter went to the Gestapo. "Would the Leader like to know that the son-in-law of his old physician had been sent to prison?" she asked. She was treated rudely and brusquely for her temerity. Hadn't the signs been removed from her father's house? Wasn't that enough? Yet her visit must have had some effect. Within three weeks her husband was released.

My practice, which I believe was one of the largest in Linz, had begun to dwindle as long as a year before the arrival of Hitler. In this I might have seen a portent of things to come. Faithful older patients were quite frank in their explanations. The hatred preached by the Nazis was taking hold with the younger people. They would no longer patronize a Jew.

By decree, my active practice was limited to Jewish patients. This was another way of saying that I was to cease work altogether. For plans were in the making for ridding the town of all Jews. On November 10, 1938, the ruling was issued that all Jews were to leave Linz within forty-eight hours. They were to go to Vienna. The shock that attended this edict may be imagined. People who had lived all their lives in Linz were to sell their property, pack and depart in the space of two days.

I called at the Gestapo. Was I to leave? I was informed that an exception had been made in my case. I could remain. My daughter and her husband? Since they had already signified their intention of emigrating to America, they also could stay. But they would have to vacate their house. If there was room in my apartment they would be permitted to move there.

### No More Favors

After thirty-seven years of active work my practice was at an end. I was permitted to treat only Jews. After the evacuation order there were but seven members of this race left in Linz. All were over eighty years of age.

It is understandable that my daughter and her husband would wish to take their life savings with them when they departed for America. So would I when my turn came to depart. Getting any local ruling on such a matter was out of the question. I knew that I couldn't see Adolf Hitler. Yet I felt that if I could get a message to him he would perhaps give us some help.

If Hitler himself was inaccessible perhaps one of his sisters would aid us. Klara was the nearest; she lived in Vienna. Her husband had died and she lived alone in a modest apartment in a quiet residential district. Plans were made for my daughter, Gertrude, to make the trip to Vienna to see her. She went to the apartment, knocked, but got no answer. Yet she was sure that there was someone at home.

She sought the aid of a neighbor. Frau Wolf—Klara Hitler—received no one, the neighbor said, except a few intimate friends. But this kind woman agreed to carry a message and report Frau Wolf's reply. My daughter waited. Soon the answer came back. Frau Wolf sent greetings and would do whatever she could. By good fortune Hitler was in Vienna that night for one of his frequent but unheralded visits to the opera. Frau Wolf saw him and, I feel sure, gave him the message. But no exception was made in our case. When our turn came we were forced to go penniless, like so many thousands of others.



How has Hitler treated an old friend—one who cared for his family with patience, consideration and charity? Let's sum up the favors:

I don't believe that another Jew in all Austria was allowed to keep his passport. No J was stamped on my ration card, once food became scarce. This was most helpful because Jews today are allowed to shop only during restricted hours which are often inconvenient. Without the J on my card I could buy at any time. I was even given a ration card for clothes—something generally denied Jews.

If my relations with the Gestapo were not precisely cordial, I at least didn't suffer at their hands as did so many others. I was told on good authority, and I can well believe it, that the bureau in Linz had received special instructions from the chancellery in Berlin that I was to be accorded any reasonable favor.

It is possible, but unlikely, that my war record was partially responsible for these small considerations. During the war I had charge of a 1,000-bed military hospital, and my wife supervised welfare work among the sick. I was twice decorated for this service.

### Hitler Rebuilds His Home City

Hitler still regards Linz as his true home, and the changes he has wrought are astonishing. The once quiet, sleepy town has been transformed by its "god-father"—an honorary title particularly dear to Hitler. Whole blocks of old houses have been pulled down to make way for modern apartment houses; thereby causing an acute but temporary housing shortage. A new theater has gone up and a new bridge has been built over the Danube. The bridge, according to local legend, was designed by Hitler himself and plans were already completed at the time of *Anschluss*. The vast Hermann Goering Iron Works, built in the past two years, is just starting operations.

To carry on this program of reconstruction whole trainloads of laborers have been imported: Czechs, Poles, Belgians.

Hitler has visited the city twice since the *Anschluss*, once at the time of the election which was to approve union with Germany; a second time secretly to see how reconstruction of the town was progressing. Each time he has stayed at the Weininger Hotel.

On the second visit the proprietor of the hotel was informed that Hitler's presence in town was not to be announced; that he would make his inspection tour in the morning. Delighted at having such an important personage in his house, the proprietor could not resist boasting. He telephoned several friends to give them the news. For this breach of discipline he paid heavily. His hotel was confiscated.

Many times I have been approached by Hitler biographers for notes on his youth. In most instances I have refused to speak. But I did talk to one of these men. He was a pleasant middle-aged gentleman from Vienna, who came from the government department headed by Rudolf Hess, of the Nazi inner circle. He was writing an official biography. I gave him such details as I could recall, and my medical records which he subsequently sent to Nazi party headquarters in Munich. He stayed in Linz and Braunau for several weeks; then the project terminated abruptly. I was told he had been sent to the silence of the concentration camp. Why, I do not know.

When it finally became my turn to leave Linz for America I knew that it would be impossible for me to take my savings with me. But the Gestapo had one more favor for me. I was to be allowed to take sixteen marks from the country instead of the customary ten!

The Nazi organization of physicians gave me a letter, of what value I do not know, which states that I was "worthy of recommendation." It went on to say that, because of my "character, medical knowledge and readiness to help the sick," I had won "the appreciation and esteem of my fellow men."

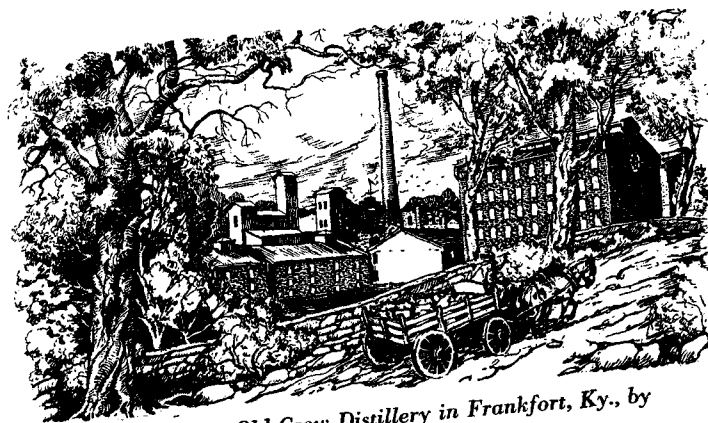
A party official suggested that I was expected to show some gratitude for all these favors. Perhaps a letter to the Fuehrer? Before I left Linz on a cold, foggy November morning, I wrote it. I wonder if it was ever received. It read:

"Your Excellency:

"Before passing the border I want to express my thanks for the protection which I have received. In material poverty I am now leaving the town where I have lived for forty-one years; but I leave conscious of having lived in the most exact fulfillment of my duty. At sixty-nine I will start my life anew in a strange country where my daughter is working hard to support her family.

"Yours faithfully,

"Eduard Bloch."



Sketched at the Old Crow Distillery in Frankfort, Ky., by

*Lincoln*



Those in the know... ask for

**OLD CROW**

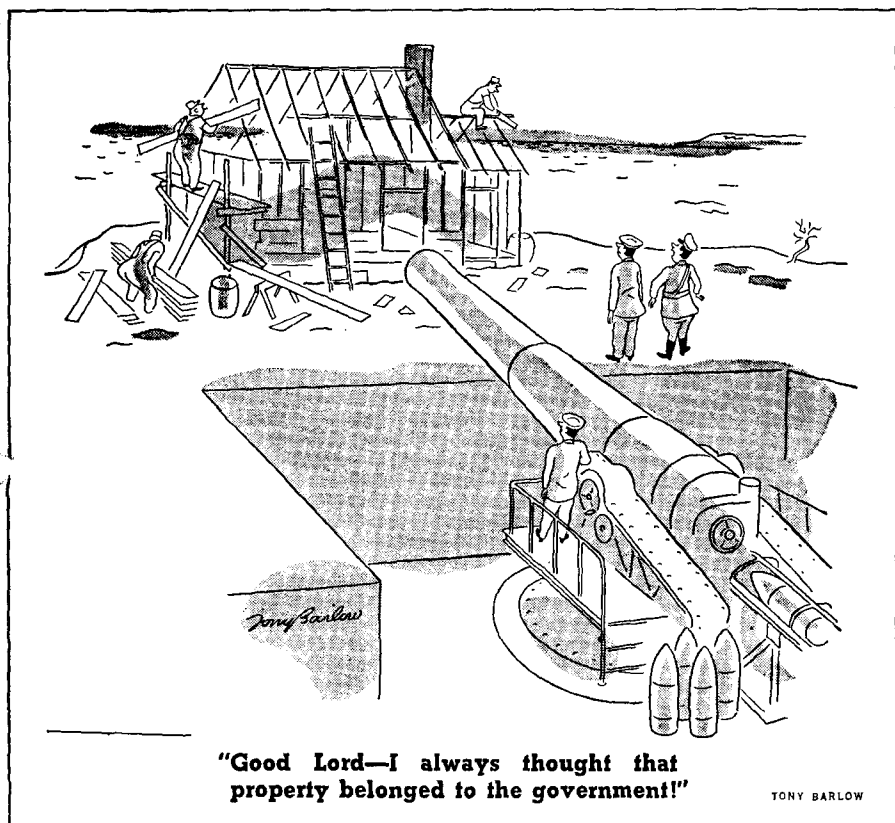
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tasting Old Crow.*

BOURBON or RYE

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**BOTTLED IN BOND**



"Good Lord—I always thought that properly belonged to the government!"

TONY BARLOW

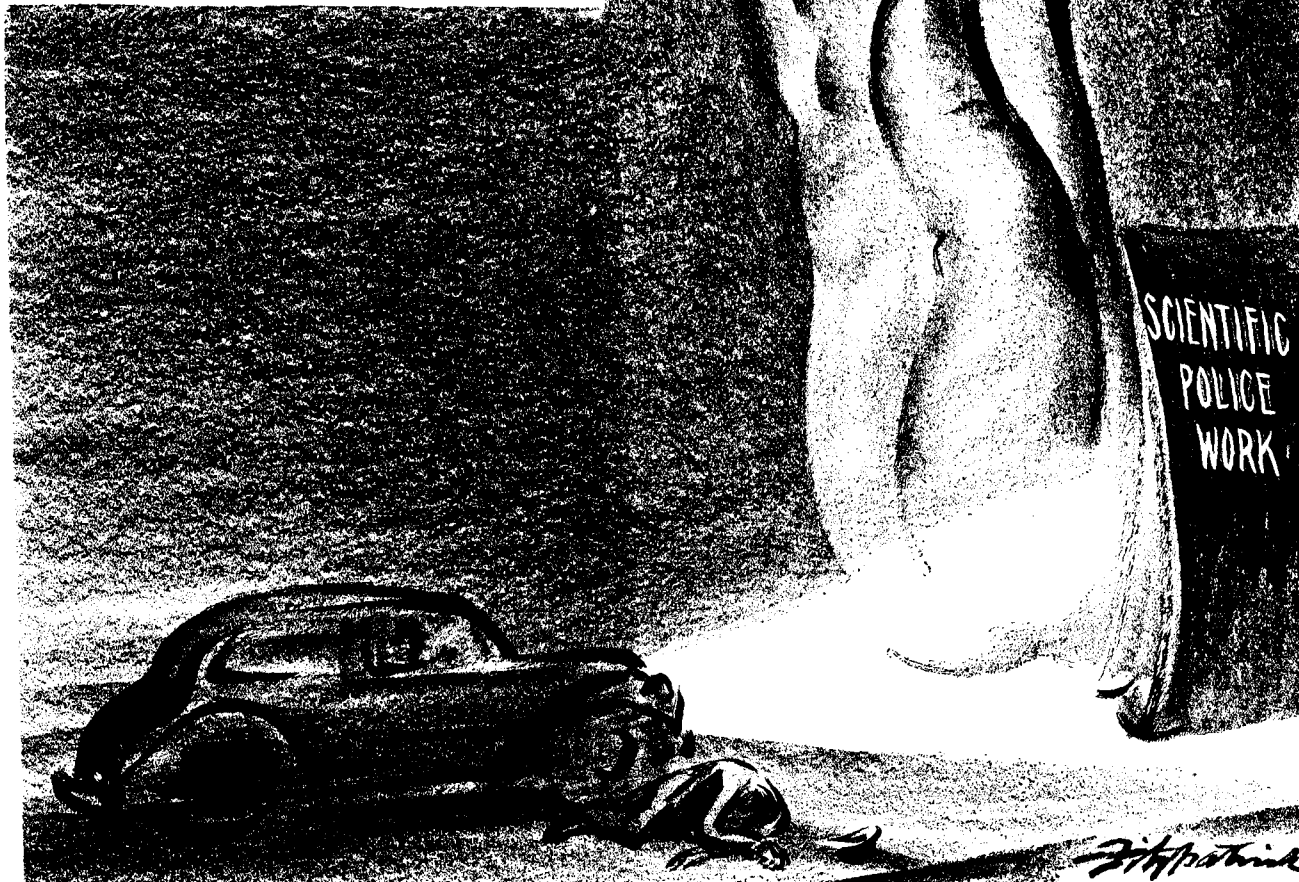


# Collier's

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## The Hit-Run Error

THERE used to be a theory that hit-run drivers' consciences would torture the tar out of them for the rest of their lives after they had run down and killed or maimed somebody and taken it on the lam without reporting the accident or rushing the victim to a hospital, and that this inner torment would be punishment enough.

Maybe; but this pleasing theory hasn't cut down the yearly hit-run fatality and injury totals so that anybody could notice it. Most hit-run drivers seem to cope manfully with their consciences. Naturally they don't tell other people what miseries their souls endure, if any. So it looks as if conscience as a hit-run curb is out.

Anyway, there were about 1,450 hit-run fatalities in the United States last year, plus more than 20,000 efforts to run out on accidents causing personal injury, plus more than 300,000 attempted skips-without-trace from accidents where property alone was damaged.

We feel entitled to hope that the news reported in Myron M. Stearns' article, "Catching Hit-Runs," in a recent issue of Collier's may help considerably in turning back the hit-run tide.

The gist of Mr. Stearns' news was this: that because of better and better police and detective work on these cases almost all over the country, it is becoming more and more of an error all the time to hit and run.

Some of the stories Mr. Stearns told

would spark a gleam of admiration in the eyes of Hercule Poirot or Sherlock Holmes. Bits of paint or shreds of tire or fragments of windshield found near the scene of the accident have frequently led to the arrest of the hit-runner days or weeks later; the spectroscope is a wicked weapon in the hands of a John Law who knows its uses; so is horse sense applied to various quirks of human nature under stress of fear and excitement; so is the old reliable fingerprint procedure.

The most dramatic result of this fast-growing police expertness in hit-run detection is that 4,186 serious-accident hit-runners were caught in one year, out of a total of 5,499, in the widely separated cities of Dayton, Knoxville, Miami, Louisville, Detroit and Greenwich, Conn. Evanston, Ill., caught 94% of its hit-runners.

It always was and always will be the decent, honorable and humane thing to stop when you've been unlucky enough to hit somebody, do everything you can to repair the damage, and face what music may come thereafter. It is becoming more and more the common-sense thing, as more and more hit-runners are tracked down.

If judges everywhere will take to co-operating with police by soaking convicted hit-runners plenty in the way of both fines and jail sentences, we ought to make real progress in the next few years in cutting these highway atrocities to the irreducible minimum.

## "So Much to So Few"

WHAT does an R.A.F. flier think about as he eggs on the invasion ports or dodges desperately get a bead on a Messerschmitt?

His soul-searing job takes up most of a man's But in the background is that clawing worry abc folks at home. His chances of coming through the one piece are about one to thirty. If he washes o wife and children will get ninety pounds a year, amounts to about \$37 a month. Disability benef much lower. It's not enough. He knows it isn't e but the R.A.F. pension is no smaller than other arms service get, and the government cannot play favori

That is where the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund con It promises proper care for the hero's widow, a hor education for his children. King George VI is the p and the president is the Duke of Gloucester. The presidents, trustees and council are a long list of de men and women, some with impressive titles, some shals and commodores of the air force, some with Mr. and Mrs. before their names. There are several honorables, including the Right Honorable Wi Churchill, who spoke that simple, moving tribute to f fighters: "Never was so much owed by so many few." The R.A.F. Benevolent Fund shoulders a little of that debt. The English-speaking world know worthier charity, if charity it is.

A group of American citizens have set up an Ame branch of the benevolent fund, registered with the Department and incorporated in the state of Dela They will see that every penny you want to give gets the fund and does its work. That is rare enough i unique. Sometimes, in attempts to raise money for causes, the expenses eat up most of the proceeds. Bu office rent of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund o U.S.A., Inc., is a gift. Stationery, telephones, salarie clerical help, all expenses are donated and nothing wi subtracted from your contribution. Give a nickel, a d or turn your pocket inside out, it all goes where you v it to go. Address: The Royal Air Force Benevolent F of U.S.A., Inc., 515 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y

## The Answer to Strikes

FROM William M. Leiserson of the National La Relations Board comes a detailed plan for hand the strike problem through the present national en gency.

Dr. Leiserson is against extreme schemes for abolish or curtailing the right to strike. So, we believe, is anyb who has more than a superficial knowledge of capital-la relations. The gist of the Leiserson suggestion is that extend throughout United States industry the operat principle of the Railway Labor Act.

That principle, the mainspring which makes the R. work so well, is the waiting period between the time a of workers' indignation boils up over some real or suppo injustice and the time an actual strike occurs. During ti period, RLA experience has shown, passions are extrem likely to cool off on both sides; and before that period a fair settlement is extremely likely to be reached.

Can't we get going on such an arrangement pret soon? There should be appropriate enabling legislati after which labor, capital and government should get bu bringing order and good will out of the present cha of strike threats, hurried settlements, occasional actu strikes, etc.—all to the accompaniment of confusing ar inflammatory screams from extremist bystanders.

As we've said before, we believe labor, being as patr otic as anybody else, will welcome any fair plan for cuttir strikes to a minimum while this emergency lasts.

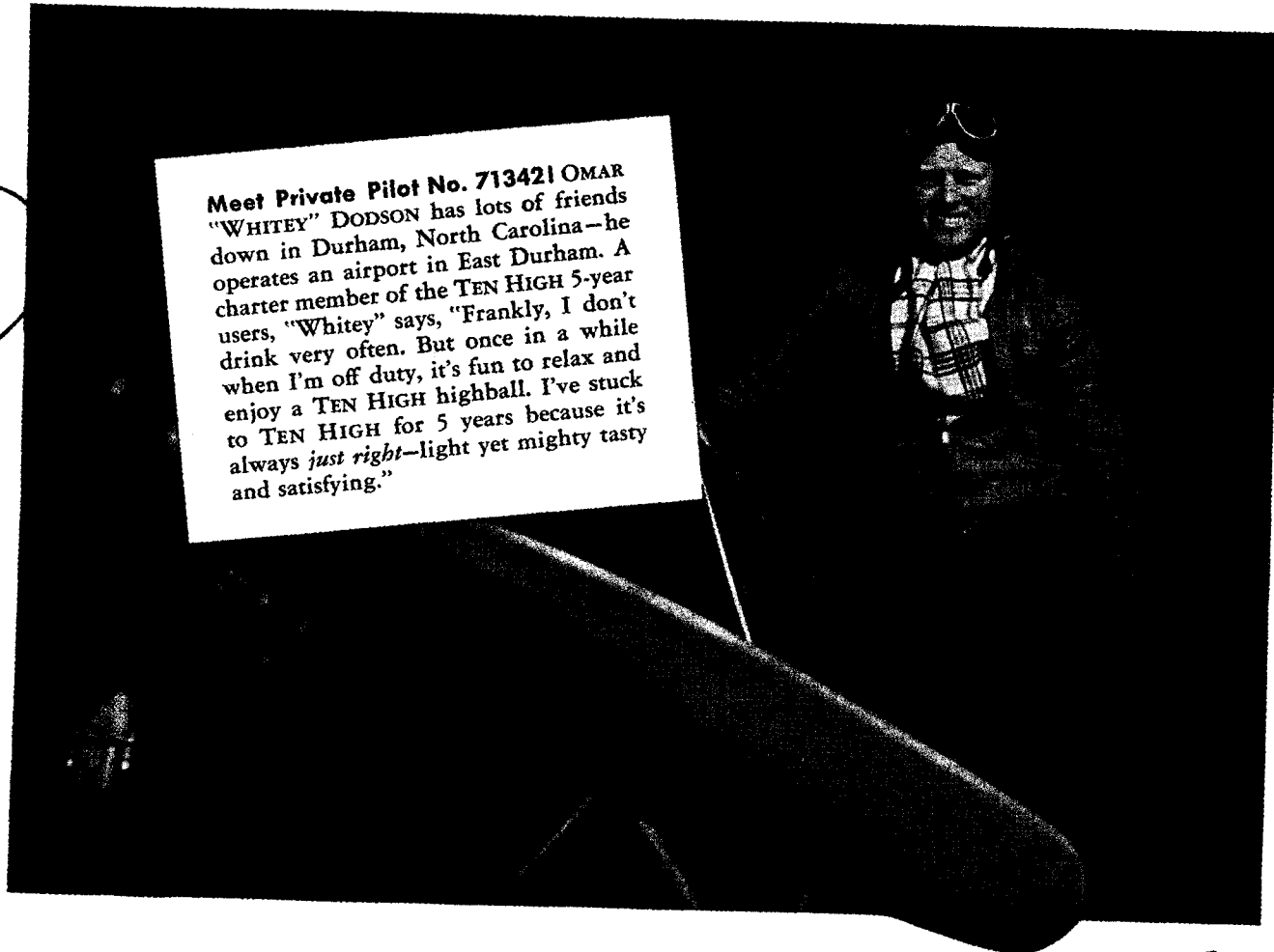


Calvin Merrick, yachtsman,  
of 623 Wrightwood Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill., says,

*I've been tying up to  
TEN HIGH for 5 years  
now—its fine bourbon  
flavor always satisfies!*



Meet Private Pilot No. 713421 OMAR  
"WHITEY" DODSON has lots of friends  
down in Durham, North Carolina—he  
operates an airport in East Durham. A  
charter member of the TEN HIGH 5-year  
users, "Whitey" says, "Frankly, I don't  
drink very often. But once in a while  
when I'm off duty, it's fun to relax and  
enjoy a TEN HIGH highball. I've stuck  
to TEN HIGH for 5 years because it's  
always *just right*—light yet mighty tasty  
and satisfying."



When these men say,

*"Ten High is always right!"*

they're talking from  
experience—5 years of it!

After all, isn't it pleasure... sociability...  
that you drink for? Then why not try the  
famous whiskey that's been doubling  
America's enjoyment for 5 long years?  
Thousands of members of the 5-year club  
say, "TEN HIGH treats your taste—and your  
pocketbook—*right!*" TEN HIGH is all  
whiskey—so straight and smooth there's not  
a "rough edge" in a barrelful! Ask for TEN  
HIGH at your liquor store or bar tonight.



Winter sports enthusiast RICHARD JOHNSTON, 16 Oakland  
Avenue, Milford, Connecticut, game warden for Yale Farms,  
says, "TEN HIGH has been my whiskey for 5 years. TEN HIGH  
has such an enjoyable flavor and is so smooth that it's really  
pleasant to sip it neat—after a ski race down the mountain!"



*Double your enjoyment*



STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.



I've got my wife to thank...for picking a pennant-winning cereal" — says GRANTLAND RICE

**Noted Sports Authority Says First Bite Made Him Shredded Ralston Fan for Life**

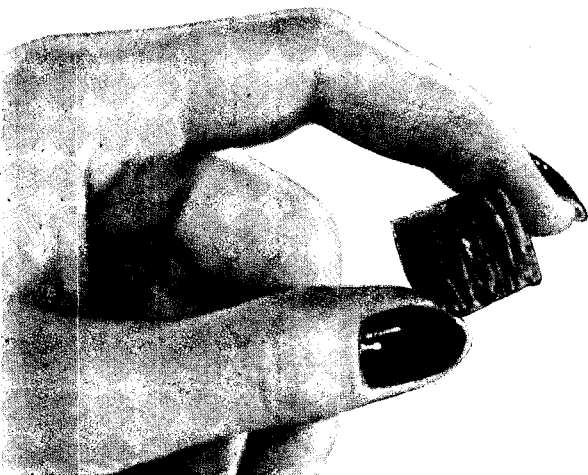
"I thought I knew the score on breakfasts —and that all cereals tasted pretty much alike. So I had a mighty pleasant surprise one day not long ago when Mrs. Rice changed the pace on me by serving Shredded Ralston. One bite led to another —and made me a Shredded Ralston fan for life. You've really 'got something' in the flavor of that cereal of yours...and I've got my wife to thank for a change in the breakfast scoreboard."

*Grantland Rice*

Thanks, Grantland Rice, for your "reporting" job on Shredded Ralston's flavor. It's different from that of other cereals, yes. So different—the flavor process earned a U. S. Government patent! But Shredded Ralston is something more than just a *delicious* breakfast dish.

It's nourishing — made from whole wheat. It's ready-to-eat — just serve with milk or cream, or with your favorite fruit. It's "bite size"—requires no messy crumbling. It stays crisp and tasty...is easily digested. And it's economical, too. Feel the weight of a package of Shredded Ralston and you'll know why Shredded Ralston costs less per ounce than most nationally advertised ready-to-eat cereals—only half as much as some! So why not start the whole family out on Shredded Ralston every morning!

**P. S. BUTTERED AND TOASTED,** Shredded Ralston makes grand appetizers and croutons for soups. Easy to prepare. Just melt ½ cup butter or other shortening in pan. Add Shredded Ralston and 1½ teaspoons salt. Heat thoroughly, stirring constantly, about 5 minutes. 1 package makes 6 cups.



Mr. and Mrs. Grantland Rice, and their glamorous daughter, Florence Rice, Hollywood Star, at breakfast in their Beverly Hills, California home. Like the Rices, thousands have found a sure cure for lazy appetites in Shredded Ralston.

*it's Bite Size*  
NO MUSS • NO CRUMBLING



**A Money-Back Guarantee is Printed on Every Package**

If this delicious whole wheat cereal doesn't make an instant hit with your family, the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

**SHREDDED RALSTON**